

**O V I D S**  
*Thomas Metner*  
**METAMORPHOSIS**  
**ENGLISHED,**

*Ovidius Naso* **BY** *Metamorphoses*

**GEO. SANDYS.**

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*The Fifth Edition.*

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**L O N D O N,**  
Printed by J. F. for Richard Tomlines, at the  
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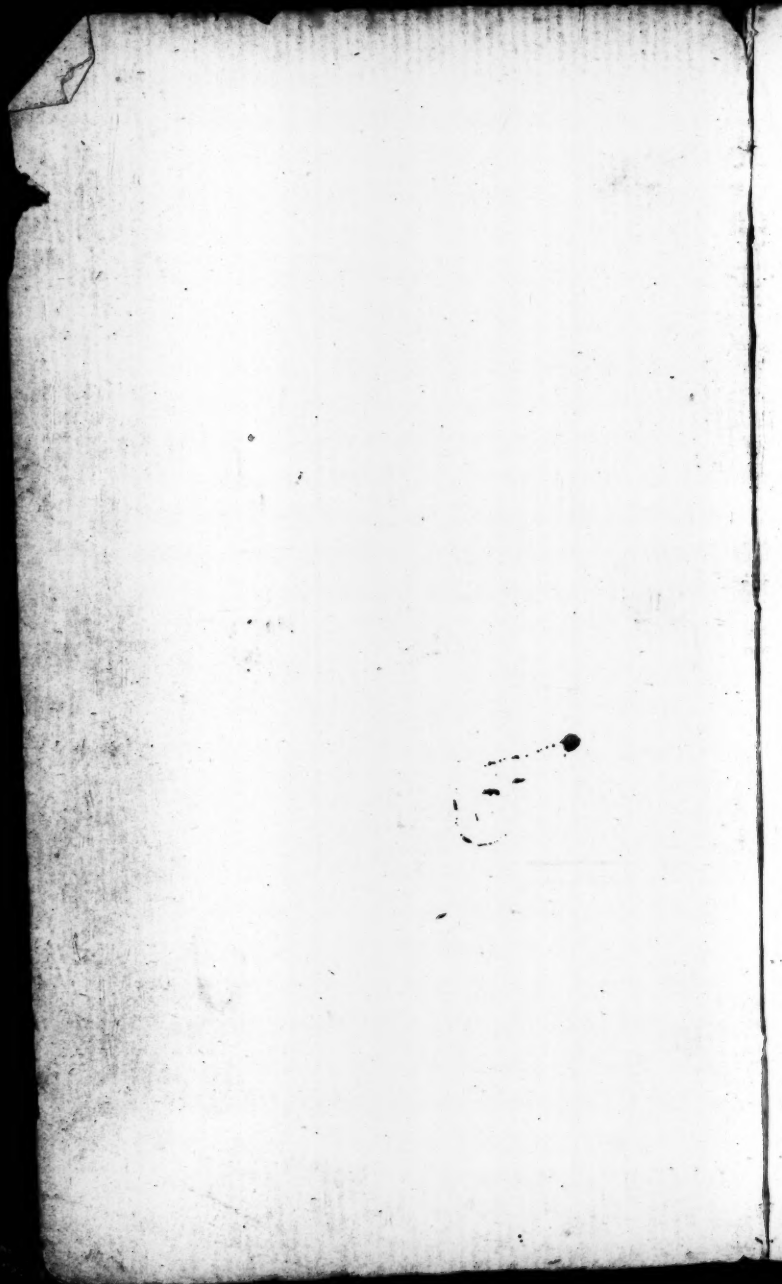




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John Milner

His Book





OLD

METAMORPHOSIS

OF THE

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TO THE  
Most High and Mighty Prince  
**CHARLS,**  
King of Great Britain, France,  
and Ireland.

SIR,

**Y**our Gracious Acceptance of the first fruit of my Travels, when You were our Hope, as now our Happiness, hath actuated both Will and Power to the finishing of this Piece; being limn'd by that imperfect light, which was snatcht from the hours of the night and repose: For the day was not mine, but dedicated to the service of your Great Father, and your Self: which, had it proved as fortunate as faithful, in me, and others more worthy; we had hoped, ere many years had turned about, to have presented you with a rich and well-peopled Kingdom: from whence now with my self, I onely bring this Composure:

Inter Victrices Hederam tibi serpere Laurus.

It needeth more then a single denization, being a double Stranger, sprung from the Stock of the ancient Romans: but bred in the New-world, of the rudeness whereof it cannot but participate; especially having Wars and Tumults to bring it to light, in stead of the Muses. But how-ever imperfect, Your Favor is able to supply; and to make it worthy of life, if you judg it not unworthy of your Royal Patronage. Long may you live to be, as you are, the delight and glory of your People: and slowly, yet surely, exchange your mortal Diadem for an immortal. So wishes

Your Majesties most humble Servant,  
**GEORGE SANDYS.**

TO THE  
Most High and Mighty Prince  
CHARLES  
King of Great Britain, France,

John Symonds  
Lords Book



# OVIDS METAMORPHOSIS.

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The first BOOK.

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## THE ARGUMENT.

**T**He World, form'd out of Chaos. Man is made.  
The Ages change. The Giants Heaven invade.  
Earth turns their blood to Men. Jove's flames confound  
Lycaon, now a Wolf. The world is drown'd.  
Man-kind, cast stones restore. All-quickning Earth  
Renews the rest, and gives new Monsters birth.  
Apollo, Python kills; heart-wounded, loves  
Lust flying Daphne: She a Laurel proves.  
Jove, Io made a Cow, to mask foul deeds.  
Hermes a Herdsman. Syrinx, chang'd to Reeds.  
Dead Argus's eyes adorn the Peacocks train.  
The Cow, to Io, Jove transforms again.

**O**F bodies chang'd to other shapes I sing.  
Assist, you Gods (from you these changes spring)  
And, from the Worlds first fabrick to these times  
Deduce my never-discontinued Rymes.

- 5 The Sea, the Earth, all-covering Heaven unfram'd,  
One face had Nature, which they Chaos nam'd:  
An undigested-lump; a barren load,  
Where jarring seeds of things ill-joyn'd abroad,  
10 No Titan yet the World with light adorns;  
Nor waxing Phæbe fill'd her wained horns:

A

Nor



- Nor hung the self-poiz'd Earth in thin Air plac'd :  
 Nor *Amphirite* the vast shore imbrac'd.  
 15 With Earth was Air and Sea : the Earth unstable,  
 The Air was dark, the Sea un-navigable :  
 No certain form to any one assign'd :  
 This, that resists, For in one body joyn'd,  
 The Cold and Hot, the dry and Humid fight ;  
 20 The Soft and Hard, the Heavy with the Light.  
 But God, the better Nature, this decides :  
 Who Earth from Heaven, the Sea from Earth divides :  
 And purer Heaven extracts from grosser Air.  
 All which unfolded by his prudent care  
 From that blind Mass ; the happily dis-joyn'd  
 25 With strifeless peace, He to their seats confin'd.  
 Forthwith up sprung the quick and waighless Fire,  
 Whose flames unto the highest arch aspire :  
 The next, in levity and place, is Air :  
 Gross Elements to thicker Earth repair.  
 30 Self-clog'd with waight : the waters flowing round,  
 Possess the last, and solid *Tellus* bound.  
 What God soever this division wrought,  
 And every part to due proportion brought ;  
 First, least the Earth unequal should appear,  
 35 He turn'd it round in figure of a Sphear ;  
 Then, Seas diffus'd ; commanding them to roar  
 With ruffling winds, and give the Land a Shore.  
 To those he added Springs, Ponds, Lakes immense ;  
 And Rivers, whom their winding borders fence :  
 40 Of these not few Earths thirsty jaws devour ;  
 The rest, their streams into the Ocean pour ;  
 When in that liquid Plain, with freer wave,  
 The foamy Cliffs, in stead of Banks, they lave :  
 Bids Trees increase to Woods, the Plains extend,  
 The rocky Mountains rise, and Vales descend.  
 Two equal Zones, on either side, dispose  
 45 The measur'd Heavens ; a fifth, more hot then those.  
 As many Lines th' included Globe divide :  
 It's midst unsufferable beams reside ;  
 Snow clothes the other two : the temperate hold  
 50 Twixt these their seats, the heat well mixt with cold.  
 As Earth, as Water, upper Air out-waighs ;  
 So much doth Air Fires lighter ballance raise.  
 There, he commands the changing clouds to stray ;  
 55 There, thundering terrors mortal minds dismay ;

And

- And with the Lightning, Winds ingendring Snow :  
 Yet not permitted every way to blow ;  
 Who hardly now to tear the world refrain  
 60 ( So Brothers jarr ! ) though they divided raign,  
 To *Perfis* and *Sabbea*, *Eurus* flies ;  
 Whose gums perfume the blushing Morns up-rise,  
 Next to the evening, and the Coast that glows  
 With setting *Phæbus*, flowry *Zeph'rus* blows :  
 65 In *Scythia* horrid *Boreas* holds his raign,  
 Beneath *Bootes* and the frozen Wain :  
 The Land to this oppos'd doth *Auster* steep,  
 With fruitful showers, and clouds which ever weep.  
 Above all these he plac'd the liquid Skies ;  
 Which, void of earthly dregs, did highest rise ;  
 Scarce had He all thus orderly dispos'd ;  
 When as the Stars their radiant heads disclos'd  
 70 ( Long hid in Night ) and shone through all the skie.  
 Then, that no place should unpossessed lie,  
 Bright Constellations, and fair figured Gods,  
 In heavenly Mansions fixt their blest abodes :  
 The glittering Fishes to the Flouds repair ;  
 75 The Beasts to Earth, the Birds resort to Air.  
 The nobler Creature, with a mind posselt,  
 Was wanting yet, that should command the rest.  
 That Maker, the best Worlds Original,  
 Either Him fram'd of seed Celestial ;  
 80 Or Earth, which late he did from Heaven divide,  
 Some sacred seeds retain'd to Heaven alli'd :  
 Which with the living stream *Promethew* mixt :  
 And in that artificial Structure fixt  
 The form of all th' all-ruling Deities.  
 And whereas others see with down-cast eies,  
 85 He with a lofty look did Man indue,  
 And bade him heavens transcendent glories view,  
 So, that rude Clay, which had no form afore,  
 Thus chang'd, of Man the unknown figure bore.  
 The *Golden Age* was first ; which uncompel'd,  
 And without rule, in Faith and Truth excel'd ;  
 90 A then, there was nor punishment, nor fear ;  
 Nor threatening Laws in brass prescribed were ;  
 Nor suppliant crouching pris'ners shook to see  
 Their angry Judg : but all was safe and free.  
 To visit other Worlds, no wounded Pine  
 95 Did yet from Hills to faithless Seas decline.

- Then, un-ambitious Mortals knew no more,  
 But their own Countries Nature-bounded shore.  
 Nor Swords, nor Arms were yet : no trenches round  
 Besieged Towns, nor strifeful Trumpets sound :  
 The Souldier, of no use. In firm content  
 100 And harmless ease, their happy days were spent :  
 The yet-free Earth did of her own accord  
 ( Untorn with plows ) all sorts of fruit afford.  
 Content with Natures un-enforced food,  
 They gather Wildings, Strawb'ries of the Wood,  
 105 Sowr Cornels, what upon the Bramble grows,  
 And Acorns, which *Jove's* spreading Oke bestows.  
 'Twas always Spring: warm *Zephyrus* sweetly blew  
 On smiling flowers, which without setting grew.  
 Forth with the Earth, Corn unmanured, bears :  
 110 And every year renews her golden Ears :  
 With Milk and Nectar were the Rivers fill'd,  
 And Honey from green Holly Okes distill'd.  
 But, after *Saturn* was thrown down to Hell,  
*Jove* rul'd ; and then the *Silver Age* befell :  
 115 More base then Gold, and yet then Brass more pure.  
*Jove* chang'd the Spring ( which always did endure )  
 To Winter, Summer, Autumn, hot and cold :  
 The shortned Springs the year's fourth part uphold.  
 Then, first the glowing Air with fervor burn'd  
 120 The Rain to Ice-ficles by bleak winds turn'd.  
 Men houses built ; late hous'd in Caves profound,  
 In plashed Bowers, and Sheds with Osiers bound.  
 Then, first was Corn into long furrows thrown :  
 And Oxen under heavy yokes did groan.  
 125 Next unto this succeeds the *Brazen Age* ;  
 Worse natur'd, prompt to horrid war, and rage ;  
 But yet not wicked. Stubborn *Ir'n* the last.  
 Then, blushtless crimes, which all degrees surpass,  
 The World surround, Shame, Truth and Faith depart :  
 130 Fraud enters, ignorant in no bad Art ;  
 Force, Treason, and the love of wicked gain. (strain:  
 Their sails, those winds, which yet they knew not,  
 And ships, which long on lofty Mountains stood,  
 Then plow'd th' unpractiz'd bosom of the flood.  
 135 The Ground, as common earst as Light, or Air,  
 By limit-giving Geometry they share ;  
 Nor with rich Earth's just nourishments content,  
 For treasure they her secret intrails rent ;

- 140 The powerful Evil, which all power invades,  
By her well hid, and wrapt in *Stygian* shades  
Curst Steel, more cursed Gold she now forth brought:  
And bloody-handed War, who with both fought:  
All live by spoil, The Host his Guest betrays;
- 145 Sons, Fathers-in-law: 'twixt Brethren love decays.  
Wives, Husbands, Husbands Wives attempt to kill:  
And cruel Step-mothers pale poysons fill.  
The Son his Fathers hasty death desires:  
Foild Piety, trod under-foot, expires.
- 150 *Astræa*, last of all the heavenly birth,  
Affrighted, leaves the blood defiled Earth.  
And that the Heavens their safety might suspect,  
The Giants now celestial Thrones affect;  
Who to the skies congested Mountains rear.  
Then *Jove* with Thunder did *Olympus* tear;
- 155 Steep *Pelion* from under *Ossa* thrown,  
Prest with their burden their huge bodies grown;  
And with their childrens blood the earth imbru'd:  
Which she, scarce thoroughly cold, with life indu'd;  
And gave thereto, t' uphold her stock; the race
- 160 And form of Man; a God contemning Race,  
Greedy of slaughter, not to be withstood:  
Such, as well shews, that they were born of blood.  
Which when from Heaven *Saturnius* did behold,  
He sigh't; revolving what was yet untold,
- 165 Of fell *Lycæon's* late inhumane feast.  
Just anger, worthy *Jove*, inflam'd his breast.  
A Synod call'd, the summoned appear,  
There is a way well seen when skies be clear,  
The *Milkie* nam'd: by this, the Gods resort
- 170 Unto th' Almighty Thunderers high Court:  
With ever-open doors, on either hand,  
Of noble Deities the Houses stand:  
The Vulgar dwell disperst: the chief and Great  
In front of all, their shining Mansions seat.
- 175 This glorious Roof I would not doubt to call;  
(Had I but boldness lent me) Heavens *VVhite-hall*,  
All set on Marble-seats; He leaning on  
His Ivory Scepter, in a higher Throne,  
Did twice or thrice his deadful Tresses shake:
- 180 The Earth the Sea, the Stars (though fixed) quake;  
Then thus, inflam'd with indignation, spake:

- I was not more perplex in that sad time,  
 For this worlds Monarchy, when, bold to clime,  
 The Serpent-footed Giants durst invade,  
 185 And would on Heaven their hundred hands have laid.  
 Though fierce the Foe, yet did that War depend  
 But of one Body, and had soon an end.  
 Now all the race of Man I must confound,  
 Where-ever *Nereus* walks his wavy Round :  
 And this I vow by those infernal Floods,  
 Which slowly glide through silent *Strygian* woods,  
 190 All cures first sought ; such parts as health reject  
 Must be cut off, lest they the sound infect.  
 Our Demi-gods, Nymphs, Sylvans, Satyrs, Fawns,  
 Who haunt clear Springs, high Mountains, Woods and  
 (On whom since yet we please not to bestow (Lawns,  
 195 Celestial dwellings ) must subsist below.  
 Think you, you Gods, they can in safety rest,  
 When me ( of lightning, and of you possest,  
 Who both at our Imperial pleasure sway )  
 The stern *Lycaon* practis'd to betray ?  
 200 All bluster, and in rage the wretch demand.  
 So, when bold treason sought, with impious hand,  
 By *Cæsars* blood t' out-race the Roman name ;  
 Man-kind, and all the Worlds affrighted Frame,  
 Astonish'd at so great a ruine, shook.  
 Nor thine, for Thee, less thought, *Augustus* took,  
 205 Then they for *Jove*. He, when he had suppress  
 Their murmur, thus proceeded to the rest.  
 He hath his punishment ; remit that care,  
 The manner how, I will in brief declare.  
 210 The time's accus'd, ( but, as I hop't beli'd )  
 To try, I down from steep *Olympus* slide.  
 A God, transform'd like one of humane birth,  
 I wandered through the many-peopl'd Earth.  
 'Twere long to tell, what crime of every sort  
 Swarm'd in all parts : the truth exceeds report.  
 215 Now past den-dreadful *Mænalus* confines,  
*Cyllene*, cold *Lycæus* clad with Pines,  
 There where th' *Arcadians* dwell, when doubtful light  
 Drew on the dewy Chariot of the Night,  
 I enter'd his un-hospitable Court.  
 The better Vulgar to their pray'rs resort,  
 When I by signs had shown a Gods repair.  
 220 *Lycaon* first derides their zealous pray'r,

Then

- Then said, We straight th'undoubted truth will try,  
 Whether He be immortal or may die.  
 In dead of Night, when all was whist and still,  
 Me, in my sleep, he purposed to kill.
- 225 Nor with so foul an enterprize content,  
 An Hostage murders, from *Molossia* sent:  
 Part of his sever'd scarce-dead limbs he boils;  
 Another part on hissing embers broils;
- 230 This set before me, I the house ore-turn'd  
 With vengeful flames, which round about him burn'd.  
 He, frighted, to the silent Desert flies;  
 There howls, and speech with lost endeavor tries.  
 His self-like jaws still grin: more then for food
- 235 He slaughters Beasts, and yet delights in blood.  
 His arms to thighs, his clothes to bristles chang'd;  
 A Wolf; not much from his first form estrang'd:  
 So hoary hair'd; his looks so full of rape;  
 So fiery ey'd, so terrible his shape.
- 240 One house that fate, which all deserve, sustains:  
 For, through the world the fierce *Erinnys* raigns,  
 You'd think they had conspir'd to sin. But all  
 Shall swiftly by deserved vengeance fall.
- Joves* words a Part approve, and his intent
- 245 Exasperate; the rest give their consent.  
 Yet all for Mans destruction griev'd appear;  
 And ask what form the widowed Earth shall bear?  
 Who shall with odors their cold Altars feast?  
 Must Earth be only by wild beasts possess?
- 250 The King of Gods re-comforts their despair;  
 And biddeth them impose on him that care:  
 Who promis'd, by a strange original  
 Of better people to supply their fall.  
 And now about to let his lightning fly,  
 He fear'd lest so much flame should catch the sky,
- 255 And burn Heavens Axel-tree. Besides by doom,  
 Of certain Fate, he knew the time should come,  
 When, Sea, Earth, ravisht Heaven, the curious Frame  
 Of this worlds mass, should shrink in purging flame.  
 He therefore those *Cyclopean* darts rejects,
- 260 And different-natur'd punishments elects:  
 To open all the Flood-gates of the sky,  
 And Man by inundation to destroy.  
 Rough *Boreas* in *Aolian* prison laid,  
 And those dry blasts which gathered Clouds invade:

- Out flies the South, with dropping wings; who shrouds  
 His terrible aspect in pitchy clouds, (showres;  
 His white hair streams, his Beard big-swoln with  
 Mists bind his brows, Rain from his bosom poures,  
 As with his hands the hanging clouds he crusht :  
 They roar'd, and down in showres together rusht :  
 270 All, colour'd *Iris*, *Juno's* messenger.  
 To weeping Clouds doth nourishment confer.  
 The Corn is lodg'd, the husbandmen despair ;  
 Their long years labor lost, with all their care.  
*Jove* not content with his æthereal rages,  
 275 His brother's auxil'ary floods engages :  
 The streams convented; 'Tis too late to use  
 Much speech, said *Neptune* ; all your powers effuse ;  
 Your doors unbar, remove what ere restrains  
 280 Your liberal Waves, and give them the full rayns.  
 Thus charged, they return ; their Springs unfold ;  
 And to the Sea with head-long fury rol'd.  
 He with his Trident strikes the Earth : She shakes ;  
 And way for water by her motion makes.  
 285 Through open fields now rush the spreading Floods :  
 And hurrry with them Cattel, People, Woods,  
 Houses, and Temples with their Gods inclos'd.  
 What such a force, un-overthrown, oppos'd,  
 The higher swelling Water quite devours ;  
 290 Which hides th' aspiring tops of swallowed towres.  
 Now Land and Sea no different visage bore ;  
 For, all was Sea, nor had the Sea a shore.  
 One, takes a Hill : One in a Boat deplores ;  
 And where he lately plow'd now strikes his Oares,  
 295 O'r Corn, o'r drowned Villages he fails :  
 This from high Elms intangled Fishes hales.  
 In fields they anchor cast, as chance did guide :  
 And Ships the under-lying Vineyards hide.  
 Where Mountain, loving Goats did lately graze,  
 300 The Sea-calf now his ugly body layes.  
 Groves, Cities, Temples, cover'd by the Deep,  
 The Nymphs admire ; in Woods the Dolphins keep,  
 And chase about the boughs: the Wolf doth swim  
 Amongst the Sheep : the Lion (now not grim)  
 335 And Tygres tread the Waves. Swift feet no more  
 Avail the Hart : nor wounding tusks the Bore.  
 The wandering Birds hid Earth long sought in vain,  
 With weary wings descend into the Main.



- Licentious Seas o'r drowned Hills now fret :  
 And unknown surges ayrie Mountains beat.  
 The Waves the greater part devour : the rest,  
 Death, with long-wanted sustenance, oppress.  
 The Land of *Phocis*, fruitful when a Land,  
 Divides *Aonia* from th' *Atheon* strand ;  
 But now a part of the insulting Mayne,  
 315 Of sudden-swelling waters a vast Plane,  
 There his two heads *Parnassus* doth extend  
 To touched Scars ; whose tops the Clouds transcend ;  
 On this *Deucalion's* little Boat was thrown :  
 With him, his wife ; the rest all overflown.  
 320 *Corycian* Nymphs, and Hill-gods he adores ;  
 And *Themis*, then oraculous, implores,  
 None was there better, none more just then He :  
 And none more reverenc't the Gods then Shee.  
*Jove*, when he saw that all a Lake was grown,  
 325 And so of many thousand men but one ;  
 One of so many thousand women, left ;  
 Both guiltless, pious both and all bereft ;  
 The clouds (now cha't by *Boreas*) from him throws :  
 And Earth to Heaven, Heaven unto Earth he shews.  
 330 Nor Seas pe: sist to rage : their awful guide  
 The wild waves calms, his Trident laid aside ;  
 And calls blew *Triton*, riding on the Deep:  
 (Whose mantle Nature did in purple steep.)  
 And bids him his lowd sounding shell inspire,  
 335 And give the Floods a signal to retire.  
 He his wreath'd trumpet takes (as given in charge)  
 That from the turning bottom grows more large :  
 To which when he gives breath, 'tis heard by all,  
 From far-uprising *Phæbus* to his fall.  
 When this the watery Deity hath set  
 340 To his large mouth, and founded a retreat ;  
 All Floods it heard, that Earth or Ocean knew:  
 And all the Floods, that heard the same, with-drew:  
 Seas now have shores: full streams their chanel keep:  
 They sink, and hills above the waters peep.  
 345 Earth re-ascends : as waves decrease, so grow  
 The forms of things, and late-hid figures shew.  
 And after a long day, the trees extend  
 Their bared tops ; with mud their branches bend.  
 The World's restor'd. Which when in such a state,  
 So deadly silent, and so desolate,



- 350 *Deucalion* saw : with tears which might have made  
Another Flood, he thus to *Pyrrha* said,  
O Sister ! O my wife ! the poor remains  
Of all thy Sex ; which all, in one, contains !  
Whom humane Nature, one paternal Line,  
Then one chaste Bed, and now like dangers joyn !
- 355 Of what the Sun beholds from East to West,  
We two are all : the Sea intombs the rest,  
Nor, yet can we of life be confident ;  
The threatning clouds strange terrors still present.  
O what a heart wouldst thou have had, if Fate  
Had ta'en me from thee, and prolong'd thy date !  
So wild a fear, such sorrows, so forlorn
- 360 And comfortless, how couldest thou have born :  
If Seas had suck thee in, I would have follow'd  
My wife in death, and Sea should me have swallow'd,  
O would I could my Fathers cunning use !  
And souls into well-model'd Clay infuse !
- 365 Now, all our mortal Race we two contain ;  
And but a pattern of Man-kind remain.  
This said, both wept : both, pray'rs to Heaven ad-  
And seek the Oracle in their distress. (drefs ;  
Forth with descending to *Cephisus* Flood,
- 370 Which in known banks now ran, though thick with  
They on their heads and garments water throw (mud ;  
And to the Temple of the Goddesses go ;  
At that time all defil'd with moss and mire  
The unfrequented Altar without fire.
- 375 Then, humbly on their faces prostrate lay'd,  
And kissing the cold stones, with fear thus pray'd.  
If Powers Divine to just desires consent,  
And angry Gods do in the end relent ;  
Say, *Themis*, how shall we our race repair ;
- 380 O, help the drown'd in water and despair :  
The Goddesses, with compassion mov'd reply'd ;  
Go from my Temple : both your faces hide ;  
Let Garments all unbraced loosely flow ;  
And your Great-Parents bones behind you throw,  
Amaz'd : first *Pyrrha* silence breaks, and said ;
- 385 By me the Goddesses must not be obey'd ;  
And, trembling, pardon craves : Her Mothers ghost  
She fears would suffer, if her bones were tost.  
Mean while they ponder and re-iterate  
The words proceeding from ambiguous Fate,
- Then,

- 390 Then, *Promethides, Epimethida*  
 Thus recollecteth; lost in her dismay:  
 Or I the Oracle miss understand,  
 Or the just Gods no wicked thing command,  
 The Earth is our Great-Mother: and the stones,  
 Therein contain'd, I take to be her bones,  
 These, sure, are those we should behind us throw.
- 395 Although *Titania* thought it might be so,  
 Yet she miss-doubts. Both with weak faith rely  
 On aiding Heaven. What hurt was it to try;  
 Departing with heads veil'd and clothes unbrac't,  
 Commanded, stones they o're their shoulders cast.
- 400 Did not Antiquity avouch the same,  
 Who would believ't! the stoneless hard became.  
 And as their natural hardness them forsook;  
 So by degrees they Mans dimensions took;  
 And gentler-natur'd grew, as they increast:
- 405 And, yet not manifestly Man exprest.  
 But, like rough-hewn rude marble Statues stand,  
 That want the work-mans last life-giving hand:  
 The earthy parts, and what had any juyce,  
 Were both converted to the body's use,  
 Th' inflexible and solid turn to bones:
- 410 The veins remain, that were when they were stones.  
 Those, thrown by Man, the form of men indue:  
 And those were women, which the woman threw.  
 Hence we, a hardy Race, injur'd to pain:
- 415 Our Actions our Original explain.  
 All other Creatures took their numerous birth:  
 And figures, from the voluntary Earth.  
 When that old humor with the Sun did sweat,  
 And slimy Marishes grew big with heat;
- 420 The pregnant Seeds, as from their Mothers wombe,  
 From quickning Earth both growth and form assume.  
 So, when seven chanel'd Nile forsakes the Plain,  
 When ancient bounds retiring streams contain,
- 425 And late-left slime æthereal fervors burn,  
 Men various creatures with the gleab up turn:  
 Of those, some in their very time of birth;  
 Some lame; and others half-alive, half-earth;
- 430 For, Heat and Moisture, when they temperate grow,  
 Forth-with conceive; and life on things bestow.  
 From striving Fire and Water all proceed;  
 Discording Concord ever apt to breed.

So, Earth by that late Deluge muddy grown,  
 When on her lap reflecting *Titan* shone,  
 Produc'd a world of forms; restor'd the late:  
 And other unknown Monsters did creat.

- Huge *Python*, thee, against her will, she bred;  
 A Serpent, whom the new-born people dread:  
 440 Whole bulk did like a moving Mountain show.  
 Behold! the God that bears the silver Bow  
 (Till then, inur'd to strike the flying Deer,  
 Or swift Roe, who every shadow fear)  
 That terror with a thousand arrows slew;  
 And through black wounds the clouted poison drew.  
 445 Then, lest the well-deserved memory  
 Of such a Praise, in future times should die;  
 He instituteth celebrated Games  
 Of free contention; which he *Pythia* names,  
 Who Ran, who Wrestled best; or Rak'd the ground  
 With swiftest Wheels, the Oken Garland crown'd.  
 450 The Lawrel was not yet: all sorts of Boughs  
*Phæbus* then bound about his radiant browes.  
*Peneian Daphne* was his first belov'd,  
 Not Chance, but *Cupid's* wrath, that fury mov'd.  
 Whom *Delius* (proud of his late conquest) saw,  
 455 As he his pliant bow began to draw;  
 And said: Lascivious Boy, how ill agree  
 Thou and these Arms! too Manly far for thee.  
 Such suit our shoulders; whose strong arm confounds  
 Both Man and Beast, with never-missing wounds;  
 460 That *Python*, bristled with thick Arrows, queld,  
 Who o're so many poyson'd Akers sweld.  
 Be thou content to kindle with thy Flame  
 Desires we know not; nor our praises claim.  
 Then *Venus* son; Self-praised ever be:  
 All may thy Bow transfix, as mine shall thee.  
 465 So far as Gods exceed all earthly pow'rs:  
 So much thy glory is exceld by ours.  
 With that, he breaks the air with nimble wings,  
 And to *Parnassus* shady summer Springs;  
 Two different arrows from his quiver draws:  
 One, hate of Love; the other Love doth cause.  
 470 What could, was sharp, and had a golden Head:  
 But what repulst, was blunt, and tipst with Lead.  
 The God this in *Pheneis* hit: that struck  
*Apollo's* bones, and in his Marrow stuck,

Forth-

- Forthwith he loves : a lovers name she flies :  
 And emulating un-wed *Phæbe*, joyes  
 475 In spoils of salvage Beasts, and sylvan Lares :  
 A fillet binding her neglected hares,  
 Her many sought : but she, averse to all,  
 Unknown to Man, not brooking such a thrall,  
 Frequents the pathless Woods ; and hates to prove,  
 480 Nor cares to hear, what *Hymen* is, or Love.  
 Oft said her Father ; Daughter thou dost ow  
 A Son-in-law, who Nephews may bestow.  
 But she, who marriage as a crime eschew'd  
 (Her face with blushing shamfac'dness imbew'd)  
 485 Hung on his neck with fawning arms, and said,  
 Dear Father give me leave to live a Maid :  
 This boon *Diana's* fire did her afford.  
 He, too indulgent, gave thee his accord :  
 But thee, thy excellency countermands ;  
 And thy own beauty thy desire with-stands.  
 490 *Apollo* loves, and fain would *Dapne* wed :  
 What he desires, he hopes ; and is miss-led  
 By his own Oracles. As stubles burn,  
 As hedges into sudden blazes turn,  
 Fire set too near, or left by chance behind  
 By passengers, and scattered with the wind :  
 495 So springs he into flames : a fire doth move  
 Through all his veins : hope seeds his barren love,  
 He on her shoulders sees her hair untrest :  
 O what, said he, if these were neatly drest !  
 He sees her eyes, two Stars ! her Lips which kiss  
 Their happy selves, and longs to tast their bliss :  
 500 Admires her fingers, hands, her arms half-bare ;  
 And parts unseen conceives to be more rare.  
 Swifter then following winds, away she runs ;  
 And him, for all this his intreaty, shuns.  
 Stay Nymph, I pray thee stay ; I am no Foe :  
 505 So Lambs from Wolves, Harts fly from Lions so ;  
 So from the Eagle springs the trembling Dove,  
 They, from their deaths : but my pursuit is love.  
 Wo's me, if thou shouldst fall, or thorns should race  
 Thy tender legs, whilst I inforce the chace !  
 510 These roughs are craggy : moderate thy hast,  
 And, trust me, I will not pursue so fast.  
 Yet know, who tis you please : No Mountain here,  
 No homebred Clown ; nor keep I cattle here.

From

- From whom thou fly'st thou know'st not (filly fool!)  
 515 And therefore fly'st thou. I in *Delpbos* rule;  
*Ionian Caros, Lycian, Patara,*  
 And Sea-girt *Tenedos* do me obey.  
*Jove* is my Father. What shall be, hath been,  
 Or is; by my instructive rays is seen.  
 Immortal Verse from our invention springs;  
 And how to strike the well concurring strings.  
 My shafts hit sure: yet He one surer found,  
 520 Who in my empty bosom made this wound.  
 Of herbs I found the vertue; and through all  
 The World they Me the great Physician call.  
 Ay me, that herbs can Love no cure afford!  
 That Arts, relieving all, should fail their Lord.  
 525 More had he said, when she, with nimble dread,  
 From him, and his unfinished court-ship fled.  
 How graceful then! the Wind that obvious blew,  
 Too much betray'd her to his amorous view;  
 And play'd the wanton with her fluent haire:  
 530 Her beauty, by her flight, appear'd more rare.  
 No more the God will his intreaties lose;  
 But, urg'd by love, with all his force pursues.  
 As when a Hare the speedy Grey-hound spies;  
 His feet for prey, she hers for safety plies;  
 535 Now bears he up; now, now he hopes to fetch her;  
 And with his snow extended, strains to catch her:  
 Not knowing whether caught or no, she slips  
 Out of his wide-stretch'd jaws and touching lips.  
 The God and Virgin in such strife appear:  
 He, quickned by his hope; She, by her fear,  
 540 But, the Pursuer doth more nimble prove:  
 Enabled by th' industrious wings of love.  
 Nor give he time to breath: now at her heels,  
 His breath upon her dangling hair she feels.  
 Clean spent, and fainting, her affrighted blood  
 Forsakes her cheeks. She cries unto the Flood,  
 545 Help Father, if your streams contain a Power:  
 May Earth, for too well pleasing me devour:  
 Or, by transforming, O destroy this shape,  
 That thus betrays me to undoing rape.  
 Forth-with, a numness all her limbs possess;  
 And slender filmes her softer sides invest.  
 550 Hair into leaves, her Arms to branches grow:  
 And late swift feet, now roots, are less then slow,

Her

- Her graceful head a leavy top sustains :  
 One beauty throughout all her form remains.  
 Still *Phæbus* loves. He handles the new Plant ?  
 And feels her heart within the bark to pant.  
 555 Imbrace't the bole, as he would her have done ;  
 And kifs the boughs : the boughs his kisses shun,  
 To whom the God : Although thou canst not be  
 The wife I wisht, yet shalt thou be my Tree,  
 Our Quiver, Harp, our Tresses never shorn,  
 My Laurel, thou shalt evermore adorn ;  
 560 And Brows triumphant, when they *Io* sing,  
 And to the Capitol their Trophies bring.  
 Thou shalt defend from Thunders blasting stroke,  
*Augustus* doors, on either side the Oke.  
 And as our un-cut hair no change receives ;  
 565 So ever flourish with unfading leaves.  
 Here *Pæan* ends. The Laurel all allows,  
 In sign whereof her grateful head she bows.  
 A pleasant Grove whithin *Amonia* grows,  
 Call'd *Tempe* ; which high ragged Cliffs inclose.  
 570 Through this, *Peneus*, pour'd from *Pindus*, raves.  
 And from the bottom rowls with foaming waves ;  
 That by steep down-falls tumbling from on high,  
 Ingender mists, which smoke-like, upward fly,  
 That on the dewy tops of Trees distill.  
 And more then neighboring woods with noises fill.  
 Here, in a Cave, his Court and residence  
 575 The great floods keep : here justice doth dispense  
 To streams, and gentle Nymphs that streams frequent  
 The floods, that native were, with one consent  
 First thither came ; as yet, at self-debate,  
 Whether to comfort, or congratulate.  
 580 Cool *Sperchius*, slow *Amphrysus*, *Apidan*.  
 Swift *Æas*, *Enipe*, that troubled ran,  
 Then, forthwith those, who ( as their sources bend )  
 To Seas their waves ( with wandring weary ) send  
 All but old *Inachus* : who in his Caves  
 Obscure recess, with tears augments his waves :  
 585 For *Io*, mourns as lost ; nor yet knows he  
 Whether above or under Earth she be :  
 But, her, whom he not any-where could find,  
 He thinks is no where : fear distracts his mind.  
 As from her Fathers streams the Nymph return'd,  
*Saturnius*, seeing her in passion burn'd,

- O Virgin, worthy *Jove* ! whose bed must bleſs  
 590 What God I know not ; though a Man, no leſs ;  
 Here in theſe Woods, ſaid he, or theſe reſe  
 Whil'ſt thus the World with fainting fervor glows,  
 Nor fear among the Salvages to venter :  
 A God proteſting, thou may'ſt ſafely enter.  
 595 Nor one of vulgar rank ; but, He that bears  
 Heav'n's Scepter, and the clouds with thunder tears.  
 O, fly not ! for ſhe fled. The Paſtures paſt  
 Of *Lerna* and *Lycan*'s gloomy waſt,  
 He in the Air a ſable cloud diſplay'd,  
 600 Caught, and devirginates the ſtrugling Maid.  
 Mean-while, with wonder *Juno* doth ſurvey  
 Thoſe duſky Clouds, that made a night of day,  
 And, finding that they neither took their birth  
 From vap'rous ſtreams, nor from the humid Earth,  
 605 For her miſt-Huſband ſearcheth Heaven : as one,  
 To whom his ſtealths ſo often hath been known,  
 Whom when ſhe could not find ; Deceiv'd am I,  
 Or wrong'd, ſhe ſaid. Down from th' enamel'd ſky  
 She ſlides to earth. The foggy clouds with-draw  
 610 At her command. Her coming *Jove* fore-ſaw,  
 And changed *Inachis* into a Cow ;  
 Whoſe form even *Juno* prais'd ; demanding how  
 She thither came ? Whoſe was ſhe ? Of what herd ?  
 As ignorant of what ſhe more then fear'd,  
 615 *Jove* feigns (her importunity to ſhift)  
 Her born of Earth. *Saturnia* begs the gift.  
 What ſhould he do ? Be cruel to his Love ;  
 Or by denying her, ſuſpicion move ?  
 Shame that perſwades ; and Love doth this diſſwade :  
 But, ſtronger Love Shame under-foot hath laid ;  
 620 Yet doubts, if he ſhould ſuch a thing deny  
 His Wife and Siſter, 'twould the fraud deſcry.  
 Obtain'd ; not forth-with fear the Goddeſs leſt ;  
 Diſtruſting *Joves*, and jealous of his theft,  
 Until delivered to *Argus* guard.  
 625 An hundred eyes his head's large circuit ſtarr'd ;  
 Whereof, by turns, at once two onely ſlept ;  
 The other watch, and ſtill their ſtations kept.  
 Which way ſo-e're he ſtands, he ſo ſpies :  
 So, behind him, was before his eyes,  
 630 By day, ſhe graz'd abroad : Sol' under ground,  
 He hous'd her, in unworthy halter bound.



- On leaves of trees and bitter herbs she fed.  
 Poor soul ! the Earth not always green, her bed ;  
 And of the Torrent drinks. With hands up-heav'd  
 635 She thought to beg for pity : how deceiv'd !  
 Who low'd, when she began to make her moan ;  
 And trembled at the voice which was her own.  
 Unto the banks of *Inachus* she stray'd ;  
 Her Fathers banks where she so oft had play'd :  
 640 Beholding in his stream her horned head,  
 She starts ; and from her self, self-frighted, fled.  
 Her sisters, nor old *Inachus* her knew :  
 Which way so-e're they went, she would pursue ;  
 And suffer them to stroke her ; and doth move  
 Their wonder with her strange expressed love.  
 645 He brought her Grass : she gently lick't his hands,  
 And kiss his palms ; nor, longer, tears withstands.  
 And had she then had words, she had display'd  
 Her name, her fortunes, and implor'd his aid.  
 For words, she letters with her foot impress'd,  
 650 Upon the sand, which her sad change profess'd.  
 Wo's me ! cry'd *Inachus* ; his arms he throws  
 About her snowy neck. O, wo of woes !  
 Art thou my daughter throughout all the Round  
 Of Earth so sought ; that now, not found, art found ?  
 655 Less was thy loss : less was my misery.  
 Dumb wretch (alas ! ) thou canst not make reply :  
 Yet, as thou canst thou dost : thy lowings speak,  
 And deep-fetcht sighs that from thy bosom break.  
 I, ignorant, prepar'd thy marriage-bed :  
 My hopes, a son-in-law, and Nephews fed.  
 660 Now, from the Herd, thy issue must descend :  
 Nor can the length of time my sorrows end ;  
 Accurst in that a God, Death's sweet relief  
 Hard fates deny to my immortal grief.  
 This said : his Daughter (in that shape below'd)  
 The Star-ey'd *Argus* far from thence remov'd ;  
 665 When, mounted on an hill, the wary Spy  
 Surveys the Plains that round about him lie.  
 The King of Gods, those sorrows she indur'd  
 Could brook no longer, by his fault procur'd :  
 But, calls his son, of fulgent *Pleias* bred ;  
 670 Commanding him to cut off *Argus* head.  
 He wings his heels, puts on his Felt, and takes  
 His drowfie Rod ; the Tow'r of *Tove* forsakes ;

And



And, winding, stoops to Earth. The changed God  
His Hat and Wings lays by ; retains his Rod :  
With which he drives his Goats ( like one that feeds  
The bearded Heard ) and sings t' his slender Reeds.

Much taken with that Art, before unknown,  
Come, sit by me, said *Argus*, on this stone.

680 No place affordeth better Pastorage,  
Or shelter for the Suns offensive rage.  
Pleas'd *Atlantiades* doth him obey ;  
And with discourse protracts the speedy Day :  
Then, singing to his Pipes soft melody,  
Endeavors to subdue each wakeful ey.

685 The Heardf-man strives to conquer urgent sleep :  
Though seiz'd on half, the other half do keep  
Observant watch. He askes who did invent  
( With that he yawn'd ) that late-found Instrument  
Then, thus the God his charmed ears inclines :

690 Amongst the *Hamadriade Nonacrinæ*  
( On cold *Arcadian Hills* ) for beauty fam'd,  
A *Naiad* dwelt ; the Nymphs, her *Syrinx* nam'd,  
Who oft deceiv'd the Satyrs that pursu'd,  
The rural Gods, and those whom woods include ;  
In exercises and in chaste desire,

695 *Diana-like* ; and such in her attire,  
You either in each other might behold :  
Save that her Bow was Holm ; *Diana's* Gold :  
Yet oft mistook. *Pan* crown'd with Pines, returning,  
From steep *Lyceus*, saw her ; and, love-burning,

700 Thus said : Fair Virgin, grant a Gods request ;  
And be his wife. Surceas'd to tell the rest ;  
How from his prayers she fled, as from her shame,  
Till to smooth *Ladon's* sandy banks she came.  
There stopt ; implores the liquid Sisters aid,

705 To change her shape, and pity a forc'd Maid.  
( *Pan*, when he thought he had his *Syrinx* claspt  
Between his arms, Reeds for her body graspt.  
He sighs : they, stur'd therewith, report again  
A mournful sound, like one that did complain.

710 Rapt with the musick ; Yet, O sweet ( said he )  
Together ever thus converse will we,  
Then, of unequal wax-joyn'd Reeds he fram'd  
This seven-fold Pipe : of her 'twas *Syrinx* nam'd.

Thus much about to have said, *Cyllenius* spies.  
715 How leaden sleep had seal'd up all his eies.

Then

- Then, silent, with his Magic k rod he strokes  
 Their languisht lights, which sounder sleep provokes,  
 And with his Faulchion lops his nodding head :  
 720 Whose blood besmear'd the hoary Rock with red.  
 There lies he ; of so many lights, the light  
 Put forth : his hundred eyes set in one night,  
 Yet, that those starry jewels might remain,  
*Saturnia* fixt them in her Peacocks train.
- 725 Inflam'd with anger, and impatient hast,  
 Before said *Ios* eyes and thoughts she plac'd  
*Erynnis* Snakes ; and through the world doth drive  
 The conscience-stung affrighted Fugitive.  
 Thou, *Nile*, to her long toil and end didst yield.
- 730 Approaching thee, she on thy margent kneel'd ;  
 Her looks ( such as she had ) to heaven up-throws :  
 With tears, sighs, sounds ( expressing wordless woes )  
 Shee seem'd *Jove*'t accuse, as too ingrate,  
 And to implore an end of her hard fate.
- 735 He clips his wife ; and her intreats to free  
 Th' unjustly plagu'd. Be confident ( said he )  
 She never more shall cause thy grief, or fear :  
 His Vow he bids the *Stygian* waters hear.  
 Appeas'd ; the Nymph recover'd her first look ;
- 740 So fair, so sweet ! the hair her skin forlook :  
 Her horns decrease : large eyes, wide jaws, contract  
 Shoulders and hands again become exact :  
 Her hooves to nails diminish : nothing now,  
 But that pure White, retains she of the Cow.
- 745 Then on her feet, her body she erects :  
 Now born by two. Her self she yet suspects ;  
 Nor dares to speak aloud, lest she should hear  
 Her self too low ; but softly tries with fear  
 Now, she, a Goddess, is ador'd by those  
 That shine in linen stoles where *Nilus* flows.  
 Hence sprung *Joves Epaphus*, no less divine :
- 750 Whose Temples next unto his Mothers joyn.  
 Equal in years, nor equal spirit wants  
 The Sun-got *Phaeton* : who proudly vants  
 Of his high Parentage ; nor will give place.  
*Inachides*, puts on him this disgrace :  
 Fool, thou thy Mother trusts in things unknown ;  
 755 And of a Father boasts that's not thine own.  
 Vext *Phaeton* blusht : his shame his rage repels :  
 Who straight to *Clymene* the slander tells :

And

- And Mother, said he, to your griefs increase,  
 I, free, and late so lofty held my peace,  
 760 Asham'd that such a tainture should be lai'd  
 Upon my blood; that could not be gain-said.  
 But, if I be descended from above;  
 Give proof thereof, and this reproach remove.  
 Then hangs about her neck : by her own head,  
 By *Merops*, by his Sisters nuptial bed,  
 765 Intreats her to produce some certain gage,  
 That might assure his question'd parentage.  
 Mov'd with her sons intreaty, more inflam'd  
 With indignation to be so defam'd,  
 She casts her arms to Heaven : and looking on,  
 His radiant Orbe, thus said : I swear, my son  
 By you' fair Taper, that so bright appears  
 770 With far-projected beams ; who sees, and hears :  
 That Sun whom thou behold'st, who light and heat  
 Affords the informed World, did thee beget.  
 If not, may he to me deny his sight :  
 And to my eyes let this be his last light.  
 775 Nor far-removed doth his Palace stand ;  
 His first uprise confines upon our Land :  
 If that thy heart do serve thee, thither go ;  
 And there thy Father, of thy Father, know.  
 Hereat, joy'd *Phaeton* enlightned grew ;  
 Whose towering thoughts no less then Heaven pursue  
 His *Ethiopia* past, and *Ind*, which fries  
 780 With burning beams, he climbs the Sun's uprise.

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OVIDS



# OVIDS

## METAMORPHOSIS.

### The Second Book.

#### THE ARGUMENT.

**R**ash Phaeton fires the World. His sisters mourn  
 His Tragedy, who into Poplars turn ;  
 Their tears to Amber ; Cygnus, to a Swan.  
 Jove, Phœbe-like, Calisto found a Man :  
 Her, Juno made a Bear : She and her son,  
 Advanced stars, that still the Ocean shun.  
 Coronis, now a Crow, flies Neptunes fight.  
 Niſimene is made the Bird of Night.  
 The too-officious Ravens, late so fair,  
 Is plum'd with black. Ocyroe grows a Mare.  
 Phœbus, an Herdsman : Mercury, twice such ;  
 Who turns betraying Battus into Tuck.  
 Envious Aglauros, to a Statue, full  
 Of her mind's spots. Love Jove converts i' a Bull.

**S**OL's lofty Palace on high Pillars rais'd,  
 Shone all with gold, and stones that flame-like  
 The roof of Ivory divinely deckt : (blaz'd,  
 The two-leav'd silver-doors bright rays project.  
 5 The workmanship more admiration crav'd :  
 For, curious Mæciber had there engrav'd  
 The Land-imbracing Sea, the orb'd Ground,  
 The arch'd Heavens, Blue Gods the billows crown'd;  
 Shape-

- Shape-changing *Proteus*. *Triton* shrill; the tall  
 10 Big-brown'd *Ageon* mounted on a Whale.  
*Gray Doris*, and her daughters, heavenly-fair:  
 Some sit on Rocks, and dry their Sea-green hair:  
 Some seem upon the dancing Waves to glide;  
 Others on backs of crooked fishes ride:  
 Amongst them all, no two appear the same;  
 Nor differ more then sisters well became.
- 15 The Earth had salvage Beasts, Men, Cities, Woods,  
*Nymphs*, *Satyrs*, *rural Gods*, and chrystal Floods:  
 Above all these, Heavens radiant Image shines,  
 On both sides deckt with six refulgent signes.  
 To this, bold *Phaeton* made his ascent;
- 20 And to his doubted Fathers presence bent;  
 Yet forc'd to stand aloof: for, mortal sight  
 Could not endure t' approach so pure a light.  
*Sol* cloth'd in purple, sits upon a Throne,  
 Which clearly with tralucient Emralds shone.
- 25 With equal-raigning hours, on either hand,  
 The days, the months, the years, the Ages stand:  
 The fragrant Spring with flowry chaplet crown'd:  
 Wheat-ears, the brows of naked Summer bound:  
 Rich Autumn smear'd with crush'd *Lyæus* blood;
- 30 Next hoary-headed Winter quivering stood.  
 Much daunted at these sacred novelties,  
 The fearful Youth all-seeing *Phæbus* spies;  
 Who said, What hither drew thee *Phaeton*,  
 Who art, and worthily my dearest Son?
- 35 He thus reply'd. O thou refulgent Light,  
 Who all the World rejoycest with thy sight!  
 O Father! if allow'd to use that name,  
 Nor *Clymene* by thee disguise her shame;  
 Produce some sign, that may my birth approve,  
 And from my thoughts these wretched doubts remove.
- 40 He, from his Brows, his shining rays displac'd;  
 And, bidding him draw-neer, his neck imbrac'd.  
 By merit, as by birth, to thee is due  
 That name, said he; and *Clymene* wastrue.  
 To clear all doubts; ask what thou wilt, and take
- 45 Thy granted wish. Bear witness thou dark Lake,  
 The Oath of Gods, unto our eyes unknown.  
 These words no sooner from his lips were flown,  
 But he demands his Chariot, and the sway  
 Of his hot Steeds, to guide the winged Day.

The

- The God repents him of the Oath he made ;  
 50 And shaking his illustrious Tresses, said ;  
 Thy tongue hath made mine err, thy birth unblest.  
 O, would I could break promise ! this request,  
 I must confess, I only would deny :  
 And yet, dissuade I may. Thy death doth lie  
 Within thy wish. What's so desir'd by thee,  
 55 Can neither with thy strength nor youth agree.  
 Too great intentions set thy thoughts on fire.  
 Thou, mortal, dost no mortal thing desire ;  
 Through ignorance, affecting more than they  
 Dare undertake, who in *Olympus* sway.  
 60 Through each himself approve ; except me, none  
 Is able to supply my burning Throne.  
 Not that dread Thunderer, who rules above,  
 Can drive these wheels : and who more great than  
 Steep is the first ascent ; which in the prime (*Jove?*  
 Of springing Day, fresh Horses hardly clime.  
 65 At noon, through highest skies their course they bear :  
 Whence Sea and Land even we behold with fear.  
 Then down the hill of *Heaven* they scour amain  
 With desperate speed, and need a steady rain ;  
 That *Tethis*, in whose wavy bowers I lie,  
 Each evening dreads my downfall from the skie.  
 70 Besides ; the Heavens are dayly hurried round,  
 That turn the Stars, to other motions bound.  
 Against this violence, my way I force,  
 And counter-run their all ore-bearing course.  
 My Chariot had : can thy frail strength ascend  
 75 The obvious Poles, and with their force contend ?  
 No, Groves, no Cities, fraught with Gods, expect ;  
 No marble Fanes, with wealthy offerings deckt.  
 Through salvage shapes, and dangers lies thy way :  
 Which couldst thou keep, and by no error stray,  
 80 Between the Bulls sharp horns yet must thou go ;  
 By him that draws the strong *Æmonian* bow ;  
 The deathful Scorpions far out-bending claws ;  
 The shorter Crabs ; the roaring Lions jaws.  
 Nor easie is't those fiery Steeds to tame :  
 85 Who from their mouths and nostrils vomit Flame.  
 They, heated, hardly of my rule admit ;  
 But, head-strong, struggle with the hated Bit.  
 Then, least my bounty, which would save, should kill ;  
 Beware : and whilst thou maist, reform thy will,

- 90 A sign thou crav'st, that might confirm thee mine :  
 I, by dehorting, give a certain sign ;  
 Approv'd a Father, by Paternal fear :  
 Look on my looks, and read my sorrows, there,  
 O, would thou couldst descend into my breast ;  
 95 And apprehend my vexed Souls unrest :  
 And lastly, all the wealthy World behold,  
 Of all that Heaven enrich, rich Seas unfold,  
 Or on the pregnant-bosom'd Earth remain,  
 Ask what thou wilt ; and no repulse sustain.  
 To this alone, I give a forc't consent :  
 No honour, but a true nam'd punishment.  
 Thou, for a blessing, beg'st the worst of harms,  
 100 Why hangst thou on my neck with fawning arms ?  
 Distrust not ; We have sworn : but ask, and take  
 What thou canst wish : yet, wiser wishes make,  
 In vain dehorted ; he, his promise claim'd ;  
 With glory of so great a charge inflam'd,  
 105 The wilful Youth then lingring *Phæbus* brought  
 To his bright Chariot, by *Vulcan* wrought  
 The Beam and Axeltree of massie gold ;  
 On silver Spokes the golden fillies rold ;  
 Rich Gems and Chrysolites the Harness deckt ;  
 110 Which, *Phæbus* beams, with equal light, reflect.  
 Whilst this, admiring *Phaeton* surveys,  
 The wakeful morning from the East displays  
 Her purple doors, and odoriferous bed,  
 115 With plenty of dew-dropping Roses spread.  
 Clear *Lucifer* the flying Stars doth chase ;  
 And, after all the rest, resigns his place.  
 When *Titon* saw the Dawning ruddy grew,  
 And how the Moon her silver horns with-drew :  
 He bad the light-foot Hours, without delay  
 To joyn his Steeds. The Goddesses obey ;  
 120 Who, from their lofty Mangers, forth-with led  
 His fiery Horses, with *Ambrosia* fed.  
 With sacred Oyl anointed by his Syre,  
 Of vertue to repulse the rage of fire,  
 He crowns him with his Rayes ; Then, thus began  
 125 With doubred sighes which following woes fore-ran  
 Let not thy Father still advise in vain.  
 Son, spare the whip, and strongly use the rain.  
 They, of their own accord, will run too fast,  
 'Tis hard to moderate a flying haste.  
 Nor drive along the five directer Lines.  
 130 A broad and beaten path obliquely winds,

Con-



- Contented with three Zones : which doth avoid  
 The distant Poles : the track thy wheels will guide.
- 135 Descend thou not too low, nor mount too high,  
 That temperate warmth may Heaven & Earth supply,  
 A lofty course will Heaven with fire infect,  
 A lowly, earth : the safer mean is best,  
 Nor to the folded Snake thy Chariot guide :  
 Nor to the Altar on the other side :
- 140 Between these drive. The rest I leave to Fate ;  
 Who better prove, then thou, to thy own state.  
 But, while I speak, behold, the humid Night  
 Beyond th' *Hesperian* Vales hath tane her flight.  
*Aurora's* splendor re-inthrones the Day :  
 We are expected, nor can longer stay.
- 145 Take up the rains, or, while thou mayst, refuse ;  
 And not my Chariot, but my counsel use ;  
 While on a firm foundation thou dost stand,  
 Not yet possessest of thy ill-wisht Command.  
 Let me the World with usual influence chear :  
 And view that light which is unsafe to bear.
- 150 The generous and gallant *Phaeton*,  
 All courage, vaults into the blazing throne :  
 Glad of the rains, nor doubtful of his skill ;  
 And gives his Father thanks against his will.  
 Mean while, the Suns swift Horses, hot *Pyreus*  
 Light *Æthon*, fiery *Pblegon*, bright *Eous*,  
 Neighing aloud, inflame the Air with heat ;
- 155 And, with their thundering hoofs, the barriers beat.  
 Which when hospitious *Tethys* once with-drew,  
 (Who nothing of her Nephews danger knew)  
 And gave them scope ; they mount the ample sky,  
 And cut the obvious Clouds with feet that fly.  
 Who, rais'd with plumed pinions, leave behind
- 160 The glowing East, and slower Eastern-wind.  
 But, *Phæbus* Horses could not feel that freight :  
 The Chariot wanted the accustom'd weight.  
 And as unballast Ships are rockt and tost  
 With tumbling waves, and in their steerage lost :
- 165 So, through the Air the lighter Chariot reels ;  
 And joults, as empty, upon jumping Wheels.  
 Which when they found, the beaten path they shun ;  
 And, straggling, out of all subjection run.  
 He knows not how to turn, nor knows the way ;
- 170 Or had he known, yet would not they obey.



- The cole, now hot, *Triones* fought in vain  
 To quench their heat in the forbidden Main,  
 The Serpent, next unto the frozen Pole,  
 Benum'd, and hurtless, now begin to roll  
 With actual heat; and long forgotten ire  
 175 Resumes, together with æthereal fire.  
 'Tis said, that thou *Bootes* ranst away,  
 Though slow, though thee thy heavy Wain did stay.  
 But when, from top of all the arched sky,  
 Unhappy *Phaeton* the Earth did eye:  
 180 Pale sudden fear un-nerves his quaking thighs;  
 And, in so great a light, be-nights his eyes.  
 He wisht those Steeds unknown; unknown his birth;  
 His suit ungranted: now he covets Earth;  
 Now scorns not to be held of *Merops* blood,  
 185 Rapt as a ship upon the high-wrought flood;  
 By salvage tempests chac't; which in despair  
 The Pilot leaveth to the Gods, and Pray'r.  
 What should he do? much of the heaven behind;  
 Much more before: both measur'd in his mind.  
 190 The never-to-be-entred West surveys;  
 And then the East. Lost in his own amaze,  
 And ignorance, he cannot hold the rains,  
 Nor let them go; Nor knows his Horses names:  
 But stares on terror-striking skies (possess'd  
 By Beasts and Monsters) with a panting breast.  
 195 There is a place, in which the Scorpion bends  
 His compass claws; who through two Signs extends,  
 Whom when the Youth beheld, stew'd in black sweat  
 Of poison, and with turn'd-up tail to threat  
 A mortal wound; pale fear his senses strook,  
 200 And slackned reins lets fall, from hands that shook.  
 They, when they felt them on their backs to lie,  
 With un-controuled error scour the skie,  
 Through unknown airy Regions; and tread  
 The way which their disordered fury led.  
 Up to the fixed Stars their course they take;  
 205 And stranger Spheres with smoking Chariot take:  
 Now climb; now, by steep *Præcipies* descend:  
 And nearer Earth their wandering race extend.  
 To see her brother's Steed beneath her own  
 The Moon admires! the Clouds like Comets shone.  
 Invading fire the upper earth assaild;  
 210 All chapt and con'd; her pregnant juice exhal'd.

- Trees feed their ruine : Grass, gray-headed turns ;  
 And Corn, by that which did produce it, burns.  
 But this was nothing. Cities with their Tow'rs,  
 215 Realms with their People, funeral fire devours.  
 The Mountains blaze : High *Athos*, but too high :  
 Fount-fruitful *Ida*, never till then dry ;  
*Oete*, old *Tmolus*, and *Cilician Taurus*,  
 Muse-haunted *Helicon*, *Oeagrian Amas*.  
 220 Loud *Aina* roareth with her doubled fires :  
*Parnassus* groans beneath two flaming spires.  
 Steep *Oihrys*, *Cynthus*, *Eryx*, *Mimas*, glow ;  
 And *Rhodope*, no longer cloth'd with Snow.  
 The *Phrygian Dindyma*, in cinders mourns :  
 Cold *Caucasus* in frosty *Scythia* burns,  
 High *Mycale*, divine *Cithæron*, wast ;  
 225 *Pindus*, and *Ossa* once on *Pelion* cast,  
 More Great *Olympus* (which before did shine)  
 The airy *Alps*, and cloudy *Appennine*.  
 Then *Phaeton* beheld on every side,  
 The World on fire, nor could such heat abide ;  
 And, at his deadly-dry and gasping jaws,  
 The scalding Air, as from a Furnace draws ;  
 230 His Chariot, redder then the fire it bore ;  
 And, being mortal, could endure no more  
 Such clouds of ashes, and ejected coals.  
 Muffled in smoak which round about him rolls.  
 He knows not where he is, nor what succeeds ;  
 Dragg'd at the pleasure of his frantick Steeds ;  
 Men say, the *Aethiopians* then grew swart ;  
 235 Their blood exhaled to the outward part.  
 A sandy Desert *Libya* then became,  
 Her full veins emptied by the thirsty flame.  
 With hair unbound and torn, the Nymphs, distraught,  
 Bewail their Springs. *Bæotia Dirce* sought ;  
 40 *Argos*, *Emymone*, *Ephyre* the fair  
*Pirone* mist : Nor streams securer are.  
 Great *Tanais* in boiling chanel fumes ;  
*Tonithranian Caicus* heat consumes ;  
*Ismenus*, old *Peneus*, *Erymanthus*,  
 45 Yellow *Lycormas* ; to be twice-burnt, *Zanthus*.  
*Mæander*, running in a turning maze,  
*Mygdonian Melas*, and *Euxeros* blaze ;  
*Euphrates*, late investing *Babylon* ;  
*Gronies*, *Phasis*, *Ister*, *Thermodon*,

- 250 *Ganges, Alpheus, Sperchius* flames in fold:  
 And *Tagus* floweth with dissolved gold,  
 The Swans that ravish'd with their melody  
*Mæonian* banks, now in *Cayster* fry.  
 To farthest Earth affrighted *Nilus* fled;  
 255 And there conceal'd his yet unsound-out head,  
 Whil'st his seven dusty chanel's streamless lie,  
*Ismarian Hebrus, Strymon* now are dry.  
*Hesperian* streams, *Rhene, Rhodanus, the Po,*  
 And Scepter-destinated *Tyber* glow.
- 260 Earth cracks: to Hell the hated light descends;  
 And frighted *Pluto*, with his Queen offends,  
 The Ocean shrinks, and leaves a field of Sand;  
 Where new-discover'd Rocks and Mountains stand,  
 That multiply the scatter'd *Cyclades*,  
 Late cover'd with the deep and awful Seas,  
 265 The Fishes to the bottom dive: nor dare  
 The sportless Dolphins tempt the sultry Air,  
 Long boil'd alive, the monstrous *Phœæ* die,  
 And on the brine with turn'd-up bellies lie.  
 With *Doris* and her daughters, *Nereus* raves;  
 Who hide themselves beneath the scalding waves.
- 270 Thrice wrathful *Neptune* his bold arm upheld  
 Above the Floods: whom thrice the Fire repel'd.  
 Yet foodful *Tellus* with the Ocean bound,  
 Amidst the Seas, and Fountains now unsound  
 (Self-hid within the womb where they were bred)  
 275 Neck-high advances her all-bearing head  
 (Her parched fore-head shadow'd with her hand)  
 And, shaking, shook what-ever on her stand:  
 Where with a little shrunk into her breast  
 Her sacred tongue her sorrows thus express:  
 If such thy will, and I deserve the same,  
 280 Thou chief of Gods, why sleeps thy vengeful flame?  
 Be't by Thy fire, if I in fire must fry?  
 The Author lessens the calamity.  
 But, whilst I strive to utter this, I choke.  
 View my sing'd hair, mine eyes half-out with smoke!  
 The sparkling cinders on my visage thrown!
- 285 Is this my recompence? the favor shown  
 For all my service? for the fruit I have born?  
 That thus I am with Plough and Harrows torn?  
 Wrought-out throughout the year? that Man & Beast  
 Sustain with food? and you with incense feast?

But,

- 290 But, say I merit ruine, and thy hate:  
 What hath thy Brother done (by equal Fate  
 Eleſted to the wavy Monarchy,)   
 That Sea ſhould ſink, and from thy preſence fly?  
 If neither he, nor I thy pity move,  
 Pity thy Heaven. Behold! the Poles above
- 295 At either end do ſume: and ſhould they burn,  
 Thy habitation would to ruine turn  
 Diſtreſſed *Atlas* ſhoulders ſhrink with pain,  
 And ſcarce the glowing Axletree ſuſtain.  
 If Sea, if Earth, if Heav'n ſhould fall by fire,  
 Then all of us to *Chaos* muſt retire.  
 O! quench theſe flames: the miſerable ſtate
- 300 Of things relieve, before it be too late.  
 This ſaid, her voice her parched tongue forſook,  
 Nor longer could the ſmothering vapors brook;  
 But, down into her-ſelf with-drew her head,  
 Near to th' infernal Caverns of the dead.  
*Jove* calls the Gods to witneſs, and who lent
- 305 The ſtraying Chariot; ſhould not he prevent,  
 That All would periſh by one deſtiny;  
 Then mounts the higheſt Turret of the ſky,  
 From thence inur'd to cloud the ſpaceful Earth:  
 And give the flame fore-running thunder birth.  
 But, there, for waited clouds he fought in vain,
- 310 To ſhade, or cool the ſcorched Earth with rain.  
 He thunders, and with hands that cannot err,  
 Hurls lightning at th' audacious Charioter.  
 Him ſtrook he from his ſeat, breath from his breaſt,  
 Both at one blow, and flames with flames ſuppreſt.  
 The frighted Horſes, plunging ſeveral ways,
- 315 Break all their tire: to whom the Bit obeys:  
 The rains, torn beams, crackt ſpokes, diſperſt abroad,  
 Scorcht Heav'n was with the Chariots ruines ſtrow'd.  
 But, ſoul-leſs *Phaeton* with blazing hair,  
 320 Shot head long through a long deſcent of Air;  
 As when a falling ſtar glides through the ſky,  
 Or ſeems to fall to the deceived eye.  
 Whom great *Eridanus* (far from his place  
 Of birth) receiv'd, and quencht his flagrant face:
- 325 Whoſe Nymphs interr'd him in his Mothers womb;  
 And ſixt this Epitaph upon his Tomb:  
 Here *Phaeton* lies; who though he could not guide  
 His Fathers Steeds, in high attempts he dy'd.

- Phæbus* with grief with-drew. One day did run  
 330 About the World, they say, without the Sun,  
 Which flaming funerals illuminate  
 That good, derived from a wretched Fate.  
 When *Clymene* had said what could be said  
 In such a grief, half-sould, in black array'd,  
 335 She fills the Earth she wanders through, with groans.  
 First seeking his dead corps, and then his bones.  
 Interr'd in foreign Lands she found the last :  
 Her feeble limbs upon the place she cast.  
 And bath'd his name in tears, and strictly prest  
 The carved Marble with her bared breast.  
 340 Nor less th' *Hellades* lament, who shed  
 From drowned eyes vain offerings to the dead :  
 Who with remorseless hands their bosoms tear,  
 And wailing, call on him that cannot hear.  
 With joined horns four Moons their orbs had fill'd,  
 345 Since they their customary plaints upheld :  
 When *Phæbusa*, thinking to have cast  
 Her self on Earth, cry'd, ah ! my feet stick fast !  
*Lamperie*, pressing to her sisters aid,  
 As suddenly with fixed roots was staid.  
 350 A third, about t'have torn her scattered hair,  
 Tore-off the leaves which on her crown she bare.  
 This, grieveth at her stiff and senseless thighs :  
 She, that in stretcht-out arms in branches rise.  
 And whilst with wonder they themselves behold,  
 The creeping bark their tender parts infold ;  
 Then, by degrees, their bellies, breasts, and all,  
 355 Except their mouths, which on their mother call.  
 What should she do ? but run to that, to this,  
 As fury drave, and snatcht a parting kiss ?  
 But yet, not so suffic'd, she strove to take  
 Them, from themselves, & down the branches brake :  
 360 From whence, as from a wound, pure blood did glide.  
 O pity, Mother ! (Still the wounded cry'd)  
 Nor tear us in our Trees ! O ! now adieu !  
 With that, the bark their lips together drew.  
 From these clear dropping trees, tears yearly flow :  
 365 They, hardned by the Sun, to Amber grow,  
 Which, on the moisture-giving River spent,  
 To Roman Ladies, as his gift, is sent,  
*Sthenelian* *Cygnus* at that time was there,  
 A-kin to *Phaeton* ; in love, more near.

- He, leaving State (who in *Liguria* reign'd,  
 370 Which cities great and populous contain'd)  
 Fill'd with complaints the River-chiding floods,  
 The sedgey banks, and late augmented Woods.  
 Ht length, his voice grew small: white plume conrends  
 In whiteness with his hair : his neck ascends.  
 375 Red films unite his toes : arms turn to wings :  
 His mouth, a flat blunt bill, that sadly sings,  
 Become a Swan, remembring how unjust  
*Joves* lightning was, nor Heaven, nor him will trust.  
 Whom Lakes and Ponds (detesting fire) delight ;  
 380 And Floods, to Flames in nature opposite.  
 The woful Father to dead *Phaeton*,  
 Him-self neglecting (all his lustre gon,  
 As when eclips'd) day, light, his own life hates ;  
 And loved grief, with anger, aggravates :  
 385 Refusing to illuminate the Earth.  
 Enough, too much my toil ! born with the birth  
 Of Time ; (as restless ; ) without end, regard,  
 Or honor : recompenc'd with his reward :  
 Some other now may on my Chariot sit.  
 If all of you confess your selves unfit ;  
 390 Let *Jove* ascend : that he (when he shall try)  
 At length may lay his murder-thund'ring by.  
 Then will he find, that he, who could not guide  
 Those fire-hoof Steeds, deserv'd not to have dy'd.  
 The Gods stand round about him, and request  
 395 That endless Night might not the World invest.  
 Even *Jove* excus'd his lightning, and intreats :  
 Which, like a King, he intermixt with threats.  
 Displeased *Phæbus*, hardly reconcil'd,  
 Takes-up his Steeds, as yet with horror wild.  
 On whom he vents his spleen : and, though they run,  
 400 He lashes, and upbraids them with his Son.  
 The Thunderer then walks the ample Round  
 Of Heavens high walls, to search if all were found.  
 When finding nothing there by fire decay'd ;  
 He Earth, and humane industries survey'd.  
 405 *Arcadia* chiefly exercis'd his cares ;  
 There, Springs and streams, that durst not run, repairs ;  
 The Fields with Grass, the Trees with Leaves indues,  
 And withered Woods with vanish'd Shades renews.  
 Oft passing to and fro, a *Nonacrine*  
 410 The God inflamed ; her beauty, more divine !

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 410 The God inflamed ; her beauty, more divine !

- 'Twas not her Art to spin, nor with much care  
 And fine variety to trick her hair ;  
 But, with a zone, her looser garments bound,  
 And her rude tresses in a Fillet woond :  
 Now armed with a Dart, now with a Bow :
- 415 A Squire of *Phæbe's*. *Menelaus* did know  
 None more in grace, of all her Virgin throng :  
 But, Favorites in favor last not long.  
 The parted Day in equal ballance held,  
 A wood she entred, as yet never feld.  
 There from her shoulders she her Quiver takes,
- 420 Unbends her Bow ; and, tir'd with hunting, makes  
 The flow'ry-mantled Earth her happy bed ;  
 And on her painted Quiver lays her head,  
 When *Jove* the Nymph without a guard did see  
 In such a posture ; This stealth, said he,  
 My Wife shall never know : or, say she did ;
- 425 Who, ah, who would not for her sake be chid ?  
*Diana's* shape and habit them indu'd,  
 He said ; My Huntress, where hast thou pursu'd  
 This mornings chase ? She rising, made reply ;  
 Hail Pow'r more great then *Jove* (though *Jove* stood  
 In my esteem—. He smil'd : and gladly heard (by)
- 430 Him-self, by her, before him-self prefer'd ;  
 And kist. His kisses too intemperate grow ;  
 Not such as Maids on Maidens do bestow.  
 His strict imbracements her narration stay'd ;  
 And, by his crime, his own deceit betray'd.
- 435 She did what Woman could to force her Fate ;  
 (Would *Juno* saw : it would her spleen abate)  
 Although, as much as Woman could she strove ;  
 What Woman, or, who can contend with *Jove* !  
 The Victor hies him to the æthereal States.  
 The Woods, as guilty of her wrongs, she hates ;  
 Almost forgetting, as from thence she flung,
- 440 Her Quiver, and the Bow by which it hung.  
 High *Manalus*, *Diſſynna* with her train  
 Now entering, pleas'd with the quarry slain,  
 Beheld, and call'd her : call'd upon, she fled ;  
 And in her semblance *Jupiter* doth dread.
- 445 But, when she saw th' attending Nymphs appear ;  
 She troops amongst them, and diverts her fear.  
 Ah, how our faults are in our faces read !  
 With eyes scarce ever rais'd she hangs the head :

Nor

- Nor perks she now; as she was wont to do,  
 By *Cynthia's* side, nor leads the starry crue.
- 450 Though mute she be, her violated shame  
 Self-guilty blushes silently proclaim.  
 But that a Maid, *Diana* the ill hid  
 Had soon espy'd they say, her slie Nymphs did.  
 Nine Crescents now had made their Orbs compleat;
- 455 When, faint with labor, and her brothers heat,  
 She takes the shades; close by the murmuring  
 And silver current of a fruitful Spring.  
 The place much prais'd the stream as cool as clear  
 Her fair feet glads. No Spies, said she, be here:  
 Here will we our disrobed bodies dip.
- 460 *Calisto* blusht: the rest their fair limbs strip.  
 And her perforce uncloth'd that sought delays;  
 Who, with her body, her offence displays.  
 They all abasht, yet loth to have it spy'd,  
 Striving her belly with their hands to hide;
- 465 Avaunt, said *Cynthia*; get thee from our train;  
 Nor, with thy limbs, his sacred Fountain stain:  
 This knew the Matron of the Thunderer;  
 Whose thoughts, to fitter times, revenge defer:  
 Nor long delays; for, *Arctas* (which more scorn  
 And grief provok'd) was of the Lady born.
- 470 Beheld with ire, which turn'd her eyes to flame;  
 Must thou be fruitful too, to blaze my shame,  
 And propagate the wrong? And must he be  
 A living infamy to *Jove* and me?  
 I'll not indure't: That so self-pleasing shape;
- 475 Which drew my husband to thy willing rape,  
 I sure shall spoil. This said, her hair she woond  
 About her hand, and dragg'd her on the ground.  
 Her hands, for pity heav'd (so smooth, so fair!)  
 Grew forthwith rough, and horrid with black hair.  
 Her dainty hands (which swift deformity
- 480 Converts to paws) the place of feet supply.  
 The mouth, so prais'd be *Jove* (that late to sin  
 Entic'd a God) now horribly doth grin.  
 And, lest she might too powerfully beseech,  
 She instantly bereft her of her speech:  
 In stead whereof, a noise ascends her hoarse  
 And rumbling throat, which terror doth inforce;
- 854 Although a Bear, her mind she still possess,  
 And with continual groans her grief exprest;

- With paws stretcht up to heaven, accus'd her fate :  
 And whom she could not call, she thought ingrate.  
 How oft, afraid to keep the Woods alone,  
 490 Sought she the house and fields that were her own !  
 How often, chaced by the following cry,  
 Th'affrighted Huntress from her Hounds did fly !  
 Oft she (the Wood's wild foragers espy'd)  
 Forgetting what she was, her self would hide :  
 A Bear ; yet trembles at the sight of Bears ;  
 495 And Wolves (her Father then amongst them) fears.  
 When (lo ! ) *Lycaon's* Grand-child thither drew,  
 Thrice five years old, nor of his Mother knew ;  
 While he pursues the chase and salvage spoils,  
 (The *Erymanthian* Woods begirt with toils)  
 500 Her he encounters, *Arcas* seen, she staid,  
 And would have ta'en acquaintance. He, afraid,  
 Stared upon her with a constant eye ;  
 And backward stept, as she approached nigh.  
 About to wound her undefended breast :  
 505 The King of Gods, who did the fact detest,  
 With them, the crime with-drew, and both convey'd  
 To heaven ; now neighboring Constellations made,  
*Saturnia* sweld to see her Rival shine  
 Amongst the Stars. She stoops to *Neptune's* brine ;  
 510 Gray *Tethys*, and the old *Oceanus*  
 (Grac'd by the Deities) accosting thus :  
 Ask you why I, the Queen of Gods, am come  
 From blest abodes ? Another holds my room.  
 When Nights black Mantle shall the World infold ;  
 515 My wounds (those honor'd Stars) you may behold ;  
 There, where the shortest Circle, at the end  
 Of all the turning Axletree, doth bend.  
 Who would not injury the Wife of *Jove*,  
 When our worst punishments preferments prove ?  
 520 How great our A& ! how is our power display'd !  
 Uniform'd a Woman, and a Goddess made.  
 Thus we the glory scourge ! Thus, thus we our  
 Revenge advance ! such, and so great our power !  
 Let him unbest the beast (as heretofore  
*Phoronis*) and her wanton shape restore.  
 525 Why doth he not *Lycaon's* Daughter wed,  
 Rejecting me, and place her in his bed ?  
 But, you who, once my careful Nurses were,  
 If my indignities do touch you near,

- Command you that the seven *Triones* keep  
 Their lazit Wain out of your sacred Deep. (drives;  
 From thence, those stars, the price of whoredom,  
 330 Nor let th' impurre in your pure Surges dive.  
 They both assent. Her Peacocks to the skies  
 Their Goddeſſes draw; late ſtuck with *Argus* eyes,  
 Thou too, thou prating Raven, turn'd as late  
 335 From white to black, by well-deſerved Fate.  
 (The ſpotleſſ ſilver Dove was not more white,  
 Nor Swans which in the running Brooks delight;  
 Nor yet that vigilant Fowl, whoſe gagling ſhall  
 Hereafter free th' attempted Capital.)  
 340 Thy tongue, thy tell-tale tongue did thee undo:  
 And what was white, is now of ſable hue.  
 The Palm, *Coronis* of *Lariſſa*, bare  
 From all th' *Amonian* Dames for matchleſſ fair,  
 Who dearly, *Delphian*, was belov'd by thee;  
 As long as chaſte, or from detection free.  
 345 But, *Phæbus* Bird her ſcapes did ſoon deſcry:  
 Nor could they charm th' inexorable Spy:  
 Whom, flying to his Lord, the Crow purſues  
 (As talkative as he) to know the news:  
 And, knowing, ſaid: Thy ſelf thou doſt ingage  
 350 By thankleſſ ſervice: flight: not my preſage.  
 Know what I was and am: through all my time  
 My actions ſit: thou'lt find my faith my crime.  
 For *Pallas*, on a day, in cheſt compos'd  
 Of *Attick* Oſiers; privately incloſ'd,  
 Her *Erichthonius* (whom on Woman bare)  
 Committed to the cuſtody and care  
 355 Of three fair Virgin-Nimphs, that daughters were  
 To prudent *Cecrops*, who two ſhapes did bear:  
 Nor told what it contain'd, but charg'd that they  
 Her ſecrets ſhould not to themſelves betray.  
 Theſe from an Elm I (unefpy'd) eſpy.  
 360 Fair *Herſe* and *Pandroſa* faithfully  
 Perform their charge. *Aglauros* then did call  
 Her fearful ſiſters, and unties with all  
 The wicker Cabinet; whoſe twigs contain  
 An infant, raiſed on a Dragon's train.  
 This, I my Goddeſſes told; and for reward,  
 Am now caſhiered from *Minerva's* Guard,  
 365 The Bird of Night prefer'd. Beware by me:  
 Not too officiouſly tell all you ſee.

- Truth is, I never to that place aspir'd;  
 She gave it me, unsought-to, undesir'd:  
 Were *Pallas* askt, though angry, yet know I  
 570 That angry *Pallas* would not this deny,  
 Me had King *Coroneus*, great in fame;  
 Through happy *Phocis*, by a royal Dame,  
 Rich suiters I (despise me not) had store:  
 My beauty wrackt me. Walking on the shoar,  
 As leasurely as now I use to go,  
 375 Cold *Neptune* saw me, and with lust did glow.  
 The time, his pray'rs and praises spent in vain;  
 What would not yield, he offers to constrain,  
 And follows me that fled. The harder strand  
 Behind me left, and tir'd with yielding sand,  
 To Gods and Men I cry. No humane aid  
 580 Was then at hand: a Maid relieves a Maid.  
 For, as to heaven my trembling arms I threw;  
 My arms coal-black with hovering feathers grew.  
 My Robe I from my shoulders thought to throw:  
 But, that was plume, and to my skin did grow.  
 585 With hands to beat my naked breast I try:  
 But, neither breast to beat, nor hands, had I.  
 Running, in sand I sunk not as before;  
 But, me the scarce-toucht Earth, unburden'd bore.  
 Forth-with, I lightly through the Air ascend;  
 590 And on *Minerva* without blame attend.  
 But, what was this; when she, whose wicked deeds  
 Unwoman'd her, in our lost grace succeeds?  
 For, know (no more then through all *Lesbos* spread)  
*Nimene* defil'd her Fathers bed.  
 595 Though now a Bird; yet, full of guilt, the sight,  
 The Day, she shuns; and masks her shame in Night.  
 About her, all our winged troops repair;  
 And, with investives, chase her through the Air.  
 To her, the Raven: Mischief thee surprize  
 For staying me. Vain Omens I despise;  
 600 Then, forward flew; and told the hurtful truth  
 Of lost *Coronis*, and th' *Emonian* youth.  
 The hard drops from his hand: and from his head  
 The Laurel fell, his chearful colour fled.  
 Transported with his rage, his Bow he took,  
 And with inevitable arrow strook  
 605 That breast, which he so oft to his had join'd:  
 She shrieks; and from the deadly wound doth wind.  
 The

- The biting steel, pursu'd with streams of blood,  
 That bath'd her pure white in a crimson Flood :  
 And said ; Though this be due, yet, *Phæbus*, I  
 610 Might first have seem'd : now, two in one must die.  
 She faints : forc'd life in her blood's torrent swims :  
 And stifning cold benums her senseless limbs.  
 His cruelty, to her he lov'd, too late,  
 He now repenteth, and him-self doth hate,  
 Who lent an ear, whom rage could so incense :  
 615 He hates his Bird, by whom he knew th' offence ;  
 He hates his Art, his Quiver, and his Bow ;  
 Then, takes her up, and all his skill doth show.  
 But (ah ! ) too late to vanquish Fate he tries,  
 And Surgery, without success, applies.  
 620 Which when he saw, and saw the funeral pile  
 Prepared to devour so dear a spoil ;  
 He deeply groans (for no celestial eye  
 May shed a tear) as when a Cow stands by  
 And lows aloud to see th' advanced maul  
 625 Upon the fore-head of her suckling falk,  
 And now uncar'd-for odors pour'd upon her ;  
 And undue death with all due rites doth honor.  
 But, *Phæbus*, not induring that his seed  
 (And that by her) the greedy Fire should feed ;  
 630 Snatcht it both from her womb, and from the flame :  
 And to the two-shap'd *Chiron* brought the same.  
 The white-plum'd Raven, who reward expects,  
 He turns to black ; and for his truth rejects.  
 It pleas'd the Half-horse to be so employ'd ;  
 635 Who in his honorable trouble joy'd.  
 Behold ! the *Centaur's* daughter with red hair,  
 Whom formerly the Nymph *Caricle* bare  
 By the swift River, and *Ocyroe* nam'd ;  
 Who had her Father's healthful Art disclaim'd,  
 640 To sing the depth of Fates : Now, when her breast  
 Was by the prophesying rage possess'd,  
 And that th' included God inflam'd her mind ;  
 Beholding of the Babe, she thus divin'd :  
 Health-giver to the world, grow Infant, grow ;  
 To whom mortality so much shall ow.  
 645 Fled Souls thou shalt restore to their abodes :  
 And once against the pleasure of the Gods.  
 To do the like, thy Grand-fires flames deny :  
 And thou, begotten by a God, must die.

Thou,



- Thou, of a bloodless corps, a God shalt be :  
 And Nature twice shall be renew'd in thee.
- 650 And you, dear Father, not a Mortal now ;  
 To whom the Fates eternity allow ;  
 Shall wish to die, then when your wound shall smart  
 With Serpents blood, and slight your helpless Art.  
 Relenting Fates will pity you with death,
- 655 Against their Law, and stop your groaning breath.  
 Not all yet said, but sighs in storms arise ;  
 And ill-aboading tears burst from her eyes.  
 Then, thus : My Fates prevent me : lo, they tie  
 My salt'ring tongue, and farther speech deny.
- 660 Alas ! these Arts not of that value be,  
 That they should draw the wrath of Heaven on me :  
 O, rather would I nothing had fore-known !  
 My looks seem now not humane, nor my own.  
 I long to feed on grass, I long to run  
 About the spacious fields, Wo's me, undone !  
 Into a Mare (my kindreds shape) I grow :
- 665 Yet, why throughout ? my Father but half so.  
 The end of her complaint you scarce could hear  
 To understand : her words confused were.  
 Forth-with, nor words, nor neighings, she express :  
 Her voice yet more inclining to the beast :  
 Then, neigh'd out-right, within a little space,
- 670 Her down-thrust arms upon the Meadow pace.  
 Her fingers join : one hoof five nails unite :  
 Her head and neck inlarge ; not now upright :  
 Her trailing garment to a train extends :  
 Her dangling hair upon her crest descends :
- 675 Her voice and shape at once transform'd became :  
 And to it self the Monster gives a name.  
 Old *Chiron* weeps ; and *Phæbus* vainly cries  
 On thee to change the changeless Destinies.  
 Admit thou couldst : thee, from thy self expeld,
- 680 Then *Elis*, and *Messenian* pastures held.  
 It was the time when, cloth'd in Neat-herds weeds,  
 Thou plaid'st upon unequal seven-fold Reeds :  
 Whil'st thee thy Pipe delights, whil'st cares of love  
 Thy soul possess, and others cares remove ;
- 685 Thy oxen in the fields of *Pylus* stray :  
 Observed by the crafty son of *May*,  
 Forthwith he secretly conveys them thence,  
 In untract Woods concealing his offence.

- None saw but *Battus*, in that Country bred;  
 699 Who wealthy *Neleus* famous horses fed,  
 Him onely he misdoubts: then, (ta'ne a-part)  
 Stranger, said *Mercury*, what ere thou art;  
 If any for his Herd by chance enquire,  
 Conceal thy knowledg: and receive, for hire,  
 695 This white-hair'd Cow! He took her, and reply'd,  
 Be safe; thy theft shall sooner be descry'd  
 By yonder stone, then me, and shew'd a stone.  
*Jove's* son departs, and straight returns unknown  
 (A seeming Clown in form and voice) who said:  
 700 Saw'st thou no Cattel through these fields convey'd;  
 Detect the theft; in their recovery join:  
 And, lo, this Heifer, with her Bull, is thine.  
 He (the reward redoubl'd) answer'd: There  
 Beneath those hills, beneath those hills they were.  
 705 Then, *Hermes*, laughing loud; What, knave, I say,  
 Me to my self; me to my self betray;  
 Then, to a touch-stone turn'd his perjur'd brest;  
 Whose nature now is in that name exprest.  
 Hence, he, who bears the Caduceus, springs  
 Through boundless air; and views, from stretcht-out  
 710 *Munychian* fields, *Minerva's* loved soil, (wings  
*Lycæum*, exercis'd with learned toil.  
 By chance, upon that day it did befall,  
 When to her Fane, prepar'd for festival,  
 In crown'd baskets on their shining hair,  
 The Virgin-train her sacrifices bare:  
 715 Returning; these the winged God doth view;  
 Who not forth-right, but in a circuit flew.  
 As when a greedy Kite fresh intrails spies,  
 Fearing to stoop for those that sacrifice,  
 Strikes circles through the air, nor far removes;  
 720 But, with fixt eyes reverts to what he loves:  
 So swift *Cyllenius* o're the *Attick* tow'rs,  
 In airy windings circularly scours,  
 As *Lucifer* out-shines each other Star;  
 As silver *Phœbe*, *Lucifer*; so far  
 725 Did *Herse* all the other Virgins stain;  
 The glory of that pomp, and of her train.  
 Love-struck, he burns as in the Air he hung.  
 A bullet by *Bellarian* Slinger flung,  
 Increaseth so in fervor as it flies;  
 730 And finds the fire it had not, in the skies,

From

From Heaven, he stoops to more affected Earth :  
 Not now disguis'd like one of humane birth ;  
 Such confidence his beauteous parts impart ;  
 Which, though divine, he strives to grace by Art,  
 He curls his hair ; his mantle, wrought with gold,  
 735 He in the most becoming garb doth fold ;  
 And his fine feet adorns : then, in his hand  
 Takes his sleep-causing and expelling wand.

Three rooms there were within the fair contest  
 Of Cecrop's house, with Ivory arches deckt.  
 740 Pandrofa and Aglauros on each side  
 Of Herse lay ; Aglauros first espy'd  
 The fly-approaching Mercury : his name  
 She boldly asks, and why he thither came.  
 To whom, Pleiones nephew ; He am I

745 Who on Jove's errands (Jove, my Father) fly.  
 And to be plain ; to Herse faithful prove :  
 And be an Aunt unto our fruitful love.  
 Thy sister's beauties this repair inforce :  
 I pray thee of a lover take remorse.  
 So star'd she on him, and as much amaz'd ;

750 As when she on Minerva's secrets gaz'd :  
 Who asks a mass of treasure for her hire ;  
 And till 'twere paid, constrain'd him to retire.

Wars angry Goddess cast on her a look  
 That darted fire ; and fetcht a sigh which shook  
 755 Her bosom, with the *Egis* which she wore :  
 Who calls to mind, how she, not long afore  
 Profanely did, against her faith, discover  
 The *Lemnian* issue, born without a Mother :  
 Now to her sister, to the God ingrate ;

760 And by so base a means to enrich her state.

Forth-with to *Envy's* cave her course she bent,  
 Furr'd with black filth, within a deep descent  
 Between two hills ; where *Phæbus* never shows  
 His chearful face ; where no wind ever blows :  
 Repleat with sadness, and unactive cold ;

765 Devoid of fire, yet still in smoke inrol'd.  
 Whether when as the fear'd in battel came,  
 She staid before the house (that hateful frame  
 She might not enter) and the dark door stroke  
 With her bright lance ; which straight in sunder broke,  
 There saw she *Envy* lapping *Vipers* blood ;

770 And feeding on their flesh, her vices food :

And,

- And, having seen her, turn'd-away her eyes.  
 The Caitiff slowly from the ground doth rise  
 (Her half-devoured Serpents laid-aside)  
 And forward creepeth with a lazy stride,  
 Viewing her form so fair; her arms so bright;  
 775 She groan'd and sigh'd at such a chearful sight.  
 Her body more then meager; pale her hue:  
 Her teeth all rusty; still she looks askue:  
 Her brest with gall, her tongue with poison sweld:  
 She onely laught when she sad sights beheld.  
 780 Her ever-waking cares exil'd soft sleep:  
 Who looks on good success with eyes that weep;  
 Repining, pines: who, wounding others, bleeds:  
 And on her self revengeth her misdeeds,  
 Although Tritonia did the Hag detest;  
 Yet briefly thus her pleasure she exprest:  
 785 *Aglauros*, one of the *Cecropides*,  
 Do thou infest with thy accurst disease.  
 This said; the hasty Goddess doth advance.  
 Her body, with her earth-repelling lance.  
 Envy cast after her a wicked eye,  
 Mutters, and could for very sorrow die,  
 790 That such her power: snaggy staff then took  
 Wreathed with thorns; and her dark Cave forsook:  
 Wrapt in black clouds, which way so e're she turns,  
 The Corn she lodges, flow'ry pasture burns,  
 Crops what grows high; Towns, Nations, with her  
 Pollutes; and Virtue persecutes to death. (breath  
 795 When she the fair *Athenian* tow'rs beheld,  
 Which so in wealth, in learned Arts excel'd,  
 And feastful Peace; to cry she scarce forbears,  
 In that she saw no argument for tears.  
 When she *Aglauros* lodging entred had,  
 She gladly executes what *Pallas* bade:  
 Her cankred hand upon her brest she laid,  
 800 And crooked thorns into her heart convey'd,  
 And breath'd in bairful poison; which she sheds  
 Into her bones, and through her spirits spreads.  
 And that her envy might not want a cause;  
 805 The God in his divinest form she draws,  
 And with it, sets before her wounded eyes  
 Her happy sister, and their nuptial joys:  
 Augmenting all. These secret woes excite,  
 And gnaw her soul. She sighs all day, and night:  
 And

- And with a slow infection melts away,  
 Like Ice before the Suns uncertain ray.
- 810 Fair *Hersè's* happy state such heart-burn breeds  
 In her black bosom, as when spiny weeds  
 Are set on fire: which without flame consume,  
 And seem (so small their heat) to burn with fume.  
 Oft she resolves to die, such sights to shun:  
 Oft, by disclosing, to have both undone.
- 815 Now sits she on the threshold, to prevent  
 The Gods access; who with lost blandishment,  
 And his best Art, persuades. Quoth she, forbear,  
 I cannot be remov'd, if you stay here.  
 I to this bargain, he reply'd, will stand:
- 820 The figured door then forces with his wand,  
 Striving to rise, to second her debate,  
 Her hips could not remove, prest with dull waight,  
 Again she struggl'd to have stood on end:  
 But, those unsupple sinews would not bend.  
 Incroaching cold now enters at her nails:
- 825 And lack of blood her veins blue branches pales.  
 And as a Canker, slighting helpless Arts,  
 Creeps from th' infected to the sounder parts:  
 So by degrees the Winter of wan Death  
 Congeals the path of life, and spots her breath:
- 830 Nor strove she: had she strove to make her mone,  
 Voice had no way; her neck and face now stone.  
 There she a bloodless Statue sat, all freckt:  
 Her spotted mind the Marble did infect.
- When *Atlantiades*, on her prophane  
 Of tongue and heart, this sharp revenge had ta'ne;
- 835 He from the City, nam'd by *Pallas*, flew  
 On mounting wings, and unto heaven with-drew.  
 With whom, *Jove* thus (his love concealing) joins:  
 Thou, faithful Minister to my designs,  
 Shoot swiftly through the Air unto that Land,
- 840 Whose borders North-ward of thy Mother stand,  
 Which those Inhabitants *Sidonia* name:  
 Behold yon royal Herd; conduct the same,  
 From not far distant mountains, to the shore.  
 This he dispatcht, with speed that went before
- 845 A humane thought. There, oft the Princely Maid,  
 Accompany'd with *Tyrian* Virgins, plaid.  
 Love and high Majesty agree not well;  
 Nor will together in one bosom dwell,

That

- That Pow'r, from whom, what-ere hath being, springs;  
 That King of Gods, who three-fork'd lightning flings;  
 830 Whose nod the World's mixt foundation shakes,  
 The figure of a sensual Bull now takes:  
 And, lowing, walks upon the tender grass  
 Amongst the Herd; though he form surpass,  
 His colour whiter then untrod Snow,  
 Before still-moist and thawing *Auster* blow.
- 855 The flesh, in swelling rolls, adorns his neck:  
 His broad-spread breast long dangling dew-laps deck.  
 His horns, though small, yet such as Art invite  
 To imitate, then shining gems more bright:  
 His eyes no wrath, his brows no terror threat;  
 His whole aspect with shining peace repleat.  
 The beast, *Agenor's* daughter doth admire,
- 860 So wondrous beautiful, so void of ire.  
 Though such, at first she his approach did dread,  
 Yet forthwith toucht; and then with flowers him fed  
 The Lover joys: till he his hopes might feast.  
 He kist her hands; ah, scarce defers the rest!
- 865 Now, on the springing grass, he frisks and plays:  
 His sides now on the golden sands he lays.  
 Her fear subdu'd, she strokes his proffer'd breast:  
 Her Virgin-hands his horns with garlands drest.  
 The royal Maid, who now no courage lackt,
- 870 Ascends the Bull, not knowing whom she backt.  
 He, to the sea approaching, by degrees  
 First dips therein his hoofs, anon his knees;  
 Then, rushing forward, bears away the prize.  
 She shrieks, and to the shoar reverts her eyes:
- 875 One hand his horn, the other held behind;  
 Her lighter garments swelling with the wind.

OVIDS



# OVIDS

## METAMORPHOSIS.

### The Third Book.

#### THE ARGUMENT.

**A**rm'd troops from Dragons late-sown teeth arise.  
 By his own Hounds the Hart Aëxon dies.  
 Juno a Beldame. Semele doth fry  
 In wist imbraces. Bacchus from Joves thigh  
 Takes second birth. The wise Tiresias twice  
 Doth change his sex. Scorn'd Eccho pines i' a voice :  
 Self-lov'd Narcissus to a Daffodil ;  
 Bacchus, a Boy. The Tyrrhen's ship stands still,  
 With Ivy mor'd. Strange shapes the Sailers fright :  
 Who Dolphins turn, and still in ships delight.

- A**nd now the God, arriving with his Rape,  
 At sacred Crete, resumes his heavenly shape;  
 The King, his Son to seek his Daughter sent,  
 Fore-doomed to perpetual banishment,  
 Except his fortune to his wish succeed :
- 5 How pious, and how impious in one deed !      quire?)  
 Earth-wandred through (Joves thefts who can ex-  
 He shuns his Country, and his Fathers ire :  
 With Phæbus Oracle consults, to know  
 What Land the Fates intended to bestow.
- 10 Who, thus : In desert fields observe a Cow,  
 Yet never yok't, nor servile to the Plow :  
 Follow her slow conduct : and where she shall  
 Repose, there build : the place *Bæotia* call,

Scarce



- Scarce *Cadmus* from *Castalian* Cave descended,  
 15 When he an Heiler saw, by no man tended,  
 Her neck ungall'd with groaning servitude,  
 The God ador'd, he foot by foot pursu'd.  
*Cephisus* flood, and *Panope* now past,  
 20 SHE made a stand; to heaven her forehead cast,  
 With lousy horns most exquisitely fair;  
 Then, with repeated lowings fill'd the air:  
 Looks back upon the company she led;  
 And, kneeling makes the tender grass her bed.  
 Thanks-giving *Cadmus* kist the unknown ground;  
 25 The stranger fields and hills saluting round,  
 About to sacrifice to heaven's high King,  
 He sends for water from the living Spring.  
 A Wood there was, which never Ax did hew;  
 In it, a Cave, where Reeds and *Ofers* grew,  
 30 Roof'd with a rugged Arch by Nature wrought;  
 With pregnant waters plentifully fraught.  
 The lurking Snake of *Mars* this hold possess'd;  
 Bright scal'd, and shining with a golden crest;  
 His bulk with poison swoln; fire-red his eyes:  
 Three darting tongues, three ranks of teeth comprise.  
 35 This fatal Well th' unlucky *Tyrians* found;  
 Who with their down-let pitcher, rais'd a sound.  
 With that, the Serpent his blue head extends;  
 And suffering air with horrid hisses rends.  
 The water from them fell; their colour fled:  
 40 Who all, astonisht, shook with sudden dread.  
 He wreaths his scaly folds into an heap;  
 And fetcht a compass with a mighty leap:  
 Then, bolt-upright his monstrous length displays  
 More then half-way, and all the Woods surveys.  
 Whose body, when all seen, no less appears,  
 45 Then that, which parts the two celestial Bears.  
 Whether the *Tyrians* fought to fight, or fly,  
 Or whether they through fear could neither try,  
 Some crasht he 'twixt his jaws, some claspt to death,  
 Some kills with poison, others with his breath.  
 50 And now the Sun the shortest shadows made,  
 Then, *Cadmus*, wondring why his servants staid,  
 Their foot-steps trac'd. An hide the Hero wore,  
 Which late he from a slaughtered Lion tore:  
 His Arms a dart, a bright steel-pointed Spear,  
 And such a mind as could not stoop to fear.

When

- 55 When he the Wood had entred, and there view'd  
 The bodies of the slain with blood imbrew'd ;  
 Th' insulting Victor quenching his dire thirst  
 And their suckt wounds ; he sigh'd, as heart would  
 Then said, I will revenge, O faithful Mates, (burst :  
 Your murders, or accompany your Fates.  
 With that he lifted up a mighty stone,  
 60 Which with a more then manly force was thrown.  
 What would have batter'd down the strongest wall,  
 And shiv' red tow'rs, doth give no wound at all.  
 The hardness of his skin, and scales that grow  
 Upon his armed back, repulse the blow.  
 65 And yet that strong defence could not so well  
 The vigor of his thrilling Dart repel ;  
 Which through his winding back a passage rends,  
 There sticks : the steel into his guts descends.  
 Rabid with anguish, he retorts his look  
 upon the wound ; and then the javelin took  
 70 Between his teeth ; it every way doth wind :  
 At length, tugg'd out, yet leaves the head behind.  
 His rage increast with his augmenting pains :  
 And his thick-panting throat swells with full veins.  
 A cold white froth surrounds his pois'nous jaws :  
 75 On thundring Earth his trailing scales he draws :  
 Who from his black and *Stygian* maw ejects  
 A blasting breath, which all the air infects.  
 His body now, he circularly bends :  
 Forth-with into a monstrous length extends :  
 Then rusheth on, like show'r-incens'd Floods ;  
 80 And with his brest o're-bears the obvious Woods.  
 The Prince gave way ; who with the Lion's spoil  
 Sustain'd th' assault ; and forc'd a quick recoil,  
 His Lance fixt in his jaws. What could not feel,  
 He madly wounds ; and bites the biting steel.  
 85 Th' invenom'd gore, which from his palate bled,  
 Converts the grafs into a dusky red :  
 Yet, slight the hurt, in that the Snake with-drew ;  
 And so, by yielding did the force subdue.  
 Till *Agenorides* the steel imbru'd  
 In his wide throat, and still his thrust pursu'd ;  
 Until an Oak his back-retrait with-stood ;  
 90 There, he his neck transfixt : with it, the Wood.  
 The tree bends with a burden so unknown ;  
 And, lashed by the Serpents tail, doth groan.

While

While he survey'd the greatness of his foe,  
This voice he heard (from whence he did not know)  
Why is that Serpent so admir'd by thee?

*Agenor's* son, a Serpent thou shalt be.

He speechless grew : pale fear repel'd his blood ;  
100 And now uncurled hair like bristles stood.

Behold ! *Mans Fautress*, *Pallas* (from the sky  
Descending to his needful aid) stood by :  
Who bad him in the turn'd-up furrows throw  
The Serpents teeth ; that future men might grow.  
He, as commanded, plow'd the patient Earth :

105 And therein sow'd the seed of humane birth.  
Lo (past belief !) the Clods began to move :

And tops of Lances first appear'd above :  
The Helmets nodding with their plumed Crests ;  
Forth-with, refulgent Pouldrons, plated breasts ;  
Hands with offensive weapons charg'd, insue :

110 And Target-bearing troops of Men up-grew.

So in our Theater's solemnities,  
When they the Arras raise, the Figures rise :  
Afore the rest, their faces first appear ;

By little and by little then they rear  
Their bodies, with a measure-keeping hand,  
Until their feet upon the Border stand.

115 Bold *Cadmus*, though much daunted at the sight  
Of such an Host, addrest him to the fight.

Forbear (a new-born Soldier cry'd) t' ingage  
Thy better fortune in our civil rage !

With that, he on his Earth-bred brother flew :  
At whom a deadly dart another threw.

120 Nor he that kill'd him, long survives his death ;  
But through wide wounds expires his infant breath.  
Slaughter, with equal fury, runs through all :  
And by uncivil civil blows they fall.

The new-sprung Youth, who hardly life possest ;

125 Now panting, kick their Mothers bloody-breast.

But five surviv'd : of whom *Echion* one ;  
His Arms to Earth by *Pallas* counsel thrown.

He craves the love he offers. All accord  
As Brothers should : and what they take afford.

*Sidonian Cadmus* these assist, to build

130 His lofty walls ; the Oracle fulfil'd.

Now flourish'd *Thebes* : now did thy exile prove  
In shew a blessing ; those that rule in love

And

- And war, thy Nuptials with their Daughters grace :  
 By such a Wife to have so fair a race ;  
 So many Sons and Daughters, Nephews too  
 (The pledges of their peaceful beds) insue ;  
 435 And they now grown to excellence and power,  
 But, Man must censur'd be by his last hour :  
 Whom truly we can never happy call,  
 Afore his death, and closing Funeral.
- In this thy every way so prosperous state,  
 Thy first mis-hap sprung from thy Nephew's fate :  
 Whose brows unnatural branches ill adorn ;  
 140 By his ungrateful Dogs in pieces torn,  
 Yet Fortune did offend in him ; not he :  
 For, what offence may in an error be ?  
 With purple blood, slain Deer the hills imbrue :  
 And now high Noon the shades of things withdrew ;  
 145 While East and West the equal Sun partake :  
 Thus, then *Hyantius* to his Partners spake,  
 That trod the Mazes of the pathless Wood :  
 My Friends, our nets and javelins reek with blood :  
 Enough hath been the fortune of this day :  
 150 To morrow, when *Aurora* shall display  
 Her rosie cheeks, we may our sports renew.  
 Now, *Phæbus*, with inflaming eye doth view  
 The crannied Earth : here let our labor end :  
 Take up your toils. They gladly condescend.
- 155 A Vale there was with Pines and Cypress crown'd,  
*Gargaphy* call'd ; for *Diana's* love renown'd.  
 A shady Cave possess the inward part,  
 Not wrought by hands ; there Nature witty Art  
 Did counterfeit : a native Arch she drew,  
 160 With Pumice and light Tofusses, that grew.  
 A bubling Spring, with streams as clear as Glass,  
 Ran chiding by, inclos'd with matted Grass,  
 The weary Huntress usually here laves  
 Her Virgin limbs, more pure then those pure waves.  
 And now her Bow, her Javelin, and her Quiver ;  
 165 Doth to a Nymph, one of her Squires, deliver :  
 Her light impoverisht Robes another held :  
 Her buskins two untie. The better skill'd  
*Ismenian Crocale*, her long hair woond  
 170 In pleated-wreaths : yet was her own unbound ;  
 Neat *Hayle*, *Niphe*, *Rhanis*, *Psecas*, (still  
 Employ'd) and *Phiale* the Lavers fill.

While

- While here *Titania* bath'd (as was her guise)  
 Lo *Cadmus* Nephew tyr'd with exercise, (Grove  
 175 And wandering through the woods, approacht this  
 With fatal steps : so destiny him drove :  
 Ent'ring the Cave with skipping Springs bedew'd :  
 The Nymphs all naked, when a Man they view'd,  
 Clapt their resounding breasts, and fill'd the Wood  
 180 With sudden shrieks, like Ivory pales they stood  
 About their Goddesses : but she, far more tall,  
 By head and shoulders over-tops them all,  
 Such as that colour, which the Clouds adorns,  
 Shot by the Sun-beams ; or the rose Morns :  
 185 Such flusht in *Dians* cheeks, being naked ta'ne.  
 And though inviron'd by her Virgin train,  
 She side-long turns, looks back, and wisht her Bow :  
 Yet, what she had, she in his face did throw.  
 190 With vengeful Waters sprinkled ; to her rage  
 These words she adds, which future Fate presage :  
 Now, tell how thou hast seen me disarray'd ;  
 Tell if thou canst : I give thee leave. This said,  
 She to his neck and ears new length imparts ;  
 195 T'his brow th' atlanters of long-living Harts :  
 His legs and feet with arms and hands supply'd ;  
 And cloth'd his body in a spotted hide.  
 To this fear added, *Autonæus* flies,  
 And wonders at the swiftness of his thighs.  
 200 But, when his looks he in the River view'd,  
 He would have cry'd, Woes me ! no words insu'd :  
 His words were grones. He frets with galling tears,  
 Cheeks not his own ; yet his own mind he bears.  
 What should he do ? Go home or in the Wood  
 205 For ever lurk ? Fear, this ; shame that withstood.  
 While thus he doubts, his Dogs their Master view :  
*Black-foot*, and *Tracer*, opening first, pursue :  
 Sure *Tracer*, *Gnossus* ; *Black-foot* *Sparta* bare.  
 Then all fell in, more swift then forced Aire :  
 210 *Spie*, *Ravener*, *Clime-cliff* ; these *Arcadia* bred :  
 Strong *Fawn-bane*, *Whirl-wind*, eager *Follow-dread* ;  
 Hunter, for sent ; for speed, *Flight* went before ;  
 Fierce *Salvage*, lately ganch'd by a Bore ;  
 215 Greedy, with her two whelps ; grim Wolf-got *Ranger* ;  
 Stout *Shepherd*, late preserving flocks from danger ;  
 Gaunt *Catch*, whose race from *Sicyonia* came ;  
*Patch*, *Courser*, *Blab*, rash *Tyger* never tame ;

- Blanch, Mourner, Royster, Wolf* surpassing strong;  
 And *Tempest*, able to continue long :  
 220 *Swift*, with his brother *Churle*, a *Cyprian* hound ;  
 Bold *Snatch*; whose Sable brows a white star crown'd;  
*Cole* ; ihag-hair'd *Rug*, and *Light-foot* wondrous fleet,  
 Bred of a *Spartan* Bitch, his Sire of *Creet* :  
*White-tooth*, and *Ring-wood* (others not to express.)  
 225 O're Rocks , o're Craggs, o're Cliffs that want access,  
 Through straitned ways, & where there was no way,  
 The well-mouth'd Hounds pursue the Princely prey.  
 VVhere oft he wont to follow, now he flies ;  
 Flies from his Family ! in thought he cries ;  
 230 I am *Aëdon*, servants, know your Lord !  
 Thoughts wanted words. High skies the noise record,  
 First, *Collier* pinch't him by the hauach : in flung  
 Fierce *Kill-dear* ; *Hill-bred* on his shoulder hung,  
 These came forth last ; but crost a nearer way  
 235 A-thwart the hills. While thus their Lord they stay,  
 In rush the rest ; who gripe him with their phangs.  
 Now is no room for wounds. Grones speak his pangs,  
 Though not with humane voice, unlike a Hart :  
 In whose laments the known Rocks bear a part.  
 240 Pitch't on his knees, like one who pity craves,  
 His silent looks, in stead of arms, he waves.  
 With usual shouts their Dogs the Hunters chear ;  
 And seek, and call *Aëdon*. He (too near)  
 245 Made answer by mute motions, blam'd of all  
 For being absent at his present fall.  
 Present he was, that absent would have been ;  
 Nor would his cruel Hounds have felt, but seen.  
 Their snouts they in his body bathe; and rear  
 250 Their Master in the figure of a Dear :  
 Nor, till a thousand wounds had life disseis'd,  
 Could quiver-bearing *Dian* be appeas'd.  
 'Twas censur'd variously : for many thought  
 The punishment far greater than the fault.  
 Others so sowre a chastity commend ,  
 255 As worthy her, and both, their parts defend.  
*Foves* Wife not so much blam'd or prais'd the deed;  
 As she rejoiceth at the wounds that bleed  
 In *Cadmus* family ; who keeps in mind  
*Europa's* rape, and hateth all the kind.  
 Now new occasions fresh displeasure move :  
 260 For *Semele* was great with child by *Jove*.

Then

- Then, thus she scolds : O, what amends succeeds  
 Our lost complaints ! I now will fall to deeds.  
 If we be more than titularly great ;  
 If we a Scepter sway ; if Heaven our seat ;  
 163 If *Jove's* fear'd Wife, and Sister ( certainly,  
 His Sister) torment shall the whore destroy.  
 Yet, with that theft perhaps she was content,  
 And quickly might the injury repent :  
 But, she conceives, to aggravate the blame,  
 And by her belly doth her crime proclaim.  
 270 Who would by *Jupiter* a Mother prove,  
 Which, hardly once, hath happened to our loves:  
 So confident is beauty ! Yet shall she  
 Fail in that hope : nor let me *Juno* be,  
 Unless, by her own *Jove* destroy'd, she make  
 A swift descent unto the *Stygian* Lake.  
 She quits her throne, and in a yellow cloud  
 Approach't the Palace ; nor dismiss that shroud,  
 275 Till she had wrinkled her smooth skin, and made  
 Her head all gray : while creeping feet convey'd  
 Her crooked limbs, her voice small, weak and hoarse,  
 Like *Beroe* of *Epidauræ*, her Nurse.  
 280 Long talking, at the mention of *Joves* Name,  
 She sigh'd, and said; Pray Heaven, he prove the same!  
 Yet much I fear ; for many oft beguile  
 With that pretext, and chastest beds defile.  
 Though *Jove* ; that's not enough. Give he a sign  
 Of his affection, if he be divine.  
 Such, and so mighty, as when pleasure warms  
 285 His melting bosom, in high *Juno's* arms ;  
 With thee, such and so mighty, let him lie,  
 Deckt with the ensigns of his Deity.  
 Thus she advis'd the unsuspecting Dame ;  
 VWho begs of *Jove* a Boon without a name.  
 To whom the God : Choose, and thy choise possess ;  
 290 Yet, that thy diffidency may be less,  
 VVitnessthat Power, who through obscure aboads  
 Spreads his dull streams : the fear, and God of Gods  
 Pleas'd with her harm, of too much power to move !  
 That now must perish by obsequious love :  
 Such be to me, she said, as when the Invites  
 Of *Juno* summons you to *Venus* Rites.  
 295 Her mouth he thought to stop : but, now that breath  
 VVas mixt with air which sentenced her death,



- Then fetcht a sigh as if his breast would tear  
 (For, she might not un-wish, nor he un-swear)  
 And sadly mounts the skie; who with him took  
 The Clouds, that imitate his mournful look;  
 300 Thick shows and tempests adding to the same,  
 Loud thunder, and inevitable flame.  
 Whose rigor yet he striveth to subdue:  
 Not armed with that fire which overthrew  
 The hundred-handed Giant; 'twas too wilde:  
 305 There is another lightning far more mild,  
 By *Cyclops* forged with less flame and ire:  
 Which, deathless Gods do call the second fire.  
 This, to her Fathers house he with him took;  
 But (ah!) a mortal body could not brook  
 Æthereal tumults. Her success she mourns;  
 And in those so desir'd imbracements burns.
- 310 Th' unperfect Babe, which in her womb doth lie,  
 Was ta'en by *Jove*, and sew'd into his thigh,  
 His mothers time accomplishing: Whom first,  
 By stealth, his careful Aunt, kind *Ino*, nurs't:  
 Then, given to the *Nyscides*, and bred
- 315 In secret Caves, with Milk and Honey fed.  
 While this on Earth besel by Fates decree  
 (The twice-born *Bacchus* now from danger free)  
*Jove*, weighty cares expelling from his breast  
 With flowing Nectar, and dispos'd to jest
- 320 With well-pleas'd *Juno*, said: In *Venus* deeds,  
 The Females pleasure far the Males exceeds.  
 This she denies: *Tiresias* must decide  
 The difference, who both delights had try'd,  
 For, two ingendring Serpents once he found,
- 325 And with a stroke their slimy twists unbound;  
 Who straight a Woman of a Man became:  
 Seven Autumns past he in the eighth the same  
 Refinding, said: If such your power so strange,  
 That they who strike you must their nature change;
- 330 Once more Ile try. Then struck, away they ran:  
 And of a Woman he became a Man,  
 He, chosen Umpire of this sportful strife,  
*Jove's* words confirm'd. This vex't his froward Wife,  
 More then the matter crav'd. To wreak her spite,
- 335 His eyes she muffled in eternal night.  
 Th' omnipotent (since no God may undo  
 An others deed) with Fates which should insue  
 Inform'd

- Inform'd his intellectu; and did supply  
 His body's eye-sight, with his minds clear eye.
- 340 He giving sure replies to such as came,  
 Through all the *Aonian* Cities stretcht his fame.  
 First blew *Liriope* sad trial made,  
 How that was but too true which he had said :  
 Whom in times past *Cephisus* flood imbrac't  
 Within his winding streams : and forc't the chaste,  
 The lovely Nymph (who not unfruitful prov'd
- 345 Brought forth a Boy, even then to be belov'd,  
*Narcissus* nam'd. Enquiring if old age  
 Should crown his youth ; He, in obscure presage,  
 Made this reply : Except himself he know.  
 Long, they no credit on his words bestow :  
 Yet did the event the prophesie approve,
- 350 In his strange ruine, and new kind of love.  
 Now, he to fifteen added had a year :  
 Now in his looks both Boy and Man appear.  
 Many a love-sick Youth did him desire ;  
 And many a Maid his beauty set on fire ;  
 Yet, in his tender age his pride was such,
- 355 That neither Youth nor Maiden might him touch.  
 The vocal Nymph, this lovely Boy did spy  
 (She could not proffer speech, nor not reply)  
 When busie in pursuit of salvage spoiles,  
 He drave the Deer into his corded toyles.  
*Eccho* was then a body, not a voice :
- 360 Yet then, as now, of words she wanted choice ;  
 But only could reiterate the close  
 Of every speech. This *Juno* did impose.  
 For, often when she might have taken *Jove*  
 Compressing there the Nymphs, who weakly strove ;  
 Her long discourses made the Goddess stay,
- 365 Until the Nymphs had time to run away.  
 Which when perceiv'd ; she said, For this abuse  
 Thy tongue henceforth shall be of little use,  
 Those threats are deeds : She yet ingeminates  
 The last of sounds, and what she hears relates.
- 370 *Narcissus* seen, intending thus the chace ;  
 She forth-with glows, and with a noiseless pace  
 His steps pursues ; the more she did persew,  
 More hot (as nearer to her fire) she grew :  
 And might be likened to a sulph'rous match,  
 Which instantly th' approached flame doth catch.

- 375 How oft would she have woo'd him with sweet words!  
 But, Nature no such liberty affords ;  
 Begin she could not, yet full readily  
 To his expected speech she would reply.  
 The Boy, from his companions parted, said ;
- 380 Is any nigh! I, *Eccho* answer made.  
 He, round about him gazed (much appall'd)  
 And cry'd out, Come, She him who called, call'd.  
 Then looking back; and seeing none appear'd,  
 VVhy shun'st thou me? The self same voice he heard,
- 385 Deceived by the Image of his words;  
 Then let us join, said he : no sound accords  
 More to her wish : her faculties combine  
 In dear consent ; who answer'd, *Let us join !*  
 Flattering her self, out of the woods she sprung;  
 And would about his struggling neck have hung.
- 390 Thrust back, he said, Life shall this breast forsake,  
 Ere thou, light Nymph, on me thy pleasure take.  
*On me thy pleasure take*, the Nymph replies  
 To that disdainful Boy, who from her flies.  
 Despis'd, the wood her sad retreat receives :  
 VVho covers her shamed face with leaves:  
 And sculks in desert Caves. Love still possess
- 395 Her soul ; through grief of her repulse increast.  
 Her wretched body pines with sleepless care:  
 Her skin contracts : her blood converts to ayre.  
 Nothing was left her now but voice and bones :  
 The voice remains ; the other turn to stones.
- 400 Conceal'd in woods, in Mountains never found,  
 Yet heard in all : and all is but a Sound.  
 Thus her, thus other Nymphs, in Mountains born,  
 And sedgy brooks, the Boy had kill'd with scorn.  
 Thus many a youth he had afore deceiv'd!  
 VVhen one thus prai'd, with hands to heav'n upheav'd
- 405 So may he love himself, and so despair!  
*Rhamnusia* condescends to his just pray'r.  
 A Spring there was, whose silver waters were,  
 As smooth as any mirror, nor lesse cleare :  
 VVhich neither Herdsmen, tame, nor salvage Beast,
- 410 Nor wandring Fowle, nor scattered leaves molest ;  
 Girt round with grasse, by neighbouring moisture fed,  
 And woods, against the Suns invasion spread.  
 He, tyr'd with heat and hunting, with the Place  
 And Spring delighted, lies upon his face.

Quenching

- 415 Quenching his thirst, another thirst doth rise,  
 Rais'd by the form which in that glass he spies.  
 The hope of nothing doth his pow'rs invade :  
 And for a body he mistakes a shade.  
 Himself, himself distracts : who pores thereon  
 So fixedly, as if of *Parian* stone.
- 420 Beholds his eyes, two stars ! his dangling hair  
 VVhich with unshorn *Apollo's* might compare :  
 His fingers worthy *Bacchus* ! his smooth chin !  
 His Ivory neck ! his heavenly face ! where-in  
 The linked Deities their Graces fix !  
 VVhere Roses with unfallied Lillies mix !  
 Admireth all ; for which to be admir'd :
- 425 And unconsiderately himself desir'd.  
 The praises, which he gives, his beauty claim'd.  
 VVho seeks, is sought : th' Inflamer is inflam'd.  
 How often would he kiss the flattering spring !  
 How oft with down-thrust arms sought he to cling  
 About that loved neck ! Those cunning lips  
 Delude his hopes ; and from himself he slips.
- 430 Not knowing what, with what he sees he fryes :  
 And th' error that deceives, incites his eyes :  
 O fool ! that striv'st to catch a flying shade !  
 Thou seek'st what's no where : Turn aside, 'twill fade.  
 Thy forms reflection doth thy sight delude :
- 435 Which is with nothing of its own indu'd.  
 VVith thee it comes, with thee it staves, and so  
 'Twould go away, hadst thou the power to go.  
 Nor sleep, nor hunger could the lover raise :  
 VVho, laid along, on that false form doth gaze  
 VVith looks, which looking never could suffice,
- 444 And ruins himself with his own eyes.  
 At length, a little lifting up his head,  
 You woods, that round about your branches spread,  
 VVas ever so unfortunate a Lover !  
 You know, to many you have been a cover.  
 From your first growth to this long distant day
- 445 Have you known any, thus to pine away !  
 I like, and see : but yet I cannot find  
 The lik'r, and scene. O Love, with error blind !  
 VVhat grieves me more ; no Sea, no Mountain steep,  
 No wayes, no walls, our joyes a-sunder keep :  
 VVhom but a little water doth divide.
- 450 And he himself desires to be enjoy'd.

- As oft as I to kifs the flood decline,  
 So oft his lips ascend, to close with mine.  
 You'd think we toucht : so small a thing doth part  
 Our equal loves ! Come forth what ere thou art,  
 Sweet Boy, a simple Boy beguile not so :
- 455 From him that seeks thee, whither would'st thou go ?  
 My age nor beauty merit thy disdain :  
 And me the Nymphs have often lov'd in vain.  
 Yet in thy friendly shews my poor hopes live ;  
 Still striving to receive the hand I give :  
 Thou smil'st my smiles : when I a tear let fall,
- 460 Thou shedd'st another ; and consent'st in all,  
 And, lo, thy sweetly-moving lips appear  
 To utter words, that come not to our ear.  
 Ah, he is I ! now, now I plainly see :  
 Nor is't my shadow that bewitcheth me.  
 Love of my self me burns ; (O too too sure !)  
 I suffer in those flames which I procure.
- 465 Shall I be woo'd, or woo ? What shall I crave ?  
 Since what I covet, I already have.  
 Too much hath made me poor ! O, you divine  
 And favouring Powers, me from my self dis-joyn !  
 Of what I love, I would be dispossest :  
 This, in a Lover, is a strange request :  
 Now, strength through grief decayes : short is the time
- 470 I have to live ; extinguisht in my prime.  
 Nor grieves it me to part with well-mist breath ;  
 For grief will find a perfect cure in death :  
 Would he I love might longer life enjoy !  
 Now, two ill-fated Lovers, in one, dye.  
 This said ; again upon his Image gaz'd ;
- 475 Tears on the troubled water circles rais'd :  
 The motion much obscur'd the fleeting shade.  
 With that, he cry'd (perceiving it to vade)  
 O, whither wilt thou ! stay : nor cruel prove,  
 In leaving me, who infinitely love.  
 Yet let me see, what cannot be possest ;  
 And with that empty food my fury feast.
- 480 Complaining thus, himself he disarrays ;  
 And to remorseless hands his brest displayes :  
 The blows that solid Snow with crimson stripe ;
- 485 Like Apples partly-red, or Grapes scarce ripe.  
 But in the water when the same appear,  
 He could no longer such a sorrow bear.

- As Virgin-wax dissolves with fervent heat ;  
 Or morning Frost, where on the Sun beams beat :  
 So thaws he with the ardor of desire ;
- 490 And, by degrees consumes in unseen fire,  
 His meagre cheeks now lost their red and white ;  
 That life ; that favor lost, which did delight,  
 Nor those divine proportions now remain,  
 So much by *Eccho* lately lov'd in vain,  
 Which when she saw : although she angry were,  
 And still in minde her late repulse did bear ;
- 495 As often as the miserable cry'd,  
 Alas ! Alas, the woful Nymph reply'd,  
 And ever when he struck his sounding breast,  
 Like sounds of mutual sufferance exprest.  
 His last words were, still hanging o're his shade ;
- 500 Ah, Boy, belov'd in vain ! So *Eccho* said,  
 Farewel. Farewel, sigh't she. Then down he lyes :  
 Deaths cold hand shuts his self-admiring eyes :  
 Which now eternally their gazes fix
- 505 Upon the Waters of infernal *Styx*.  
 The woful *Naiades* lament the dead ;  
 And their clipt hair upon their brother spread.  
 The woful *Dryades* partake their woes :  
 With both, sad *Eccho* joyns at every close.  
 The funeral Pyle prepar'd, a Herle they brought  
 To fetch his body, which they vainly fought,  
 Instead whereof a yellow flower was found,
- 510 With tufts of white about the Button crown'd.  
 This, through *Achaia* spred the Prophets fame ;  
 Who worthily had purchas't a great name.  
 But, proud *Echion's* son, who did despise  
 The righteous Gods, derides his prophecies ;
- 515 And twits *Tiresias* with his ravish't sight.  
 He shook his head, which age had cloth'd in white ;  
 And said, 'Twere well for thee, hadst thou no eyes  
 To see the *Bacchanal* solemnities,  
 The time shall come (which I presage is neer)
- 520 When *Semeleian Liber* will be here :  
 Whom if thou honour not with Temples due ;  
 Thy Mother, and her Sisters shall imbrue  
 Their furious hands in thy effused blood ;  
 And throw thy sever'd limbs about the Wood.  
 'Twill be ; thy malice cannot but rebel :
- 525 And then thoult say ; the blind did see too well,

- His mouth proud *Pentheus* stopt. Belief succeeds  
 Fore-running threats : and words are seal'd by deeds ;  
*Liber* is come, the fields with clamour sound :  
 They in his Orgies tread a frantick round,  
 VVomen with Men, the base and nobler sort  
 530 Together to those unknown Rites resort.  
 You sons of *Mars*, you of the Dragons race  
 (Said he) what fury doth your minds imbaze ?  
 Is brasse of such a power, which drunkards beat,  
 Or sound of Horns, or Magical deceit ;  
 That you, whom Trumpets clangor, horrid sight,  
 535 Nor death, with all his terrors, could affright,  
 Loud women, wine-bred rage, a lustful crew  
 Of Beasts, and Kettle-drums, should thus subdue ?  
 At you, grave Fathers, can I but admire !  
 VVho brought with you your flying Gods from *Tyre*,  
 And fixt them here : now from that care so far  
 540 Estranged, as to lose them without war :  
 Or you, who of my able age appear ;  
 Whose heads should helmets, and not garlands, wear !  
 Nor levy Javelins, but good Swords adorn  
 The hands of youth. O you, so nobly born,  
 That Dragon's fiery fortitude indue,  
 Whose single valour such a number flue.  
 545 He, in defending of his Fountain fell :  
 Do youth' Invaders of your fame repell.  
 He slew the strong : do you the weak destroy,  
 And free your Countrey from foul infamy.  
 If Destinies decree that *Thebes* must fall,  
 May men, may warlike engines raze her wall :  
 550 Let sword and fire our famisht lives assault :  
 Then should we not be wretched through our fault,  
 Nor strive to hide our guilt, but, Fortane blame,  
 And vent our pitied sorrows without shame.  
 Now, by a naked Boy we are put to flight :  
 Whom bounding Steeds, nor glorious Arms delight.  
 555 But hair perfum'd with Myrrhe, soft Anadems,  
 And purple Robes inchac't with gold and gems :  
 Who shall confesse (if you your aid deny)  
 His forged Father, and false Deity.  
 What ? had *Acrisus* vertue to withstand  
 560 Th' Impostor, chased from the *Argive* strand ?  
 And shall this vagabond, this forrainer,  
 Me *Pentheus*, and the *Theban* State deter ?



Go (said he to his servants) go your way,  
And drag him hither bound : prevent delay.

Him, *Cadmus*, *Atamas*, and all dissuade,

565 By opposition, more intemperate made.  
Fury encreaseth, when it is withstood :  
And then good counsel doth more harm than good.  
So have I seen an unstopt torrent glide  
With quiet waters, scarcely heard to chide,

570 But, when-faln Trees, or Rocks, impeach't his course;  
To some, and roar with uncontroled force.  
All bloody they return. Where is, said he,  
This *Bacchus* ? *Bacchus* none of us did see,  
Reply'd they ; This his minister we found

575 (Presenting one with hands behind him bound)  
A *Thuscan* zealous in those mysteries.  
On whom fierce *Pentheus* looks, with wrathful eyes :  
Who hardly could his punishment defer.  
Then, thus : Thou wretch, that others shalt deter.

580 Declare thy name, thy Nation, Parentage,  
And why thou followest this new-fangled Rage.

He, in whom innocency fear ore-came,  
Made this reply : *Agetis* is my name :  
My life I ow to the *Maonian* earth ;  
To none, my fortunes; born of humble birth.  
No land my Father left me to manure,

585 Nor Heards, nor bleating Flocks : himself was poor.  
The tempted Fish, with hook and line he caught :  
His skill was all his wealth : His skill he taught :  
And said, My heir, successor to my Art,  
Receive the riches which I can impart.

590 He, dying, left me nothing ; and yet all :  
The Sea may I my patrimony call.  
Yet, lest I still should on those Rocks abide,  
To navigation I my time apply'd ;  
Observ'd th' *Oenian* Goat portending rain ;  
Wet *Hyades*, when stooping to the Main,

595 *Taygeta*, and cold *Arctos* ; the resorts  
Of several winds ; and harbour-giving Ports.  
For *Delos* bound, we made the *Chian* shores :  
And, there arrived, with industrious Oares,  
Leaping a-shoar, I made the beach my bed.

600 When aged Night *Aurora's* blushes fled,  
I rose, and bade my men fresh water bring :  
Shewing the way that guided to the Spring.

Then

- Then, from an Hill observ'd the winds accord ;  
 My Mates I call'd, and forth-with went aboard.
- 605 All here, the Master's Mate *Opheltes* cries :  
 And thinking he had light upon a prize,  
 Along the shoar a lovely Boy convey'd,  
 Adorned with the beauty of a Maid.  
 Heavy with wine and sleep, he reeled so,  
 That, though supported, he could hardly go.  
 When I beheld his habit, gate, and feature,
- 610 I could not think it was an humane Creature.  
 Fellows, I doubt what God, but sure, said I,  
 This excellence includes a Deity.  
 O, be propitious, who-so-e're thou art ;  
 Unto our industry success impart ;  
 And pardon these who have offended thus.
- 615 Then, *Dyctis* said ; Forbear to pray for us :  
 (Than he, none could the top-sail-yard bestride  
 With lighter speed ; nor thence more nimbly slide)  
 This, *Lybis*, swart *Melanthus* (who the Prow  
 Commanded) and *Alcimedon* allow ;  
*Epopeus* the Boats-swain, so all say ;
- 620 Bewitched with the blind desire of prey.  
 This ship, said I, you shall not violate  
 With sacriledg of so divine a weight ;  
 Wherein I have most int'rest, and command :  
 And on the Hatches their ascent with-stand.  
 Whereat, the desperate *Lycabas* grew wild ;
- 625 Who for a bloody murder was exil'd  
 From *Tuscany*. Whilst I alone resist,  
 He took me such a buffet with his fist,  
 That down I fell ; and had falln over-board,  
 If I (though senseless) had not caught a cord.  
 The wicked company the fact approve.  
 Then, *Bacchus* (for 'twas he) began to move,
- 630 As if awake with the noise they made  
 (His wind bound senses now discharg'd) and said,  
 What clamor's this ? What do you ? Sailers, whither  
 Mean you to bear me ? Ah, how came I hither !  
 Fear not, said *Proteus* : name where thou wouldst be ;
- 635 And to that Harbor we will carry thee.  
 Then, Friends, *Lyæus* said, for *Naxos* stand :  
*Naxos* my home ; an hospitable Land.  
 By Seas, by all the Gods, by what avails,  
 They swear they will, and bad me hoise-up sails,
- Which

- 640 Which trim'd for *Naxos* on the Star-board side ;  
 What do'st thou Madman, Fool ? *Opheltas* cry'd.  
 Each fears his loss ; Some whisper in mine ear :  
 Most say by signes, unto the Lar-broad steer.  
 Amaz'd : some other hold the Helm, said I ;  
 645 I'll not be tainted with your perjury.  
 All chafe and storm. What ? said *Ethalion*,  
 Is all our safety plac'd in thee alone ?  
 With that, my office he upon him took ;  
 And *Naxos* (altering her course) forsook.  
 650 The God (as if their fraud but now out-found)  
 From th' upper deck the Sea surveyed round ;  
 Then, seem'd to cry. Sirs, this is not, said he,  
 That promis'd shore, the Land so wisht by me.  
 What is my fault ? what glory in my spoil,  
 655 If Men a Boy, if many one beguile,  
 I wept afore : but, they my tears deride ;  
 And with laborious Oars the waves divide :  
 By him I swear (then whom none more in view)  
 That what I now shall utter, is as true,  
 As past belief. The Ship in those profound  
 660 And spaceful Seas, so stuck as on dry ground,  
 They, wondring, ply'd their Oars; the sayls display'd;  
 And strive to run her with that added ayd.  
 When Ivy gave their Oars a forc't restraint ;  
 665 Whose creeping bands the sayles with Berryes paint.  
 He, head-bound with a wreath of clustered Vines,  
 A Javelin shook, claspt with their leavy twines,  
 Stern Tygers, Lynxes (such unto the eye)  
 And spotted Panthers, round about him lye.  
 All, over-board now tumble ; whether 'twere  
 670 Out of infused madness, or for fear.  
 Then *Medon* first with spiny fins grew black ;  
 His form depressed, with a compast back.  
 To whom said *Lycabas* ; O more then strange !  
 Into what uncouth Monster wilt thou change !  
 As thus he spake, his mouth became more wide ;  
 675 His nose more hookt : seales arm his hardned hide.  
 While *Lybe* tugg'd an oar that fixed stands,  
 His hand shrunk up, now fins, no longer hands.  
 Another by a Cable thought to hold :  
 680 But, mist his arms. He fell : the Seas infold  
 His maymed body : which a tayl est-soon  
 Receives, reversed like the horned Moon,

They

- They leapt aloft, and sprinkle-up the Flood :  
 Now chase above ; now under water scud :
- 685 Who like lascivious Dancers frisk about ;  
 And gulped Seas, from their proud nostrils, spout,  
 Of twenty Sailers, only I remain'd :  
 So many men our Complement contain'd,  
 The God my mind could hardly animate ;  
 Trembling with horror of so dire a Fate.  
 Suppress, said he, these tumults of thy fear ;
- 690 And now thy course for sacred *Dia* bear,  
 Arrived I, by his implor'd consent,  
 Became his Priest ; and thus his Feasts frequent.  
 Our ears are tir'd with thy long ambages :  
 Which wrath, said he, would by delay, appease.  
 Go, servants, take him hence : let his forc't breath
- 695 Expire in groans : and torture him to death,  
 In solid prison pent ; while they provide  
 Whips, Racks and Fire, the doors flie open wide.  
 And of themselves, as if dissolv'd by charms,  
 The fetters fall from his unpinion'd arms.
- 700 But now, not bidding others, *Pentheus* flings  
 To high *Cytheron's* sacred top, which rings  
 With frantick songs, and shrill-voic't *Bacchanals*,  
 In *Liber's* celebrated Festivals.  
 And as the warlike Courser neighs and bounds,
- 705 Inflam'd with fury, when the Trumpet sounds :  
 Even so their far-heard clamours set on fire  
 Stern *Pentheus* ; and exasperate his ire.  
 In midst of all the spacious Mountain stood  
 A perspicable Champian, fring'd with wood.  
 Here, first of all his Mother him espies,
- 710 Viewing those holy Rites with prophane eyes,  
 She, first, upon him frantickly did run :  
 And first her eager Javelin pierc't her son.  
 Come, sisters, cry'd she, this is that huge Bore  
 Which roots our fields ; whom we with wounds must
- 715 With that, in-rush the sense-distracted Crew : (gore.  
 And altogether the amaz'd pursue.  
 Now trembled he, now late-breath'd threats suppress :  
 Himself he blames, and his offence confess.  
 Who cry'd, Help Aunt *Antonee* ; I bleed :
- 720 O let *Aëon's* ghost soft pity breed !  
 Not knowing who *Aëon* was, she lops  
 His right hand off : the other *Ino* crops.

- The wretch now to his Mother would have thrown  
His suppliant hands: but, now his hands were gone.  
125 Yet lifting up their bloody stumps, he said,  
Ah, Mother, see! *Agave*, well appay'd,  
Shouts at the sight, casts up her neck, and shakes  
Her staring hair. In cruel hands she takes  
His head, yet gasping: *Io* sings, said she,  
*Io* my Mates! this spoil belongs to me.  
130 Not leaves, now wither'd, nipt by Autumns frost,  
So soon are raviſht from high Trees, and toſt  
By ſcattering winds, as they in pieces tear  
His minced limbs. Th' *Iſmenians*, ſtruck with fear,  
His Orgies celebrate, his praises ſing,  
And incenſe to his holy altars bring.
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OVIDS

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# OVIDS

## METAMORPHOSIS.

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### The Fourth BOOK.

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#### THE ARGUMENT.

**D**erceta, a Fish. Semiramis a Dove.  
 Transforming Nais equal Fate doth prove,  
 White berries Lovers blood with black defiles.  
 Apollo, like Eurynome, beguiles  
 Leucothoe, buried quick for that offence :  
 Who, Nectar sprinkled, sprouts to Frankinse. (Sun.  
 Greiv'd Clytie, turn'd r' a Flower, turns with the  
 Daphnis, to Stone. Sex changeeth Scytheon.  
 Celmus, a Load-stone. Carets, got by showres.  
 Crocus, and Smilax turn'd to little flowres.  
 In one Hermophradite, two bodies joyn.  
 Mineides, Bats. Sad Ino made divine,  
 With Melicert. Who Junos fast upbray'd,  
 Or statues, or Cadmean Fowls are made.  
 Hermione and Cadmus ; worn with woe,  
 Prove hurtless Dragons. Drops to Serpents grow.  
 Atlas a Mountain. Gorgeon toucht Sea-weeds  
 To Coral change. From Gorgons blood, proceeds  
 Swift Pegasus : Crysaor also takes  
 From thence his birth. Fair hair convert to Snakes.

**B**ut yet Alcithoe Mineides  
 The honour'd Orgies of the God displease.  
 Her sisters share in that impiety ;  
 Who Bacchus for the son of Jove deny :

And

- And now his Priest proclaims a solemn Feast ;  
 5 That Dames and Maids from usual labour rest ;  
 That wrapt in skins, their-hair-laces unbound,  
 And dangling Tresses with wild Ivy crown'd,  
 They leavy Spears assume. Who prophesies  
 Sad hapsto such as his command despise.  
 The Matrons and new-married Wives obey :  
 10 Their Webs, their un-spun Wooll, aside they lay ;  
 Sweet odours burn ; and sing : *Lyæus Bacchus*,  
*Nysæus*, *Bromius*, *Euan*, great *Iacchus* :  
 Fire-got, Son of two Mothers, The twice-born,  
 Father *Eleiim*, *Thyon* never shorn,  
*Lenæus*, planter of life-cheering Vines ;  
 15 *Nyctileus* : with all names that *Greece* assigns  
 To thee, O *Liber* ! Still dost thou enjoy  
 Unwasted youth ; eternally a Boy ?  
 Thou'rt seen in Heaven ; whom all perfections grace ;  
 And when unhorn'd, thou hast a Virgins face.  
 20 Thy conquests through the Orient are renown'd,  
 Where tawny *India* is by *Ganges* bound,  
 Proud *Pentheus*, and *Lycurgus*, like prophane.  
 By thee (O greatly to be fear'd ! ) were slain :  
 The *Thuscan* drencht in Seas. Thou holdst in aw  
 The spotted *Lynxes*, which thy Chariot draw.  
 25 Light *Bacchides*, and skipping Satyrs follow,  
 Whil'st old *Sylenus*, reeling still doth hallow ;  
 Who weakly hangs upon his tardy Asse,  
 What place so-e're thou entrest, sounding brass,  
 Lowd Sack-buts, Tymbrels, the confused cryes  
 30 Of youths and Women, pierce the marble skies.  
 Thy presence, we *Ilmenides*, implore :  
 Come, O come pleas'd ! Thus they his Rites restore.  
 Yet, the *Mineides* at home remain :  
 And with untimely Art his feast prophane :  
 Who either weave, or at their Distaffs spin ;  
 35 And urge their Maids to exercise their sin.  
 One said, as she the twisted thread out-drew ;  
 While others sport, and forged Gods persew,  
 Let us, whom better *Pallas* doth invite,  
 Our useful labour season with delight,  
 40 And stories tell by turns ; that what past years  
 Deny our eyes, may enter at our ears.  
 They all agre ; and bad the eldest tell  
 Her story first. She paus'd ; not knowing well



- Of many which to choofe t'infift upon  
 45 The sad *Dercetis*, of fam'd *Babylon*  
 (Who, as the *Paleftines* believe, did take  
 A fcaly form, inhabiting a lake)  
 Or of her daughter fpeak, with wing'd afcent  
 High-pearcht on towers: who there her old age fpent:  
 Or of that *Nais*; who with charms moft ftrange,  
 50 And weeds too-pow'rful, humane fhares did change.  
 Into mute *Fifhes*, till a *Fifh* ſhe grew:  
 Or of the *Tree* whose berries chang'd their hew;  
 The white to black, by bloods afperſion, grown:  
 This pleaſeth beſt, as being moſt unknown.  
 Who thus began; and draws the following woll.  
 55 Young *Pyramus* (no youth ſo beautiful  
 Through all the Eaſt) and *Thisbe* (who for fair  
 Might with th' immortal *Goddesses* compare)  
 Joyn'd houſes, where *Semiramis* incloſ'd  
 Her ſtately town, with walls of brick compos'd.  
 This neighbourhood their firſt acquaintance bred;  
 60 That, grew to love; Love fought a nuptial bed;  
 By Parents croſt: yet equal flames their blood  
 Alike incenſt, which could not be withſtood.  
 Signs only utter their unwitneſt loves:  
 But hidden fire the violenter proves,  
 65 A cranny in the parting wall was left;  
 By ſhrinking of the new-laid mortar, cleſt:  
 This for ſo many ages undeſcry'd  
 (What cannot love find out!) the Lovers ſpy'd.  
 70 By which, their whiſpering voices ſoftly trade,  
 And Paſſion's amorous embaffie convey'd,  
 On this ſide, and on that, Like Snails they cleave;  
 And greedily each others breath receive.  
 O envious walls (ſaid they) who thus divide  
 Whom Love hath join'd! O, give us way to ſide  
 Into each others arms! if ſuch a bliſs  
 75 Tranſcend our Fates, yet ſuffer uſto kiſs!  
 Nor are w'ingrate: much we confeſs we ow  
 To you, who this dear liberty beſtow.  
 At night they bid farewell. Their kiſſes greet  
 80 The ſenceleſs ſtones, with lips that could not meet.  
 When from th' approaching Morn the ſtars withdrew,  
 And that the Sun had drunk the ſcorched dew,  
 They at the uſual Station meet again;  
 And with ſoft murmures mutually complain.

- At last, resolve in silence of the Night ;  
 85 To steal away, and free themselves by flight ;  
 And with their houses, to forsake the Town,  
 Yet, lest they so might wander up and down ;  
 To meet at *Ninus* tomb they both agree,  
 Under the shelter of a shady Tree.  
 There, a high Mulbery, full of white fruit,  
 90 Hard by a living Fountain fixt his Root.  
 The Sun, that seem'd too flow, his steeds bestows  
 In restful Seas : from Seas, wish'd Night arose.  
 Then *Thirbe* in the dark the doors unbarr'd ;  
 And slipping forth, unmiss'd by her guard,  
 95 Comes maskt to *Ninus* tomb : there in the cold  
 Sits underneath that Tree : Love made her bold.  
 When ( lo ! ) a *Lyonness*, smear'd with the blood  
 Of late-slain *Beeves*, approacht the neighbour flood,  
 To quench her thirst. Far-off by Moon-light spy'd,  
 100 Swift fear her flight into a Cave doth guide.  
 Flying, her mantle from her shoulders fell :  
 The fatal *Lionness*, as from the Well,  
 Up to the rocky Mountain she withdraws,  
 Found it, and tore it with her bloody jaws.  
 105 When *Pyramus*, who came not forth so soon,  
 Perceived by the glimpses of the Moon  
 The footing of wild Beasts : his look grew pale.  
 But when he spy'd her torn and bloody vaile ;  
 One night (said he) two lovers shall destroy !  
 She longer life deserved to enjoy.  
 110 The guilt is mine : 'twas I (poor soul!) that slew thee,  
 Whoto a place so full of danger drew thee,  
 Nor came before. You *Lyons*, O descend  
 From your aboads : a wretch in pieces rend,  
 Condemned by his self-pronounced doom :  
 And make your entrails my opprobrious tomb :  
 115 But Cowards wish to die. Her mantle he  
 Carries along unto th' appointed Tree.  
 There having kist, and wash'd it with his eyes ;  
 Take from our blood, said he, the double dyes.  
 With that, his body on his sword he threw:  
 120 Which, from the reaking wound, he dying drew.  
 Now, on his back, up-spun the blood in smoke :  
 As when a Spring-conducting pipe is broke,  
 The waters at a little breach break out,  
 And hissing, through the airy Region spout.

- 125 The Mulberries their former white forsake ;  
 And from his sprinkling blood their crimson take.  
 Now she, who could not yet her fear remove,  
 Returns, for fear to disappoint her Love.  
 Her eager spirit seeks him through her eyes;  
 130 Who longs to tell of her escap'd surprise.  
 The place and figure of the Tree she knew ;  
 Yet doubts, the berries having chang'd their hew.  
 Uncertain ; the his panting limbs descry'd,  
 That struck the stayned earth ; and starts aside.  
 135 Box was not paler then her changed look :  
 And like the lightly breath'd on Se : she shook ;  
 But, when she knew 'twas he (now dispossess'd  
 Of her amaze) she shrieks, beats her swoln brest,  
 Pulsoff her hair ; imbraces, softly rears,  
 140 His hanging head, and fills his wound with tears.  
 Then, kissing his cold lips : Wo's me (she said)  
 What curs'd fate hath this division made !  
 O speak, my *Pyramus* ! O look on me !  
 Thy dear, thy desperate *Thisbe* calls to thee !  
 145 At *Thisbe's* name he opens his dim eyes ;  
 And having seen her, shuts them up, and dyes.  
 But when his empty scabbard she had spy'd,  
 And her known Robe ; Unhappy man ! she cry'd,  
 These wounds from love, from thine own hand pro-  
 Nor is my hand too weak for such a deed : (ceed  
 150 My love as strong. This, this shall courage give,  
 To force that life which much disdains to live.  
 In death I'll follow thee ! instyl'd by all,  
 The wretched Cause, and partner of thy Fall.  
 Whom Death (that had alas !) alone the might  
 To pull thee from me ! ) shall not dis-unite.  
 155 O you our wretched Parents (thus severe  
 To your own blood ! ) my last Petition hear :  
 Whom constant love, whom death hath joyn'd, interr  
 Without your envy in one sepulcher  
 And thou, O Tree, whose branches shade the slain ;  
 Of both our slaughters bear the lasting stain:  
 160 In funeral habit ever clothe your brood,  
 A living monument of our mixt blood.  
 This said, his sword, yet reeking, she rever't,  
 And with a mortal wound her bosom pearc't,  
 The easie Gods unto her wish accord ;  
 Their Parents also her desire afford :

- 165 The late white Mulberries in black now mourn ;  
 And what the fire had left, lay in one Urn.  
 Here ended she. Some intermission made,  
*Leucothoe*, her sister silent, said :  
 This Sun, who all directeth with his light,  
 170 Weak Love hath tam'd : his loves we now recite.  
 He first discover'd the adultery  
 Of *Mars* and *Venus* (nothing escapes his eye)  
 And in displeasure told to *Juno's* son  
 Their secret stealths, and where the deed was done.  
 175 His spirits faint : his hands could not sustain  
 The work in hand : Forthwith he forg'd a chain,  
 With nets of brass, that might the eye deceive,  
 (Less curious far the webs which Spiders weave)  
 180 Made pliant to each touch, and apt to close,  
 This, he about the guilty bed bestows.  
 No sooner these Adulterers were met,  
 Then caught in his so strangely forged net ;  
 Who, struggling, in compell'd imbracements lay.  
 185 The Ivory doors then *Vulcan* doth display ;  
 And calls the Gods. They shamefully lay bound.  
 Yet one, a wanton, Wist to be so found.  
 The heavenly dwellers laugh. This tale was told  
 Through all the Round, and mirth did long uphold.  
 190 *Venus*, incens'd, on him who this disclos'd,  
 A memorable punishment impos'd.  
 And he, of late so tyrannous to love ;  
 Love's tyranny in just exchange doth prove.  
*Hyperion's* son, what boots thy piercing sight !  
 Thy feature, colour, or thy radiant light !  
 For thou, who earth inflamest with thy fires,  
 195 Art now thy self inflam'd with new desires.  
 Thy melting eyes alone *Leucothoe* view ;  
 And give to her, what to the World is due.  
 Now, in the East thou hastnest thy up-rise :  
 Now, slowly sett'st ; even loath to leave the skies.  
 And, while that object thus exacts thy stay,  
 200 Thou addest hours unto the Winters day.  
 Oft, in thy face thy minds disease appears :  
 Affrighting all the darkned World with fears,  
 Not *Cynthia's* interposed Orb doth move  
 These pale aspects ; this colour springs from love.  
 She all thy thoughts ingross : nor didst thou care  
 205 For *Clymene*, for her who *Circe* bare.

For *Rhodes*; *Clytie*, who in love abounds,  
 Although despis'd, though tortur'd with two wounds,  
 All, all were buried in *Leucothoe*;  
 Born in sweet *Saba*, of *Eurynome*.

- 210 As she in beauty far surpass all other:  
 So much the Daughter far surpass the Mother.  
 Great *Orchamus* was father to the Maid:  
 Who, seventh from *Belus Priscus*, *Persia* sway'd,  
 In low *Hesperian* Vales those pastures are,  
 215 Where *Phœbus* herds on *Ambrosia* fare.  
 There, tired with the travels of the day,  
 They renovate what labour doth decay.  
 Now, while celestial food their hunger feeds,  
 And night in her alternate reign succeeds:  
 In figure of *Eurynome*, the God  
 Approach't the chamber, where his life abode.  
 220 He, spinning by a Lamp, *Leucothoe* found,  
 With twice six hand-maids, who inclos'd her round,  
 Then kissing her (her Mother now by Art)  
 I have (said he) a secret to impart:  
 Maids, presently withdraw. They all obey'd.  
 225 He, after he had clear'd the chamber, said:  
 The tardie Year I measure: I am he,  
 Who see all Objects, and by whom all see;  
 The World's clear eye: by thy fair self, I swear,  
 I love thee above thought. She shook for fear;  
 Her spindle and her distaff from her fell:  
 230 And yet that fear became her wondrous well,  
 Then, his own form and radiancy, he took:  
 Though with that unexpected presence strook;  
 Yet, vanquish'd by his beauty, her complaint  
 She laid aside, and suffered his constraint.  
 This *Clytie* vext (not less affectionate  
 235 Before to her) who with a rivals hate  
 Divulg'd the quickly-spreading infamy:  
 And to her father doth the fact descry.  
 Who stern and savage, shuts up all remorse,  
 From her that stood subdu'd, she said, by force;  
 And *Sol* to witness calls. He his dishonor  
 240 Inters alive, and casts a Mount upon her.  
*Hyperion*'s son this batters with his rays:  
 And for her re-ascent a breach displays,  
 Yet could not she advance her heavy head:  
 But life, too hasty, from her body fled.

Never

- 245 Never did *Phæbus* with such sorrow mourn  
 Since wretched *Phaeton* the world did burn :  
 Yet strives he with his influence to beget  
 In her cold limbs a life-revoking heat.  
 But, since the Fates such great attempts withstood ;  
 250 He sleeps the place and body in a flood  
 Of fragrant *Nectar* : much bewails her end :  
 And sighing, said ; Yet shalt thou heaven ascend :  
 Forthwith, her body thaws into a dew :  
 Which, from the moistned earth, an odour threw.  
 Then throw the hill a shrub of *Frankincense*  
 255 Thrust up his crown, and took his root from thence.  
 Though love might *Clyties* sorrow have excus'd ;  
 Sorrow ; her tongue ; Day's king her bed refus'd.  
 She, with distracted passion, pines away ,  
 260 Detesteth company ; all night, all day ,  
 Disrobed, with her ruffled hair unbound,  
 And wet with humour, sits upou the ground,  
 For nine long dayes all sustenance forbears ;  
 Her hunger cloy'd with dew, her thirst with tears.  
 Nor rose ; but, rivers on the God her eyes ;  
 265 And ever turns her face to him that flies.  
 At length, to earth her stupid body cleaves :  
 Her wan complexion turns to bloodless leaves,  
 Yet streak't with red : her perisht limbs beget  
 A flower, resembling the pale Violet ;  
 Which with the sun, though rooted fast, doth move ;  
 270 And, being changed, changeth not her love.  
 Thus she. This wondrous story caught their ears :  
 To some the same impossible appears ;  
 Others, that all is possible, conclude,  
 To true-styl'd Gods : but : *Bacchus* they extrude.  
 All whilst, *Alcinhoe* call'd upon, doth run  
 275 Her shuttle through the web ; and thus begun,  
 To omit the pastoral loves, to few unknown,  
 Of young *Idean Daphni* ; turn'd to stone  
 By that vext Nymph, who could not else assuage  
 Her jealousy : such is a lovers rage :  
 And *Scythin* who his nature innovates,  
 280 Now male, now female, by alternate Fates ;  
 With *Celmus* turn'd into an Adamant ,  
 Who of his faith to little *Jove* might vant ;  
 The shorn *Curetes*, got by falling showres ;  
*Crocos* and *Smilax*, chang'd to pretty flowres.

I over-pass; and will your ears surprize  
With sweet delight of unknown novelties.

- Then, know, how *Salmacis* infamous grew;  
285 Whose too strong waves all manly strength undo,  
And mollifie, with their soul-softning touch:  
The cause unknown; their nature known too much.  
Th' *Idean* Nymphs nurs't in secure delight,  
The son of *Hermes*, and fair *Approdite*.  
290 His father and his mother in his look  
You might behold: from whom, his name he took,  
When Summers five he thrice had multiply'd;  
Leaving the fount-ful Hills of foster *Ide*, (sight  
He wandred through strange Lands, pleas'd with the  
295 Of forrain streams; toyl less'ning with delight.  
The *Lycian* Cities past, he treads the grounds  
Of wealthy *Caria*, which on *Lycia* bounds:  
There lighted on a Pool, so passing cleer,  
That all the glittering bottom did appear;  
Invirion'd with no marish-loving Reeds,  
Nor piked Bull-rushes, nor barren weeds:  
300 But, living Turf upon the border grew;  
Whose ever-Spring no blasting Winter knew.  
A Nymph this haunts, unpractis'd in the chace,  
To bend a Bow, or run a strife-ful race.  
Of all the Water Nymphs, this Nymph alone  
To nimble-footed *Dion* was unknown.  
305 Her sisters oft would say; Fie, *Salmacis*,  
Fie lazie sister, what a sloth is this!  
Upon a Quiver, or a Javelin seaze;  
And with laborious hunting mix thine ease.  
On Quiver, nor on Javelin, would she seaze;  
Nor with laborious hunting mix her ease.  
310 But now in her own Fountain bathes her fair  
And shapeful limbs now kembs her golden hair;  
Her self oft by that liquid mirror drest;  
There taking counsel what became her best:  
Her body in transparent Robes array'd.  
Now on soft leaves or softer moss display'd:  
320 Oft gathers flowers, so when she saw the Boy:  
Whom seen, forthwith she covers to enjoy,  
And yet would not approach, though big with hast,  
Till neatly trickt, till all in order plac't,  
Her love inveighling looks set to insnare,  
Who merited to be reputed fair.



- Sweet Boy, said she, well worthy the abode  
 320 Of blest celestials ! if thou be a God,  
 Then art thou *Cupid* ! if of humane race,  
 Happy the parents, whom thy person grace !  
 Thy sister, if thou hast a sister, blest !  
 Thy Nurse, much more, who fed thee with her breast !  
 325 But (O ! ) no less then deify'd is she,  
 Whom marriage shall incorporate to thee !  
 If any such ; let me this treasure steal :  
 If not, be't I ; and our dear Nuptials seal.  
 This said, she held her peace. He blusht for shame ;  
 330 Not knowing love : whom shamefacedness became.  
 So Apples shew upon the sunny side ;  
 So Ivory, with rich Vermillion dy'd :  
 So pure a red the silver Moon doth stain,  
 When auxil'ary brass resounds in vain.  
 She earnestly intreats a sisters kifs :  
 335 And now, advancing to imbrace her blifs,  
 He, struggling, said ; Lascivious Nymph, forbear ;  
 Or I will quit the place, and leave you here.  
 Fair Stranger, tim'rous *Salmacis* reply'd,  
 'Tis freely yours ; and therewith stept aside :  
 Yet looking back, amongst the shrubby Trees  
 340 She closely sculks, and crouches on her knees.  
 The vacant Boy, now being left alone,  
 Imagining he was observ'd by none,  
 Now here, now there, about the margin trips ;  
 And, in th' alluring waves his ancles dips.  
 Caught with the water's flatt'ring temperature,  
 345 He straight disrobes his body ; O, how pure !  
 His naked beauty *Salmacis* amaz'd :  
 Who with unsatisfy'd longing gaz'd. (ror ;  
 Her sparkling eyes shoot flame through this sweet er-  
 Much like the Sun reflected by a mirror.  
 350 Now, she impatiently her hope delays ;  
 Now, burnst' imbrace : now, half-mad, hardly stays :  
 He swiftly from the bank on which he stood,  
 Clapping his body, leaps into the flood ;  
 And, with his rowing arms, supports his limbs :  
 Which, through the pure waves, glister as he swims,  
 Like Ivory statues, which the life surpass ;  
 355 Or like a Lilly, in a crystal glass.  
 He's mine ; the Nymph exclaim'd : who all unstript ;  
 And, as the spake, into the water skipt :

- Hanging about the neck that did resist;  
 And, with a mast'ring force, th' unwilling kist:  
 Now, puts her hand beneath his scornful brest;  
 360 Now every way invading the distressed:  
 And wraps about the subject of her lust,  
 Much like a Serpent by an Eagle trust;  
 Which to his head and feet, infettered, clings;  
 And wreaths her tail about his stretcht-out wings.  
 365 So clasping Ivy to the Oak doth grow;  
 And so the *Polypus* detains his foe.  
 But *Atlamides*, relentless coy,  
 Still struggles, and resists her hop'd-for joy.  
 370 Invested with her body; fool, said she,  
 Struggle thou mayst, but never shalt be free.  
 O you, who in immortal thrones reside,  
 Grant that no day may ever us divide!  
 Her wishes had their Gods. Even in that space  
 Their cleaving bodies mix: both have one face.  
 375 As when we two divided scions join,  
 And see them grow together in one rine:  
 So they, by such a strict imbracement glu'd,  
 Are now but one, with double form indu'd.  
 No longer he a Boy, nor she a maid;  
 But neither, and yet either, might be said.  
 380 *Hermaphroditus* at himself admires:  
 Who half a female from the Spring retires,  
 His manly limbs now softned; and thus prays,  
 With such a voice as neither sex betrays:  
 Swift *Hermes*, *Aphrodite*! him O hear,  
 Who was your son! who both your names doth bear:  
 385 May every may that in this water swims,  
 Return half-woman with infeeble limbs,  
 His gentle parents sign to his request;  
 And with unknown receipts the Spring infest.  
 Here, they conclude: yet give their hands no rest;  
 390 But *Bacchus* slight, and still prophane his Feast.  
 Then suddenly harsh instruments surprize  
 Their charged ears, not extant to their eyes:  
 Sweet Myrrh and Saffron all the house perfume:  
 Their webs (past credit!) flourish in the loom:  
 395 The hanging wool to green-leav'd Ivy spreads;  
 Part, into Vines: the equal twisted threads  
 To branches run: buds from the distaff shoot;  
 And with that purple paint their blushing fruit.

Now

- Now to the day succeeds that doubtful light ;  
 400 Which neither can be called day, nor night.  
 The building trembles : torches of fat Pines  
 Appear to burn ; the room with flashes shines :  
 Fill'd with fantastical resemblances  
 Of howling beasts, whom blood, and slaughter please.  
 405 The Sisters, to the smoky roof retire ;  
 And, there dispers'd, avoid both light and fire.  
 Thus, while they corners seek, thin films extend  
 From lightned limbs, with small beams inter-pend.  
 But how their former shapes they did fore-go,  
 410 Concealing darkness would not let them know.  
 Nor are these little Light-detesting things  
 Born-up with feathers, but transparent wings.  
 Their voice befits their bodies, small, and faint :  
 Wherewith they harshly utter their complaint,  
 These houses haunt, in night conceal their shame ;  
 415 And of the loved Evening take their name.  
 All *Thebes* now fear'd *Bacchus* celebrates :  
 Whose wondrous pow'r his boasting Aunt relates,  
 She onely, of so many sisters, knew  
 No grief as yet, but what from them she drew.  
 420 An happy Mother, Wife to *Arhamas*,  
 Nurse to a God : these caus'd her to surpass  
 The bounds of her felicities ; and made  
 Vext *Juno* storm ; who to her self thus said :  
 What ? could that Strumpets brat the form debase  
 Of poor *Maonian* Sailers, drencht in Seas ?  
 A Mother urge to murder her own son ?  
 425 And wing the three *Mineides* that spun ?  
 Can I but un-revenged wrongs deplore ?  
 Must that suffice ? and is our pow'r no more ?  
 He teacheth what to do ; learn of thy Foe :  
 What fury can the wounds of *Pentheus* show  
 430 More then too-much ? Why should not *Ino* tread  
 The path which late her frantick sisters lead ?  
 A steep dark Cave, with deadly Yew repleat,  
 Through silence leads to hells infernal seat ;  
 By this dull *Stryx* ejects a blasting fume :  
 435 Here ghosts descend, whose bodies graves inhume ;  
 Amongst those thorns stiff Cold and Paleness dwell :  
 The new-come ghosts nor knew the way to Hell ;  
 Nor where the roomy *Stygian* City stands ;  
 Or that dire Palace where black *Diu* commands,

- A thousand entries to this City guide:  
 The gates still open stand, on every side.  
 440 And as all Rivers run into the Deep:  
 So all unhoused souls do thither creep.  
 Nor are they pestered for want of room:  
 Nor can it be perceiv'd that any come.  
 Here shadows wander from their bodies pent:  
 445 Some plead; and some the Tyrants Court frequent:  
 Some in life-practis'd Arts imploy their times:  
 Others are tortur'd for their former Crimes.  
*Saturnia* stooping from her Throne of Air,  
 (Her hate immortal!) thither makes repair.  
 As soon as she had entered the gate,  
 The threshold trembl'd with her sacred weight.  
 450 Still-waking *Cerberus* the Goddess's dreads,  
 And barketh thrice at once, with his three heads,  
 She calls the Furies, Daughters to old night;  
 Implacable, and hating all delight,  
 Before the doors of Adamant they sit;  
 And there with combs their snaky curls unknit.  
 455 When they through gloomy darkness did disclose  
 That form of Heaven, the Goddesses arose.  
 The Dungeon of the Damned this is nam'd.  
 Here *Titius*, for attempted Rape defam'd,  
 Had his vast body on nine Acres spread:  
 And on his heart a greedy Vulture fed.  
 From *Tantalus* deceitful water slips:  
 And catcht-at fruit avoids his touched lips.  
 460 Thou ever seekest, or roll'st up in vain  
 A stone, O *Sisyphus* to fall again.  
*Ixion* turn'd upon a restless wheel,  
 With giddy head pursues his flying heel.  
 The *Belides*, whom Kinsmen's blood accuse,  
 For ever draw the water which they lose.  
 On all, *Saturnia* frowns; but most of all  
 455 At thee *Ixion*; then, a look lets fall  
 On *Sisyphus*: And why (said she) remains  
 This brother onely in perpetual pains;  
 When haughty *Athamas*, whose thoughts despise  
 Both *Jove*, and me, abides in constant joys?  
 Then tells the cause of her approach, her hate,  
 470 And what she would: the fall of *Cadmus* state;  
 That *Athamas* the Furies would distract,  
 And urge him to some execrable fact.

- Importunately she soliciteth,  
 Commands, intreats, and promist, with one-breath,  
 Incens'd *Tisiphone* her Tresses shakes ;  
 475 And tossing from her face the hissing Snakes,  
 Thus said : You need not use long ambages ;  
 Suppose all done already, that may please :  
 Forsake this lothsom Kingdom, and repair  
 Toth' upper wold's more comfortable air.  
 Well-pleas'd *Saturnia* then to heav'n with-drew :  
 480 Whom first *Thaumantian Iris* purg'd with dew.  
 Forthwith *Tisiphone* her garment takes,  
 Dropping with blood, and girt with knotted Snakes,  
 About her head her bloody torch she shook ;  
 And swiftly those accurs'd abodes forsook.  
 485 Still-fighting Sorrow, Horror, Trembling, Fear,  
 And gasty Madness, her associates were.  
 The entred Palace groan'd ; pale poison soils  
 The polish'd doors ; the frighted Sun recoils :  
 Then *Athamas* and *Ino*, struck with dread  
 And monstrous apparitions, sought t'have fled :  
 490 But stern *Erynnis* their escape withstands ;  
 And stretching out her Viper-grasping hands,  
 Shook her dark brows. The troubled Serpents hiss :  
 Some falling on her shoulders, there untwist ;  
 Others, upon her ugly breast descend,  
 Spit poison, and their forked tongues extend.  
 495 Two Adders from her crawling hair she drew ;  
 And those at *Athamas* and *Ino* threw :  
 These up and down about their bosoms roul ;  
 And with infus'd affection sad the soul.  
 No wound upon their bodies could be found :  
 It was the mind that felt the desperate wound.  
 500 She brought besides from her abhorred home  
 The surfet of *Echidna*, with the foam  
 Of hell-bred *Cerberus*, still-wandering Error,  
 Oblivion, Mischief, Tears, infernal Terror,  
 Distracted Fury, an Affection fixt  
 On murder ; altogether ground, and mixt  
 505 With blood yet reeking ; boil'd in hollow brass,  
 And stirr'd with Hemlock. While sad *Athamas*,  
 And *Ino* quake, she pours into their breasts  
 The raging poison ; which their peace infests.  
 Her flamy Torch then whisking in a round  
 510 (Whose circulary fire her conquest crown'd)

To *Pluto's* empty regiment she makes  
A swift descent ; and there ungirts her Snakes.

Forthwith, *Æolides* with poison boils ;

*Io*, my Mates, he cries, here pitch your toils :

Here, late a *Lioness* by me was seen

515 With her two whelps. With that pursues the Queen,  
And from her breast *Clæarchus* snatcht : The child  
Stretcht forth his little arms, and on him smil'd :  
Whom like a sling about his head he swings ;  
And cruelly against the pavement flings.

The Mother, whether with her grief distraught,

520 Or that the poison on her senses wrought,  
Runs howling with her hair about her ears ;  
And in bare arms her *Melicerta* bears ;  
Cries *Euohe Bacchus* : *Juno* laught, and said ;  
Thus art thou by thy Foster-child repaid.

525 There is a Rock that over-looks the Main,  
Hollow'd by fretting Surges, scone'd from rain ;  
Whose craggy brow to vaster Seas extends.  
This, *Ino* (fury adding strength) ascends ;  
Descending head-long, with the load she bears ;

530 And strikes the sparkling waves, that fall in tears.  
Then, *Venus*, grieving at her Neece's Fate,  
Her Uncle thus intreats : O thou, whose State  
Is next to *Joves* ; great Ruler of the Flood ;  
My sure is bold, yet pity thou my blood,

535 Not tossed in the deep *Ionian* Seas :  
And join them to thy watry Deities.  
Some favor of the Sea I should obtain,  
That am ingender'd of the foamy Main :  
Of which, the acceptable name I bear.  
*Neptune* affords a favorable ear ;

540 Who what was mortal from their beings took ;  
Then gave to either a Majestick look ;  
In all their faculties divinely fram'd :  
And her, *Leucothea*, him *Palemon* nam'd.

The *Theban* Ladies, who her steps pursu'd,  
Her last on the first Promontory view'd.

545 Then, held for dead ; with hair and garments rent,  
They bear their breasts ; and *Cadmus* House lament,  
Of little Justice, and much Cruelty,  
All *Juno* tax. Indure (she said) shall I  
Such blasphemies ? I'll make you monuments

550 Of my revenge. Threats usher their events.

When

- When one, of all the most affectionate,  
 Cry'd, O my Queen, I will partake thy Fate!  
 And thought to leap into the roaring Flood;  
 But could not move: her feet fast fixed stood,  
 Another, who her bosom meant to bear,  
 555 Perceiv'd her stiffen'd arms to lose their heat:  
 By chance, her hand, This stretcheth to the Main;  
 Nor could her hand, now stone, unstretch again.  
 As She her violated Tresses tare,  
 Her fingers forthwith hardned in her hair.  
 560 Their Statues now those several gestures bear,  
 Wherein they formerly surprized were.  
 Some, Fowls became; now call'd *Cadmeides*;  
 Who with their light wings sweep those gulphy Seas.  
 Little knew *Cadmus*, that his Children reign'd  
 In sacred Seas, and deathless states retain'd.  
 Subdu'd with woes, with tragical events,  
 565 That had no end, and many dire ostents,  
 He leaves his City; as not through his own,  
 But by the fortune of the place o're-thrown:  
 And with his wife *Hermione*, long tost,  
 At length arriveth at th' *Illyrian Coast*:  
 Now spent with grief and age, whilst they relate  
 570 Their former toils, and Families first fate:  
 And was that Serpent sacred, which I slew  
 (Said she) whose teeth into the Earth I threw  
 (An uncouth seed) when I from *Sidon* came?  
 If this, the vengeful Gods so much inflame,  
 575 May I my belly Serpent-like extend!  
 His belly lengthned, ere his wish could end.  
 Tough scales upon his hardned out-side grew:  
 The blacks distinguished with drops of blue.  
 Then, falling on his breast, his thighs unite;  
 580 And in a spiny progress stretch out-right.  
 His arms (for, arms as yet they were) he spreads:  
 And tears on cheeks, that yet were humane, sheds.  
 Come, O sad Soul, said he; thy husband touch;  
 Whilst I am I, or part of me be such,  
 585 Shake hands, while yet I have an hands to shake:  
 Before I totally indue a Snake.  
 His tongue was yet in motion, when it cleft  
 In two, forthwith of humane speech bereft.  
 He hift, when he his sorrows fought to vent,  
 Then onely language now which Nature lent.



- 590 His Wife her naked bosom beats, and cries,  
 Stay *Cadmus*, and put-off these prodigies:  
 O strange! where are thy feet, hands, shoulders, breast,  
 Thy color, face, and (while I speak) the rest!  
 You Gods, why also am not I a Snake?
- 595 He lickt her willing lips even as he snake?  
 Into her well-known bosom glides; her waste  
 And yielding neck, with loving twines imbrac't.  
 Amazement all the standers-by posselt;  
 While glittering combs their slippery heads invest.
- 600 Now are they two; who crept, together chain'd,  
 Till they the covert of the Wood obtain'd.  
 These gentle Dragons, knowing what they were,  
 Do hurt to no man, nor mans presence fear.  
 Yet were those sorrows, by their daughters son
- 605 Much comforted, who vanquisht *India* won:  
 To whom th' *Achaians* Temples consecrate;  
 Divinely magnify'd through either State.  
 Alone *Acrisius* *Abantiades*,  
 Those of one Progeny, dissents from these:  
 Who, from th' *Argonian* City, made him fly;  
 And manag'd arms against a Deity.
- 610 Nor him, nor *Perseus* he for *Jove's* doth hold;  
 (Begot on *Danae* in a show'r of gold)  
 Yet straight repents (so prevalent is truth)  
 Both to have forc'd the God, and doom'd the Youth.  
 Now is the one inthroned in the skies:  
 The other through Air's empty Region flies;
- 615 And bears along the memorable spoil  
 Of that new Monster; conquer'd by histoil.  
 And as he o're the *Libyan* Deserts flew; (grew  
 The blood, that dropt from *Gorgon's* head, straight  
 To various Serpents, quickned by the ground:
- 620 With these, those much infested Climes abound.  
 Higher and thither, like a Cloud of rain,  
 Born by cross winds, he cuts the airy Main;  
 Far-distant earth beholding from on high;  
 And over all the ample World doth fly:
- 625 Thrice saw cold *Arctos*, thrice to *Cancer* prest;  
 Oft hurried to the East, oft to the West.  
 And now, not trusting to approached night,  
 Upon th' *Hesperian* Continent doth light:  
 And craves some rest, till *Lucifer* displays
- 630 *Aurora's* blush, and she *Apollo's* rays,

- Huge-statur'd *Atlas* *Fapetonides*  
 Here sway'd the utmost bounds of Earth and Seas ;  
 Where *Titans* panting Steeds his Chariot steep,  
 And bathe their fiery fet-locks in the Deep.  
 635 A thousand Herds, as many Flocks, he fed  
 In those large Pastures, where no neighbors treat.  
 Here to their tree the shining branches sure ;  
 To them, their leaves ; to those, the golden fruit.  
 Great King, said *Perseus*, if high birth may move :  
 640 Respect in thee, behold the son of *Jove* :  
 If admiration, then my Acts admire ;  
 Who rest, and hospitable Rites desire :  
 He, mindful of this prophecy, of old  
 By sacred *Themis* of *Parnassus* told ;  
 In time thy golden fruit a prey shall prove,  
 645 O *Fapets* son, unto the son of *Jove*.  
 This fearing, he his Orchard had inclos'd  
 With solid Cliffs, that all access oppos'd :  
 The Guard whereof a monstrous Dragon held ;  
 And from his Land all Foreigners expel'd.  
 Be gone, said he, for fear thy glories prove  
 650 But counterfeit ; and thou no son to *Jove* :  
 Then adds uncivil violence to threats,  
 With strength the other seconds his intreats :  
 In strength inferior ; Who so strong as he ?  
 Since courtesie, nor any worth in me,  
 Vext *Perseus* said, can purchase my regard ;  
 Yet from a guest receive thy due reward.  
 655 With that, *Medusa's* ugly head he drew,  
 His own reversed. Forthwith *Atlas* grew  
 Into a Mountain equal to the Man :  
 His hair and beard, to Woods, and Bushes ran ;  
 His arms and shoulders into ridges spread ;  
 And what was his, is now the Mountains head :  
 660 Bones turn to stones ; and all his parts extrude  
 Into an huge prodigious altitude,  
 (Such was the pleasure of the ever-blest)  
 Whereon the heav'ns, with all their tapers rest.  
*Hippodates* in hollow Rocks did close  
 665 The strife-ful Winds : Bright *Lucifer* arose  
 And rous'd-up Labor. *Perseus*, having ty'd  
 His wings t' his feet, his saucion to his side,  
 Sprung into air : below, on either hand  
 Innumerable Nations left : the Land

- Of *Aethiop*, and the *Cephen* fields survey'd ;  
 670 There, where the innocently wretched Maid  
 Was for her Mothers proud impiety,  
 By unjust *Ammon* sentenced to die,  
 Whom when the Hero saw to hard Rocks chain'd,  
 But that warm tears from charged eye-springs drain'd,  
 And light winds gently fann'd her fluent hair,  
 675 He would have thought her Marble : E're aware  
 He fire attracteth ; and, astonisht by  
 Her beauty, had almost forgot to fly.  
 Who lighting said ; O fairest of thy kind  
 (More worthy of those bands which Lovers bind,  
 Then these rude gyves) the Land by thee renown'd,  
 680 Thy name, thy birth declare, and why thus bound.  
 At first the silent Virgin was afraid  
 To speak t'a Man, and modesty had made  
 A Vizard of her hands, but they were ty'd :  
 Yet what she could, her tears their fountains hide.  
 685 Still urg'd, lest he should wrong her innocence,  
 As if asham'd to utter her offence,  
 Her Country she discovers, her own name,  
 Her beauteous Mother's confidence, and blame.  
 All yet untold, the Waves began to roar :  
 Th'apparent Monster (hast'ning to the shoar)  
 690 Before his breast, the broad-spread Sea up-bears :  
 The Virgin shrieks : Her parents see their fears.  
 Both mourn, both wretched (but, she justly so-)  
 Who bring no aid, but extasies of wo,  
 With tears that suit the time : Who take the leave  
 They loath to take, and to her body cleave.  
 695 You for your grief may have, the stranger said,  
 A time too long : short is the hour of aid,  
 If freed by me, *Jove's* son, in fruitful gold  
 Begot on *Danae*, through a brazen Hold,  
 Who conquer'd *Gorgon* with the snaky hair ;  
 700 And boldly glide through un-inclosed air :  
 If for your son you then will me prefer ;  
 Add to this worth, That in delivering her,  
 I'll try (so favor me the Pow'rs divine)  
 That she, sav'd by my valor, may be mine.  
 They take a Law, intreat what he doth offer :  
 705 And further, for a Dowre their Kingdom proffer.  
 Lo! as a Gally with fore-fixed prow  
 (Row'd by the sweat of Slaves) the Sea doth plow :  
 Even

- Even so the Monster furroweth with his brest  
 The foaming flood ; and to the near Rock prest :  
 Not farther distant, then a Man might sling
- 710 A way-inforcing Bullet from a sling.  
 Forth-with, the youthful issue of rich show'rs,  
 Earth pushing from him, to the blue sky tow'rs.  
 The furious Monster eagerly doth chase  
 His shadow, gliding on the Seas smooth face.  
 And as *Jove's* Bird, when she from high surveys
- 715 A Dragon basking in *Apollo's* rays ;  
 Descends unseen, and through his necks blue scales  
 (To shun his deadly teeth) her talons nails :  
 So swiftly stoops high-pitcht *Inachides*  
 Through singing air : then on his back doth seize ;
- 720 And near his right fin sheaths his crooked sword  
 Up to the hilts ; who deeply wounded, roar'd :  
 Now capers in the air, now dives below  
 The troubled waves ; now turns upon his foe :  
 Much like a chafed Boar, whom eager Hounds  
 Have at a Bay, and terrifie with sounds,  
 He, with swift wings, his greedy jaws avoids ;
- 725 Now, with his Fauchion wounds his scaly sides ;  
 Now, his shell-rough-cast back ; now, where the tail  
 Ends in a Fish, or parts expos'd t'assail  
 A stream mixt with his blood the Monster flings  
 From his wide throat ; which wets his heavy wings :
- 730 Nor longer dares the wary Youth rely  
 On their support. He sees a Rock hard by,  
 Whose top above the quiet Waters stood,  
 But underneath the wind-incens'd flood.  
 There lights ; and, holding by the Rocks extent,  
 His oft-thrust sword into his bowels sent.
- 735 The shoar rings with th' applause that fills the sky.  
 Then, *Cepheus* and *Cassiope*, with joy,  
 Salute him for their son : whom now they call  
 The Savior of their house, and of them all.  
 Up came *Andromeda*, freed from her chains ;  
 The cause, and recompence of all his pains.
- 740 Mean-while he washeth his victorious hands  
 In cleansing waves. And lest the Beachy Sands  
 Should hurt the Snaky head, the ground he strew  
 With leaves, and twigs that under water grew :  
 Whereon, *Medusa's* ugly face he lays.  
 The green, yet juicy, and attractive sprays,

From,

- 745 From the toucht Monster stiffning hardnes took,  
 And their own native pliancy forsook.  
 The Sea-Nymphs this admired wonder try  
 On other sprigs, and in the issue joy :  
 Who sow again their Seeds upon the Deep.
- 750 The Coral now that property doth keep,  
 Receiving hardnes from felt air alone ;  
 Beneath the Sea a twig, above, a stone.  
 Forth-with, three Altars he of Turf erects,  
 To *Hermes Fove*, and her who war affects :  
*Minerva's* on the right ; on the left hand
- 755 Stood *Mercury's* : *Joves* in the midst did stand.  
 To *Mercury*, a Calf they sacrifice ;  
 To *Fove*, a Bull ; a Cow, to *Pallas* dies :  
 Then takes *Andromeda's* the full reward  
 Of so great worth ; with Dow'r of less regard.  
 Now, Love and *Hymen* urge the Nuptial bed :  
 The sacred Fires with rich perfumes are fed ;
- 760 The house hung round with Garlands ; every where  
 Melodious Harps, and Songs salute the ear ;  
 Of jocund mirth the free and happy signs :  
 With Doors display'd, the golden Palace shines :  
 The *Cephen* Nobles, and each stranger Guest,  
 Together enter to this sumptuous Feast ;
- 765 The Banquet done, with generous Wines they chear  
 Their heightned spirits : *Perseus* longs to hear  
 Their fashions, maners, and original ;  
 Who, by *Lyncides* is inform'd of all.  
 This told ; he said : Now tell, O valiant Knight,
- 770 By what felicity of force, or sleight,  
 You got this purchase of the snaky hairs,  
 Then *Abantiades* forthwith declares,  
 How under frosty *Atlas* cliffie side  
 There lay a Plain, with Mountains fortify'd ;  
 In whose access the *Phorcydes* did lie ;
- 775 Two sisters ; both of them had but one eye :  
 How cunningly his hands thereon he laid,  
 As they from one another it convey'd !  
 Then through blind wastes, and rocky forests came  
 To *Gorgon's* house : the way unto the same.
- 780 Beset with forms of men, and beasts, alone,  
 By seeing of *Medusa* turn'd to stone :  
 Whose horrid shape securely he did eye,  
 In his bright target's clear refulgency.

And

- 785 And how her head he from her shoulders took ;  
 E're heavy sleep her Snakes and her forsook.  
 Then told of *Pegasus*, and of his brother, (ther,  
 Sprung from the blood of their new-slaught'ed mo-  
 Adding the perils past in his long way ;  
 What feats, what foils, his eyes below survey ;  
 And to what stars his lofty pitch ascends ;
- 790 Yet long afore their expectation ends.  
 One Lord among the rest would gladly know,  
 Why Serpents onely on her head did grow.  
 Stranger, said he, since this that you require,  
 Deserves the knowledg, take what you desire :  
 Her passing beauty was the onely scope
- 795 Of mens affections, and their envyd hope :  
 Yet was not any part of her more rare  
 (So say they who have seen her) then her hair ;  
 Whom *Neptune* in *Minerva's* Fane comprest.  
*Jove's* daughter, with the *Agis* on her brest,
- 800 Hid her chaste blushes : and due vengeance takes,  
 In turning of the *Gorgon's* hair to Snakes,  
 Who now, to make her enemies afraid,  
 Bears in her shield the Serpents which she made.

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OVIDS



# OVIDS

## METAMORPHOSIS.

The Fifth Book.

### THE ARGUMENT.

**T**He Gorgon seen, Cepheni Statues grow :  
 So Phineus, Prætus, Polyde&, the foe  
 To Perseus praise. The fountain Hippocrene  
 By Horse-hoof rais'd. The Muses, into Nine  
 Rape-flying Birds : Picrides, to Pyes.  
 The Gods, by Typhon chas'd, themselves disguise,  
 Sad Cyane into a Fountain flows.  
 Th' ill-nurtur'd Boy a spotted Stellion grows.  
 Lov'd Arethusa thaws into a Spring.  
 Alcalaphus an Owl. Light feathers wing  
 The sweet-tongu'd Syrens, who on Waters mourn.  
 Stern Lyncus Ceres to a Lynx doth turn.

**W**Hilst the Danaëdan Hero this relates,  
 Amidst th' Assembly of the Cephen States ;  
 Exalted voices through the Palace ring :  
 Not like to theirs who at a marriage sing ;  
 But such as menace war. The Nuptial Feast,  
 Thus turn'd to tumult, to the life exprest  
 A peaceful Sea, whose brow no frown deforms,  
 Straight ruffled into billows by rude storms.  
 First Phineus, the rash Author of this war,  
 Shaking a Launce, began the deadly jar.  
 Lo, I the Man, that will upon thy life  
 Revenge, said he, the rapture of my Wife,

Nor



- Not shall thy wings, nor *Jove* in forged gold,  
 Work thy escape. About to throw : O hold !  
 Perplexed *Cepheus* cries : What wilt thou do !  
 What fury, frantick brother, tempts thee to  
 So foul a fact ? Is this the recompence  
 15 For such high merit ? For her life's defence ?  
 Not *Perseus*, but th' incens'd *Nereides*,  
 But horned *Hammon*, and the wrath of Seas  
 (That Ork that sought my bowels to devour)  
 Hath snatcht her from thee ; raviſht in the hour  
 20 Of her exposure. But thy cruelty  
 Perhaps was well content that ſhe ſhould die,  
 To eaſe thy loſs with ours. May't not ſuffice,  
 That ſhe was bound in chains before thine eyes ;  
 That thou, her Uncle, and her Husband, brought  
 Her peril no prevention, nor none ſought ;  
 But that anothers aid thou muſt envy,  
 25 And claim the Trophies of his victory ?  
 Which, if of ſuch eſteem, thou ſhouldſt have ſtrain'd  
 T' have forc'd them from thoſe Rocks, where lately  
 Let him, who did enjoy them, nor exact (chain'd.  
 What is his due by merit, and compact,  
 Nor think, we *Perseus* before thee prefer ;  
 But him, before ſo abhor'd a ſepulcher.  
 30 He without answer, rowling to and fro  
 His eyes on either, doubts at which to throw :  
 And paufing, his ill-aimed Launce at length  
 At *Perseus* hurls, with rage-redoubled ſtrength.  
 Fixt in the bed-ſtock ; up fierce *Perseus* ſtarts,  
 35 And his retorted Spear at *Phineus* darts :  
 Who ſuddenly behind an Altar ſtept ;  
 An Altar-vengeance from the wicked kept :  
 And yet in *Rhetus* brow the weapon ſtuck.  
 He fell : the ſteel out of his ſkull they pluck :  
 40 Who ſpurns the Earth, and ſtains the board with blood,  
 With that, the multitude, with fury wood,  
 Their Launces ſling ; and ſome there be, who cry,  
 That *Cephus*, and his ſon-in-law, ſhould die.  
 But *Cephus* wiſely quits the clamorous Hall ;  
 Who ſaith, and juſtice doth to record call,  
 45 With all the hospitable Gods ; that he  
 Was from this execrable uproar free.  
 The warlike *Pallas*, preſent, with her ſhield,  
 Protects her brother, and his courage ſteel'd,

- Young *Indian Atys* by ill-hap was there ;  
 Whom *Ganges*-got *Limniace* did bear  
 In her clear Waves : his beauty excellent,  
 Which care, and costly ornaments augment :  
 50 Who scarce had fully sixteen Summers told :  
 Clad in a *Tyrian* mantle, fring'd with gold.  
 About his neck he wore a carquet :  
 His hair with Riband bound, and odors wet,  
 Although he cunningly a Dart could throw ;  
 55 Yet with more cunning could he use his bow,  
 Which now a-drawing with a tardy hand ;  
 Quick *Perseus* from the Altar snatcht a Brand,  
 And dash't it on his face : out-start his eyes ;  
 And through his flesh the shiv' red bones arise.  
 60 When *Syrian Lycabas* his *Atys* view'd,  
 Shaking his formless looks, with blood imbrew'd :  
 To him in strictest bonds of friendship ty'd,  
 And one who could not his affection hide :  
 After he had his tragedy bewail'd ;  
 Who through the bitter wound his soul exhal'd :  
 He took the Bow, which erst the Youth did bend ;  
 And said ; With me, thou Murderer contend ;  
 65 Nor longer glory in a Boy's sad fate,  
 Which stains thy actions with deserved hate ;  
 Yet speaking, from the string the arrow flew :  
 Which took his plighted robe, as he withdrew,  
*Acrisioiades* upon him prest,  
 70 And sheath'd his Harpy in his groaning breast.  
 Now dying, he for *Atys* looks, with eyes  
 That swim in night ; and on his bosom lies :  
 Then chearfully expires his parting breath :  
 Rejoicing to be join'd to him in death.  
*Phorbas* the *Sycnit*, *Meibion's* son,  
 75 With him the *Libyan Amphimedon* ;  
 Eager of comb'te, slipping in the blood  
 That drencht the pavement, fell : his sword withstood  
 Their re-ascent, which through the short-ribs smote  
*Amphimedon*, and cut the others throat.  
 80 Yet *Perseus* would not venture to invade  
 The Halbertere *Eritheus* with his blade ;  
 But in both hands a Goblet high imboist,  
 And massie, took ; which at his head he tost :  
 Who vomits clotted blood ; and, tumbling down,  
 Knocks the hard pavement with his dying crown.  
 Then

- 85 Then *Polydæmon* (sprung from Goddess-born  
*Semiramis*) *Phlegias*, the unshorn  
*Elyce*, *Clytus*, *Scythian*, *Abaris*,  
And brave *Lycetus* (old *Spercheus*'s bliss)  
Fell by his hand : whose feet in triumph tread  
Upon the slaughtred bodies of the dead.  
But *Phineus*, fearing to confront his Foe  
In close assault, far off a dart doth throw :
- 90 Which led by error, did on *Ida* light ;  
A Neuter, who in vain forbore to fight.  
He, sternly frowning, thus to *Phineus* spake :  
Since you, me an unwilling party make,  
Receive the enemy whom you have made ;  
That, by a wound, a wound may be repay'd.
- 95 About to hurle the Dart, drawn from his side ;  
With loss of blood he faints, and falling dy'd.  
Then, great *Odytes* fell by *Clymentis* sword ;  
Next to the King, the greatest *Cephen* Lord.  
*Hypseus* slew *Protenor* ; *Lyncedes*  
*Hypseus*. Old *Emathion* fell with these ;
- 100 Who fear'd the Gods, and favoured the right.  
He, whom old age exempted from the fight,  
Fights with his tongue ; himself doth interpose,  
And deeply execrates their wicked blows,  
*Cromis*, as he imbrac't the Altar ; lopt  
His shaking head ; which on the Altar dropt :
- 105 Whose half-dead tongue yet curses ; and expires  
His righteous soul amidst the sacred Fires.  
Then *Broteas* and *Ammon*, *Phineus* slew ;  
Who from one womb at once their being drew :  
Invincible with hurle-bats, could they quell  
The dints of swords. Neer these *Alphytus* fell,
- 110 The Priest of *Ceres*, with a Miter crown'd ;  
Which to his temples a white fillet bound.  
And thou *Lampetides*, whose pleasant wit  
Detesting discord, in soft-peace more fit  
To sing unto thy tuneful Liré ; now prest  
With Songs to celebrate the nuptial Feast :  
When *Petalus*, at him, who stood far off,
- 115 With his defenseless Harp ; strikes with this Scoff ;  
Go sing the rest unto the Ghosts below :  
And pierc't his Temples with a deadly blow :  
His dying fingers warble in his fall :  
And then, by chance, the Song was tragical.

This

- This, unrevenged *Lycormas* could not brook ;  
 120 But from the door's right side a Leaver took,  
 And him between the head and shoulders knocks :  
 Down falls he, like a sacrificed Ox.  
*Ciniphean Palates* then fought to seize  
 Upon the left : when fierce *Marmorides*  
 125 His hand nail'd to the door-post with a Spear :  
 Whose side stern *Abas* pierc'd as he stuck there.  
 Nor could he fall, but giving up the ghost,  
 Hung by the hand against the smeared post.  
*Melaneus* then, of *Perseus* party fell ;  
 And *Dorilas*, whose riches did excel :  
 130 In *Nasæmonia* none then he more great  
 For large possessions, and huge hoards of Wheat.  
 The steel stuck in his groin, which death pursu'd :  
 Whom *Halcyoneus* of *Bactria* view'd  
 (The Author of the wound) as he did roul  
 His turn'd-up eyes, and sigh'd out his soul :  
 135 For all thy land, said he, by this divorce  
 Receive thy length, and left his bloodless corse.  
 The Spear, revengeful *Abanti'des* drew  
 From his warm wound ; and at the Thrower threw :  
 which doth his nostrils in the midst divide ;  
 And, passing through, appear'd on either side.  
 140 Whilst Fortune crown'd him, *Clytius* he confounds  
 And *Dannus*, of one womb, with different wounds :  
 Through *Clytius* thighs a ready dart he cast ;  
 Another 'twixt the jaws of *Dannus* past.  
*Mindeſian Celadon* and *Aster* slew,  
 145 His father doubtful, gotten on a Jew :  
*Echion*, late well-seen in things to come,  
 Now overtaken by an unknown doom :  
*Thoaëtes*, *Phineus* Squire, his fauchion try'd :  
 And fell *Agyries* that foul particide.  
 Yet more remain'd then were already spent :  
 For, all of them, to murder one, consent.  
 150 The bold Conspirators on all sides fight ;  
 Impugning promise, merit, and his right.  
 The vainly-pious Father sides with th' other ;  
 With him, the frighted Bride, and pensive Mother :  
 Who fill the Court with out-cries, by the sound  
 Of clashing Arms, and dying screeches drown'd.  
 155 *Bellona* the polluted floor imbrews  
 With streams of blood, and horrid war renews.

- False *Phineus*, with a thousand, in a ring  
 Begirt the Hero : who their Launces fling  
 As thick as Winters hail, that blind his fight,  
 Sing in his ears, and round about him light.
- 160 His guarded back he to a pillar sets,  
 And with undaunted force confronts their threats,  
*Chaonian Molpeus* prest to his left side :  
 The right, *Nabathean Ethemon* ply'd.  
 As when a Tyger, pinch'd with famine, hears
- 165 Two bellowing Herds within one vale, forbears.  
 Nor knows on which to rush, as being loth  
 To leave the other, and would fall on both :  
 So *Perseus*, which to strike uncertain proves,  
 Who daunted *Molpeus* with a wound removes,  
 Contented with his flight, in that the rage  
 Of fierce *Ethemon* did his force engage :
- 170 Who at his neck uncircumspectly stroke,  
 And his keen sword against the pillar broke.  
 The blade from unrelenting stone rebounds,  
 And in his throat th' unhappy owner wounds.  
 Yet was not that enough to work his end,  
 Who fearfully doth now his arms extend
- 175 For pity unto *Perseus*, all in vain,  
 Who thrust him through with his *Cyllenian* skain,  
 But, when he saw his valor over-sway'd  
 By multitude : I must, said he, seek aid  
 (Since you your selves compel me) from my foe ;
- 180 Friends turn your backs : then *Gorgons* head doth show.  
 Some others seek, said *Thessalus*, to fright  
 With this thy Monster, and with all his might  
 A deadly dart endeavor'd to have thrown :  
 But in that posture became a stone.  
 Next, *Amphix*, full of spirit, forward prest,
- 185 And thrust his sword at bold *Lyncides* brest :  
 When in the pass, his fingers stupid grow,  
 Nor had the pow'r of moving to or fro.  
 But *Nileus* (he who with a forged stile  
 Vaunted to be the son of seven-fold *Nile*,  
 And bare seven silver Rivers in his shield,  
 Distinctly waving through a golden field)
- 190 To *Perseus* said : Behold, from whence we sprung !  
 To ever-silent shadows bear a-long  
 This comfort of thy death, that thou didst die  
 By such a brave and high-born enemy.

- His utterance faultred in the latter clause :  
 The yet-unfinisht sound stuck in his jawes ;  
 Who gaping stood as he would something say :  
 And so had done, if words had found a way.
- 195 These *Eryx* blames ; 'Tis your faint souls that dead  
 Your powers, said he, and not the *Gorgon's* head.  
 Rush on with me, and prostrate with deep wounds  
 This youth, who thus with Magick arms confounds.  
 Then rushing on, the ground his foot-steps stay'd ;  
 Now mutely fixt : an armed Statue made.
- 200 These suffer'd worthily. One, who did fight  
 For *Perseus*, bold *Acontes*, at the sight  
 Of *Gorgon's* Snakes, abortive marble grew.  
 On whom *Astyagss* in fury slew.  
 As if alive, with his two handed blade :  
 Which shrilly twang'd ; but no incision made :
- 205 Who, whil'st he wonders the same nature took ;  
 And now his Statue hath a wondring look.  
 It were too tedious for me to report  
 Their names, who perisht, of the vulgar sort.  
 Two hundred scapt the fury of the fight :
- 210 Two hundred turn to stone at *Gorgon's* sight :  
 Now *Phineus* his unjust commotion rewevs :  
 What should he do ? the senseless shap'es he viewes  
 Of his known friends, which differing figures bore ;  
 And doth by name their severall ayd implore,  
 And yet not trusting to his eyes alone,  
 The next he toucht ; and found it to be stone.  
 Then turns aside : and now, a penitent,
- 215 With suppliant hands, and arms obliquely bent ;  
 O *Perseus*, thine, said he, thine is the day !  
 Remove this Monster. Hence, O hence convey  
*Medusa's* ugly looks, or what more strange,  
 Which humane bodies into marble change :  
 Not hate, not thirst of rule begot this strife :  
 I onely fought to re-obtain my wife.
- 220 Thine is the plea of Merit ; mine, of Time :  
 Yet, in contending I confess my crime.  
 For life (O chief of men) I onely sue :  
 Afford me that : the rest I yield to you,  
 Thus he ; not daring to revert his eyes  
 On him whom he intreats : who thus replies,  
 Faint-hearted *Phineus*, what I can afford,
- 225 (A gift of worth to such a fearful Lord)

Take

- Take courage, and perswade thy self I will :  
 No wounding sword thy blood should ever spill.  
 Moreover, that I may thy wish prevent,  
 Here will I fix thy lasting monument :  
 That thou by her thou lov'st may'st still be seen ;  
 And with her Spouse's image chear our Queen.
- 230 Then, on that side *Phorcynis* head doth place,  
 To which the Prince hath turn'd his trembling face.  
 And as from thence his eyes he would have thrown.  
 His neck grew stiff : his tears congeal to stone.  
 With fearful suppliant looks, submissive hands,
- 235 And guilty countenance the Statue stands.  
 Victorious *Abantiades* now hies  
 T' his native City, with the rescu'd prize :  
 There, vengeance takes on *Proteus*, and restor'd  
 His Grand-father ; whose wrongs redress implor'd,  
 For *Proteus* had by force of Arms expell'd  
 His brother ; and usurped *Argos* held.
- 240 But him, nor Arms, nor Bulwarks, could protect  
 Against the snaky Monsters grim aspect.  
 Yet not the vertue of the youth, which shone  
 Through so great toyl, nor sorrows under-gone ;  
 With thee, O *Polydectes*, king of small  
 Sea-girt *Seriphus*, could prevail at all.
- 245 Endless thy wrath, thy hate inexorable :  
 Detracting ; and condemning for a fable  
*Medusa's* death. The moved Youth replies :  
 The truth your self shall see ; Friends, shut your eyes.  
 Then represents *Medusa* to his view :  
 Who presently a bloodless Statue grew.
- 250 Thus long *Tritonia* to her brother cleaves :  
 Then in a hollow cloud *Seriphus* leaves  
 (*Seyros* and *Gyaros* on the right-hand side)  
 And o're the toyling Seas, her course apply'd  
 To *Thebes*, and Virgin *Helicon* ; there stay'd :
- 255 And thus unto the learned Sisters said.  
 The fame of your new Fountain, rays'd by force  
 Of that swift-winged *Medusean* horse,  
 Me hither drew, to see the wondrous Flood,  
 Who saw him issue from his Mothers blood.
- 260 Goddesses, *Urania* answered, what cause  
 So-euer you to this our Mansion draws,  
 You are most welcome. What you heard is true :  
 And from that *Pegasus* this Fountain grew.

Then



- Then *Pallas* to the sacred Spring convey'd,  
 Sh' admires the waters by the horse-hoof made ;  
 265 Surveys their high-grown groves, cool caves, fresh  
 And meadows painted with all sorts of flow'rs: (bow'rs,  
 Then happy stiles she the *Maenides*,  
 Both for their Arts, and such abodes as these.  
 O heav'nly Virgin! one of them reply'd,  
 270 Most worthy our society to guide,  
 If so your active virtue did not move  
 To greater deeds: deserv'dly you approve  
 Our studies, pleasant seat, and happy state;  
 Were we secure from what we chiefly hate.  
 But nothing is unlawful to the lewd:  
 And Maids by Nature are with fear inda'd.  
 The dire *Pyreneus* still invades my sight:  
 275 Nor have I yet recover'd that affright.  
 He, *Daulis* with all *Phocis* had obtain'd  
 By *Thracian* Armes; there unjustly reign'd:  
 Bound for *Parnassus* Temple, us he spies;  
 And with false zeal adores our Deities.  
 280 *Maenides*, saith he, (he knew us well)  
 While sad stars govern, and show'rs fall (then fell  
 By chance a mighty show'r) vouchsafe I pray  
 Beneath the shelter of my roof to stay:  
 The Gods have entred humble Cottages.  
 Urg'd by the weather, and such words as these,  
 We to his importunity assent;  
 And yet no farther then the Lobby went.  
 285 It now held up: the vanquisht South-winds fly  
 Before the North; which purge the dusky sky.  
 Prest to depart; he shuts the door, prepares  
 To offer force: with wings we scape his snares.  
 He presently the highest tow'r ascends;  
 And, as he would have flown, his body bends:  
 290 The way you go, said he, will I pursue,  
 And from the battlements himself he threw:  
 Who falling, strikes the earth with dash't-out brains,  
 Which with his wicked blood, he dying stains.  
 The Muse yet spake, when wings were heard to clat-  
 295 And from high trees saluting voices chatter. (ter,  
*Jove's* daughter wonders, and inquires from whence  
 Those voices came, including humane sense.  
 Not men, but nine all-imitating Pies;  
 Bewailing their deserved destines,

- 300 The Goddess to th' admiring Goddess said;  
 They, foil'd by us, by us were thus repaid.  
*Pierus*, who rich *Pella* held by lot,  
 These on *Pæonian Evippe* got.  
 Nine times she on *Lucina* call'd aloud :
- 305 The foolish sisters of their number proud,  
 Through all *Emonia* and *Achaia* came;  
 And thus uncivilly they strife proclaim.  
*Thespiodes*, th' unlearned multitude  
 No more with your vain harmony delude :  
 But cope with us (if hope excite you will)
- 310 As many ; yet unmatcht, for voice, or skill.  
 Surrender you to us, if we excel,  
*Hyantian Aganip*, and *Gorgon's Well* :  
 Th' *Ematian Woods* to snowy *Pæone*  
 Shall pay our loss. The Nymphs our judges be.
- 315 A shame it was to strive : more shame it were  
 To yield. The Nymphs by their own rivers swear :  
 And sit on benches made of living stone.  
 Then, un-elected, rudely steps forth one,  
 Who sung the Giants war : their feigned ads
- 320 She magnifies, and from the Gods detraçs.  
 Now *Typhon*, from earth's gloomy intrails rais'd,  
 Struck all their pow'rs with fear : who fled amaz'd,  
 Till *Egypt* scorched soil the weary hides ;  
 And wealthy *Nile*, who in seven chanel's glides.
- 325 That thither Earth-born *Typhon* them pursu'd :  
 When as the Gods concealing shapes indu'd.  
*Jove* turn'd himself, she said, into a Ram :  
 From whence the horns of *Libyan Hammon* came,  
*Bacchus* a Goat, *Apollo* was a Crow,
- 330 *Phæbe* a Cat, *Jove's* wife a Cow of snow :  
*Venus* a Fish, a Stork did *Hermes* hide :  
 And still her voice unto her Harp apply'd.  
 Then call they us. But, ours perhaps to hear,  
 Nor leasure serves you, nor is't worth your ear.
- 335 Doubt not, said *Pallas*, orderly repeat  
 Your long'd-for Verse, and takes a shady seat.  
 Then she ; On one we did the task impose :  
*Calliope*, with Ivy crown'd, up-rose ;  
 Who with her thumb first tun'd the quav'ring strings,
- 340 And then this Ditty to the musick sings.  
 The gleab, with crooked plough, first *Ceres* rent ;  
 First gave us corn, a better nourishment,

- First Laws perscrib'd : all from her bounty sprung.  
 By me the Goddess *Ceres* shall be sung.  
 Would We could Verses, worthy her, rehearse :
- 345 For she is more then worthy of our Verse.  
*Trinacria* was on wicked *Typhon* thrown ;  
 Who underneath the Ilands waight doth groan ;  
 That durst affect the Empire of the skies :  
 Oft he attempteth, but in vain, to rise.
- 350 *Ausonian Pelorus* his right hand  
 Down waighs ; *Pachyne* on the left doth stand ;  
 His legs are under *Lilibæus* spread ;  
 And *Ætna's* bases charge his horrid head :  
 Where, lying on his back, his jaws expire  
 Thick clouds of dust, and vomit flakes of fire.  
 Oft times he struggles with his load below :
- 355 And Towns, and Mountains labours to ore-throw.  
 Earth quakes therewith : the King of shadows dreads,  
 For fear the ground should split above their heads,  
 And let-in Day, t' affright the trembling Ghosts.  
 For this, he from his silent Empire posts,
- 360 Drawn by black horses ; tracing all the Round  
 Of rich *Sicilia* ; but, no breaches found.  
 Him *Erycina* from her Mount survey'd  
 (Now fearless) and, her son imbracing, said,
- 365 My Arms, my strength, my glory ; for my sake,  
 O *Cupid*, thy all-conquering weapons take ;  
 And fix thy winged arrows in his heart,  
 Who rules the triple world's inferior part.  
 The Gods, even *Jove* himself ; the God of waves :
- 370 And who illustrates earth have been thy slaves.  
 Shall Hell be free ? Thine, and thy mother's Sway  
 Inlarge, and make th' infernal Power's obey.  
 Yet we (such is our patience !) are despis'd  
 In our own heaven ; and all our force unpriz'd.
- 375 Seest thou not *Pallas* and the Queen of Night,  
 Far darting *Dian* ; how my worth they slight ?  
 And *Ceres* daughter will a Maid abide,  
 If we permit ; for she affects their pride.  
 But, if thou favor our joynt Mornarchy,  
 Thy Uncle to the Virgin-Goddess, tie.  
 Thus *Venus*. He his Quiver doth unclose ;
- 380 And one, out of a thousand arrows, chose  
 At her arbitrement : a sharper head  
 None had ; more ready, or that surer sped.

Then

- Then bends his bow: the string t'his ear arives,  
 And through the heart of *Dis* the arrow drives.
- 385 Nor far remov'd from *Enna's* high-built wall,  
 A Lake there is which men *Pergusa* call.  
*Cayster's* slowly-gliding waters bear  
 Far fewer singing Swans then are heard there.  
 Woods crown the Lake, and cloath it round about
- 390 With leavy veils, which *Phæbus* beams keep-out.  
 The trees creat fresh ayr, th' Earth various flowers:  
 Where heat nor cold th' eternal Spring devoures.  
 Whil'st in this grove *Proserpina* disports,  
 Or Violets pulls, or Lillies of all sorts;  
 And while she strove with childish care and speed,  
 To fill her lap, and others to exceed;
- 395 *Dis* saw, affected, carried her away,  
 Almost at once. Love could not brook delay,  
 The sad-fac't Goddess cries (with fear appall'd)  
 To her Companions; oft her Mother call'd.  
 And as she tore th' adornment of her hair,  
 Down fell the flow'rs which in her lap she bare.
- 400 And such was her sweet Youth's simplicity,  
 That their loss also made the Virgin cry.  
 The Ravisher flies on swift wheels; his horses  
 Excites by name, and their full speed inforces:  
 Shaking for haste the rust-obscur'd rains  
 Upon their cole-black necks, and shaggy mains
- 405 Through Lakes, through the *Palici*, which expire  
 A sulph'rous breath; through earth ingendring fire,  
 They pass to where *Corinthian Bacchides*  
 His City built between unequal Seas.  
 The Land t'wixt *Arethusa* and *Cyane*
- 410 With stretcht-out horns begirts th' included Sea.  
 Here *Cyane*, who gave the Lake a name,  
 Amongst *Sicilian Nymphs* of special fame,  
 Her head advanc't: who did the Goddess know;  
 And boldly said, You shall not farther go;
- 415 Nor can you be unwilling *Ceres* son:  
 What you compel, perswasion should have won,  
 If humble things I may compare with great;  
*Anapis* lov'd me: yet did he intreat;  
 And me, not frighted thus, espous'd. This said,  
 With out-stretcht arms his farther passage staid.
- 420 His wrath no longer *Pluto* could restrain;  
 But gives his terror-striking Steeds the rein;

And with his Regal Mace, through the profound  
 And yielding water, cleaves the solid ground ;  
 The breach t' infernal *Tartarus* extends :  
 At whose dark jaws the Chariot descends.

425 But *Cyane* the Goddess Rape laments ;  
 And her own injur'd Spring ; whose discontents  
 Admit no comfort : in her heart she bears  
 Her silent sorrow : now, resolves to tears ;  
 And with that Fountain doth incorporate,  
 Whereof th' immortal Deity but late.

Her softned members thaw into a dew,  
 430 Her nails less hard, her bones now limber grew.  
 The slender st parts melt away : her hair  
 Fine fingers, legs, and feet ; that soon impair,  
 And drop to streams : then, arms, back, shoulders, side,

435 And bosom, into little Currents glide,  
 Water in stead of blood, fills her pale veins :  
 And nothing now, that may be grasp'd, remains.  
 Mean-while, through all the Earth, and all the Main  
 The fearful Mother sought her child in vain.

440 Not dewy-hair'd *Aurora*, when she rose,  
 Nor *Hesperus* could witness her repose,  
 Two pitchy Pines at flaming *Etna* lights ;  
 And restless, carries them through freezing Nights :

Again, when Day the vanquish'd Stars suppress,  
 445 Her vanish'd comfort seeks from East to West.  
 Thirsty with travel, and no Fountain nigh,  
 A Cottage thatch'd with Straw invites her eye,  
 At th' humble gate she knocks : An old Wife shews  
 Her self thereat ; and seeing her, bestows

450 The water so desir'd ; which she before  
 Had boyld with Barley. Drinking at the door,  
 A rude hard-favour'd Boy beside her stood,  
 Who laugh'd, and call'd her Greedy-gut. Her blood  
 Inflam'd with anger, what remain'd she threw

455 Full in his face ; which forthwith speckled grew.  
 His arms convert to legs ; a tail withal  
 Spins from his changed shape : of body smally  
 Left he might prove too great a foe to life :  
 Though less, yet like a Lizard, th' aged Wife  
 (That wonders, weeps, and fears to touch it) shuns,

460 And presently into a crevice runs,  
 Fit to his colour they a name elect ;  
 With sundry little stars all-over speckt,

What

- What Lands, what Seas, the goddess wandred through  
 Were long to tell: Earth had not room enough.  
 To *Sicil* she returns: where ere she goes,  
 465 Inquires, and came where *Cyane* now flows.  
 She, had she not been changed, all had told;  
 Now, wants a tongue her knowledge to unfold:  
 Yet, to the Mother, of her Daughter gave  
 A certain sign: who bore upon a wave  
 470 *Persephone's* rich zone; that from her fell,  
 When through the sacred Spring, she sunk to Hell.  
 This seen, and known; as but then lost, she tare,  
 Without self-pity, her dishevel'd hair;  
 And with redoubled blows her breast invades:  
 Nor knows what Land t' accuse, yet all upbraids;  
 475 Ingrate, unworthy with her gifts t' abound:  
*Trinacria* chiefly; where the steps she found  
 Of her misfortunes, Therefore there she brake  
 The furrowing plough; the Ox and owner strake  
 Both with one death; then, bad the fields beguile  
 480 The trust impos'd, shrunk seed corrupts. That soile,  
 So celebrated for fertility,  
 Now barren grew: corn in the blade doth die.  
 Now, too much drouth annoyes; now, lodging showers:  
 Stars smitch, winds blast. The greedy Fowl devoures  
 485 The new-sown grain: Kintare, and Darnel tire  
 The feter'd Wheat; and Quitch that through it spire.  
 In *Elean* waves *Alpheus* Love appear'd;  
 And from her dropping hair her fore-head clear'd:  
 O Mother of that far-sought Maid, thou friend  
 490 To life, said she; here let thy labour end:  
 To be offended with thy faithful Land;  
 That blameless is, nor could her Rape withstand.  
 I, here a guest, not for my Countrey plead:  
 My Countrey *Pisa* is, in *Elis* bred;  
 And as an Alien, in *Sicania* dwell:  
 495 But yet no Countrey pleaseth me so well.  
 I, *Arethusa*, now these Springs possess:  
 This is my seat: which, courteous Goddess blest,  
 Why I affect this place, t' *Orygia* came  
 Through such vast Seas; I shall impart the same  
 500 To your desire; when you, more fit to hear,  
 Shall quit your care, and be of better cheer.  
 Earth give me way, through whose dark caverns rold  
 I here ascend; and long-mist stars behold,

While under ground by *Styx* my waters glide;  
 305 Your sweet *Proserpina*-I there espy'd;  
 Full sad she was : even then you might have seen  
 Fear in her face : and yet she is a Queen ;  
 And yet she in that gloomy Empire swayes.  
 And yet her will th' infernal king obayes.

Stone-like stood *Ceres* at this heavy newes ;  
 510 And, staring, long continued in a muse.  
 When grief had quickned her stupidity,  
 She took her Chariot, and ascends the skie :  
 There, veiled all in clouds, with scattered hair,  
 She kneels to *Jupiter*, and made this pray'r ;

515 Both for my blood and thine, O *Jove*, I sue :  
 If I be nothing gracious, yet do you  
 A Father to your Daughter prove ; nor be  
 Your care the less, because she sprung from me.  
 Lo, she at length is found, long sought through all  
 The spacious World ; if you a Finding call  
 What more the loss assures : but if, to know

520 Her being, be to Find, I have found her so.  
 And yet I would the injury remit,  
 So he the stoln restore : Twere most unfit  
 That holy *Hymen* should thy daughter joyn  
 Unto a Thief ; although she were not mine.

Then *Jove* : the pledge is mutual, and these cares  
 To either equal : Yet this deed declares  
 525 Much love, mis-called wrong : nor should we shame,  
 Of such a son, could you but think the same.  
 All wants suppose, can he be less than great,  
 And be *Jove's* brother ? What when all compleat ?  
 I, but prefer'd by lot ? Or if you burn

530 In endleſſe spleen ; Let *Proserpine* return :  
 On this condition, That she yet have ta'ne  
 No sustenance : so Destinies ordain.

To fetch her daughter, *Ceres* posts in haste :  
 But, Fates with-stood : the Maid had broke her fast.  
 535 For, wandering in the Ort-yard simply she  
 Pluckt a Pomegrannat from the stooping Tree ;  
 Thence took seven grains, and eats them one by one :  
 Observed by *Alectaphus* alone ;  
 Whom *Acheron* on *Orpheus* erst begot  
 In pitchy Caves : a Dame of special note.

540 Amongst th' *Avernal* Nymyhs, This utter'd, stayd  
 The sighing Queen of *Erebus*, who made



- The Blab a Bird : with waves of *Phlegeton*  
 His face besprinkles ; plume appears thereon,  
 Crookt beak, and broader eyes : the shape he had  
 545 He lost, forthwith in yellow feathers clad.  
 His head o're-siz'd, his long nails talons prove ;  
 His winged arms for laziness scarce move :  
 A filthy, ever ill-prefaging Fowl,  
 To Mortals ominous : a screeching Owl.  
 550 Yet was the punishment no more then due  
 To his offence. But how offended you  
*Acheloides*, that wings and claws disgrace  
 Your goodly forms, yet keep your Virgin-face ?  
 Was it, you *Sirens*, that your deathless Powers  
 555 Were with the Goddesses when she gathered flow'rs ?  
 Whom when through all the earth you sought in vain,  
 You wish'd for wings to fly upon the Main.  
 That pathless Seas might testify your care :  
 The easie Gods consented to your pray'r.  
 560 Streight, golden feathers on your Backs appear :  
 But, lest that musick, fram'd to inchant the ear,  
 And so great gifts of speech should be profain'd ;  
 Your Virgin-looks, and humane voyce remain'd.  
 But *Jove*, his sister's discontent to chear,  
 565 Between her, and his Brother parts the year.  
 The goddesses now in either Empire sways :  
 Six months with *Ceres*, six with *Pluto* staves,  
*Proserpina* then chang'd her mind, and look,  
 (Late such as fullen *Dis* could hardly brook)  
 570 And clear'd her brows ; as *Sol*, obscur'd in shrowds  
 Of exhalations, breaks through vanquisht cloud.  
 Pleas'd *Ceres* now bade *Arethusa* tell  
 Her cause of flight : and why a sacred Well ?  
 Th' obsequious waters left their murmuring :  
 The Goddesses then above the Chrystal Spring  
 575 Her head advanc't ; and wringing her green hairs,  
 She thus *Alpheus* ancient love declares.  
 I, of *Achaia* once a Nymph : none more  
 The Chace affect'd, or t' intoyl the Bore.  
 580 By beauty though I never sought for fame :  
 Though masculine ; of fair I bare the name.  
 Nor took I pleasure in my praised face,  
 Which others value as their only grace :  
 But, simple, was ashamed to excel ;  
 And thought it infamy to please too-well.

- 585 As from *Stymphalian* woods I made retreat  
 ('Twas hot, and labour had increast the heat)  
 When well-nigh tyr'd ; a silent stream I found,  
 All eddilefs, perfpicuous to the ground :  
 Through which you every pebble might have seen ;  
 And ran, as if it had no River been.  
 590 The Poplar, and the hoary Willow, fed  
 By bordering streams, their grateful shadow spread.  
 In this cool Rivulet my foot I dipt ;  
 Then knee-deep wade : nor so content, unstript  
 My self forth-with ; upon a Sallow stood  
 My Robe I hung, and leapt into the flood.  
 595 Where, while I swim, and labour to and fro  
 A thousand ways, with arms that swiftly row,  
 I from the bottom heard an unknown tongue ;  
 And frighted, to the higher margent sprung,  
 Whither so fast, O *Arethusa* ! twice  
 600 Out-cry'd *Alpheus*, with a hollow voice,  
 Unclothed as I was, I fled for fear  
 (For, on the other side my garments were)  
 The faster followed he, the more did burn ;  
 Who naked, seem the readier for his turn.  
 605 As trembling Doves the eager Hawks eschew ;  
 As eager Hawks the trembling Doves pursue ;  
 I fled, He followed, To *Orchomenus*,  
*Psophas*, *Cyllene*, high brow'd *Menalaus*,  
 Cold *Erymanthus*, and to *Elis*, I  
 My flight maintained ; nor could he come ny :  
 610 But, far unable to hold out so long ;  
 He, patient of much labour, and more strong,  
 And yet o're Plains, o're woody hills I fled,  
 And craggy Rocks, where foot did never tread,  
 The Sun was at our backs : before my feet  
 615 I saw his shadow ; or my fear did see't.  
 How-ere his sounding steps, and thick drawn breath  
 That fann'd my hair, afrighted me to death.  
 Stark tyr'd, I cry'd : Ah caught ! help (O forlorn !)  
*Diana* help thy Squire, who oft have born  
 620 Thy Bow and Quiver ! Mov'd at my request,  
 With muffling clouds she cover'd the distress.  
 The River seeks me in that pitchy shroud,  
 And searches round about the hollow cloud :  
 Twice came to where *Diana* me did hide ;  
 625 And twice he to *Arethusa* cry'd,

Then

- Then what a heart had I! the Lamb so fears  
 When howling Wolves about the Fold she hears  
 So heartless Hare, when trailing Hounds draw nye  
 630 Her sented Form; nor dares to move an eye.  
 Nor went he on, in that he could not trace  
 My further steps: but guards the cloud and, place.  
 Cold sweats my then-besieged limbs possess:  
 In thin thick-falling drops my strength decreaseth.  
 Where-ere I step, streams run; my hair now fell  
 635 In trickling dew; and sooner then I tell  
 My destiny, into a Flood I grew.  
 The River his beloved waters knew;  
 And, putting off th' assumed shape of man,  
 Resumes his own; and in my Current ran.  
 Chaste *Delia* cleft the ground. Then, through blind  
 640 To lov'd *Ortygia* she conducts my waves; (Caves  
 Affected for her name: where first I take  
 Review of day. This, *Aresusa* spake.  
 The fertil Goddess to her Chariot chains  
 Her yoked Dragons, checkt with stubborn rains:  
 Her course, 'twixt heaven and earth, to *Athen's* bends;  
 645 And to *Triptolemus* her Chariot sends.  
 Part of the seed she gave, she bade him throw  
 On untill'd Earth; part on the till'd to sow.  
 O're *Europe*, and the *Asian* soyl convey'd,  
 The Youth to *Scythia* turns; where *Lyncus* sways;  
 650 His Court he enters. Askt what way he came,  
 20 His cause of coming, Country, and his name:  
*Triptolemus* men call me, he reply'd;  
 And in renowned *Athen's* I reside.  
 No ship through toyling Seas me hither bare;  
 Nor over land came I; but through the ayr.  
 655 I bring you *Ceres* gift: which sown in fields,  
 Corn-bearing crops (a better feeding) yields.  
 The barbarous Kings envies it: and, that he  
 The Author of so great a good might be,  
 Gives entertainment: but, when sleep oppress  
 His heavy eyes, with steel attempts his brest.  
 660 Whom *Ceres* turns t' a *Lynx*: and home-wards makes  
 The young *Mopsopian* drive her sacred Snakes.  
 Our Chief coucluded here her learned Layes,  
 The Nymphs, with one consent, give us the Bayes.  
 665 The vanquish'd rail. To whom the Muse: Since you  
 Esteem it nothing to deserve the due.

- To your coutention, but must add foul words  
 To your ill deeds; nor this your pride affords  
 Our patience room : we'll wreak it on your heads,  
 And tread the path which Indignation leads.  
 The *Pæons* laugh, and our sharp threats despise.  
 670 About to scold, and with disgraceful noise  
 To clap their hands ; they saw the feathers sprout  
 Beneath their nails, and clothe their arms throughout:  
 Hard nebs in one another's faces spie;  
 And now, new Birds, into the Forrest flie.  
 675 These sylvan Scoulds, as they their arms prepare  
 To beat their bosomes ; mount, and hang in ayr,  
 Who yet retain their ancient eloquence ;  
 Full of hash chat, and prating without sense.

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**OVIDS**

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# OVIDS

## METAMORPHOSIS.

### The Sixth BOOK.

#### THE ARGUMENT.

**P**allas an old Wife. Hargbry thoughts o're-throw  
 Hæmus and Rodophe; who Mountains grow.  
 The Pigmy a Crane. Antigone becomes  
 A Stork. A statue Cyneras in tombs  
 His impious Daughters, stones. In various shapes  
 The Gods commit adulteries and rapes.  
 Arachne, a spider. Niobe yet drowns  
 Her Marble cheeks in tears. Uncivil Clowns  
 Are curst to Frogs. From tears clear Marfyas flows.  
 His Ivory shoulder new-made Pelops shoves.  
 Progne, a Swallow; sign'd with murders stains.  
 Sad Philomel to secret night complains.  
 Rage to a Lapwing turns th' Odrisian King.  
 Calais and Zetes native feather wing.

**T**Ritonia to the Muse attention lends:  
 Who both her Verse, and just revenge commends;  
 Then said t' her self: To praise is of no worth:  
 Let our revengeful Power our praise set forth.  
 5 Intends *Arachnes* ruine. She, she heard,  
 Before her curious webs, her own preferr'd,  
 nor dwelling, nor her nation fame impart  
 Unto the Damsel, but excelling Art.  
 Deriv'd from *Colophonian Idmonds* side;  
 Who thirsty Wooll in *Phœcian* purple dide.

- 10 Her Mother (who had paid her debt to fate)  
 Was also mean, and equal to her mate.  
 Yet through the *Lydian* towns her praise was spread;  
 Though poor her birth, in poor *Hypæpa* bred.  
 The Nymphs of *Tmolus* oft their Vines forsook;  
 15 The flock *Pæolian* Nymphs their streams; and look  
 On her rare works: nor more delight in viewing  
 The done (done with such grace) then when adorning.  
 Whether she Orb-like roul the ruder wooll;  
 20 Or, finely finger'd, the selected cull;  
 Or draw it into cloud-resembling flakes;  
 Or equal twine with swift-turn'd spindle makes;  
 Or with her lively-painting Needle wrought:  
 You might perceive she was by *Pallas* taught.  
 Yet such a Mistress her proud thoughts disclaim:  
 25 Let her with me contend; if soyl'd, no shame  
 (Said she) nor punishment will I refuse.  
*Pallas*, forth-with, and old-wives shape indues:  
 Her hair all white; her limbs, appearing weak,  
 A staff supports: who thus began to speak.  
 Old Age hath something which we need not shun:  
 Experience by long tract of time is won.  
 30 Scorn not advice: with Dames of humane race  
 Contend for fame, but give a Goddess place.  
 Crave pardon, and she will thy crime remit.  
 With eyes confessing rage, and ey-brows knit,  
 35 (Her labour-leaving hands scarce held from strokes)  
 She, masked *Pallas* with these words provokes.  
 Old Fool, that dot'st with age; to whom long-life  
 Is now a curse: thy Daughter, or Sons Wife,  
 (If thou hast either) taught be they by this:  
 40 My wisdom, for thy self, sufficient is.  
 And lest thy counsel should an int'rest claime  
 In my diversion, I abide the same.  
 Why comes she not? why tryal thus delays?  
 She comes, said *Pallas*, and her self displays,  
 Nymphs, and *Mygdonian* Dames the Power adore:  
 45 Only the Maid her self undaunted bore:  
 And yet she blusht; against her will the red  
 Flusht in her cheeks, and thence as swiftly fled.  
 Even so the purple Morning paints the skies:  
 And so they whiten at the Suns uprise.  
 50 Who now, as desperately obstinate,  
 Praise ill affecting, runs on her own fate.

- No more *Joves* daughter labours to dissuade ;  
 No more refuseth ; nor the strife delayd.  
 But settle to their tasks apart : both spread  
 At once their warps, consisting of fine thread,  
 55 Ty'd to their beams : a reed the thred divides,  
 Through which the quick-returning shuttle glides,  
 Shot by swift hands. The combs inserted tooth  
 Between the warp suppress the rising woof :  
 Strif less'ning toyl. With skirts tuckt to their waste.  
 60 Both move their cunning arms with nimble haste.  
 Here crimson dyde in *Tirian* brass they weave :  
 The scarce distinguish'd shadows sighe deceave.  
 So watry clouds, guid by *Apollo*, shew ;  
 The vast sky painted with a mighey Bow :  
 65 Where though a thousand several colours shine,  
 No eye their close transition can define :  
 The next, the same so clearly represents ;  
 As by degrees, scarce sensible, dissents.  
 Through-out imbelished with du&il gold :  
 And both reviv'd antiquities unfold.  
 70 *Pallas*, in *Athens*, *Mars's* Rock doth frame :  
 And that old strife about the Cities name.  
 Twice six *Cœlestials* sit inthron'd on high,  
 Repleat with awe-insufing gravity :  
*Jove* in the midst. The suted figures took  
 75 Their lively forms : *Jove* had a royal look.  
 The Sea-god stood, and with his Trident strake.  
 The cleaving Rock, from whence a fountain brake :  
 Whereon he grounds his claim, With spear and shield.  
 Her self she arms : her head a murrion shield :  
 80 Her brest her *Eggs* guards. Her Launcethe ground :  
 Appears to strike ; and from that pregnant wound  
 The hoary Olive, charg'd with fruit ascends.  
 The Gods admire : with victory she ends.  
 Yet she, to show the Rival of her praise  
 What hopes to cherish for such bold assaies,  
 85 Adds four contentions in the utmost bounds.  
 Of every angle, wrought in little rounds.  
 One, *Thracian*, *Rhedope* and *Hemus* shewes,  
 Now Mountains, topt with never melting snows,  
 Once humane bodies : who durst emulate  
 The blest *Cœlestials*, both in stile, and state.  
 The next contains the miserable doom,  
 90 Of that *Pygmean* matron, over-come.



By *Juno* made a Crane, and forc't to jar  
 With her own nation in perpetual war.  
 A third presents *Antigone*, who strove  
 For unmatched beauty with the Wife of *Jove*.

- 95 Nor *Ilium*, nor *Laomedon* her fire,  
 Prevail'd with violent *Saturnia's* ire.  
 Turn'd to a Stork, who, with white pinions rais'd.  
 Is ever by her creaking Bill self-prais'd.  
 In the last circle *Cynarus* was plac'd;  
 Who charg'd with grief, the Temple stairs imbrac't;  
 (Of late his Daughters by their pride o're-thrown)

- 100 Appear to weep, and grovel on the stone.  
 The web a wreath of peaceful Olive bounds:  
 And her own tree her work both ends and crowns.

*Arachne* weaves *Europa's* rape by *Jove*:

The Bull appears to live, the Sea to move.

- 105 Back to the shore she casts a heavy eye;  
 To her distracted damsels seems to cry:  
 And from the sprinkling waves, that skip to meet  
 With such a burden, shrinks her trembling feet.  
*Asteria* there a struggling Eagle preſt:  
 A Swan here spreads his wings o're *Leda's* breast,

- 110 *Jove*, Satyr-like, *Antiope* compels;  
 Whole fruitful womb with double issue swells:  
*Amphytria* for *Alcmena's* love became:  
 A shower for *Danae*; for *Egina* flame:  
 For beautiful *Mnemosyne* he takes  
 A shepherd's form; for *Deio's* a Snake.

- 115 Thee also, *Neptune*, like a lustful Steer,  
 She makes the fair *Eolian* Virgin bear:  
 And get th' *Aloides* in *Enepe's* shape:  
 Now turn'd t' a Ram in sad *Bisaltis* rape.  
 The gold-hair'd mother of life-strengthening seed,  
 The snake-hair'd mother of the winged Steed,

- 120 Found thee a Stallion: thee *Melanthe* finds  
 A Delphin. She to every form assigns  
 Like-equal looks; to every place the same.  
 Aspeæ. A herdsman *Phæbus* here became;  
 A Lyon now; now Falcons wings displays:  
*Macarean Issa* shepherd-like betrays.

- 125 *Liber*, a Grape, *Erigone* compest:  
 And *Saturn*, horse-like *Chiron* gets, half-beast.  
 About her web a curious trail designs:  
 Flowers intermixt with clasping Ivy twines.

Not *Pallas* this, nor *Envy* this reproves :

- 130 Her fair success the vex'd *Virago* moves ;  
 Who teers the web, with crimes celestial fraught :  
 With shuttle from *Cytorian* Mountains brought,  
*Arachne* thrice upon the fore-head smote.  
 Her great heart brooks it not. About her throat
- 135 An halter knits. Remorseful *Pallas* staid  
 Her falling weight ; Live wretch, yet hang, she said.  
 This curse (least of succeeding times secure)  
 Still to thy issue, and their race, indure.
- 140 Sprinkled with *Hecat's* bateful weeds, her hair  
 She forthwith sheds : her nose and ears impair ;  
 Her head grows little ; her whole body so ;  
 Her thighs and legs to spiny fingers grow :  
 The rest all belly. Whence a threed she sends :
- 145 And now, a Spider, her old webs extends.  
 All *Lydia* storms ; the same through *Phrygia* rung :  
 And gave an argument to every tongue.  
 Her, *Niobe* had known ; when she a maid,  
 In *Sipylus*, and in *Mæonia* staid.
- 150 Yet slights that home example : still rebels  
 Against the Gods ; and with proud language swells.  
 Much made her haughty. Yet *Amphion's* town,  
 Their high descents ; nor glory of a crown :  
 So pleas'd her (though she pleas'd her self in all)
- 155 As her fair race. We *Niobe* might call  
 The happiest mother that yet ever brought  
 Life unto light ; had not her self so thought.  
*Tiresian Manto*, in presages skill'd,  
 The streets, inspir'd by holy fury, fill'd  
 With these exhort : *Ismenides*, prepare :
- 160 To great *Latona*, and her Twins, with prayer  
 Mix sweet perfumes ; your brows with Laurel bind !  
 By me *Latona* bids. The *Thebans* wind  
 About their temples the commanded Bay :  
 And sacred fires, with incense feeding, pray.
- 165 Behold, the Queen in height of state appears :  
 A *Phrygian* mantle, weav'd with gold, she wears :  
 Her face, as much as rage would suffer, fair.  
 She stops ; and shaking her dishevel'd hair,  
 The godly troop with haughty eyes survey's.
- 170 What madness is it unseen God (she says)  
 Before the seen Celestials to prefer ?  
 Or, while I Altars want, to worship her ?

- Me *Tantalus* (alone allow'd to feast  
 In heav'n) begot; my mother not the least-  
*Pleias*; greatest *Atlas* fire to those,  
 175 On whose high shoulders all the stars repose.  
*Jove* is my mothers Grandfather; and he  
 My father-in-law: a double grace to me.  
 Me *Phrygia*, *Cadmus* kingdoms me obey:  
 My husbands harp-rai'd walls me jointly sway.  
 180 Through-out my Court behold in every place,  
 Infinite riches! add to this, a face  
 Worthy a Goddess. Then, to crown my joys,  
 Seven beauteous daughters, and as many boys:  
 All these by marriage to be multiply'd.  
 Behold, have we not reason for our pride?  
 185 Dare you *Latona* then, by *Cæus* got,  
 Before me place? to whom a little spot  
 The ample Earth deny'd r' unlade her womb?  
 Heav'n, Earth, nor Seas, afford your Goddess room:  
 A Vagabond, till *Delos* harbor gave,  
 190 Thou wandrest on the land, I on the wave,  
 It said; and granted an unstable place.  
 She brought forth two; the seventh part of my race.  
 I happy am: who doubts? So will abide:  
 Or who doubts that? with plenty fortify'd.  
 195 My state too great for fortune to bereave:  
 Though much she ravish, yet much more must leave.  
 My blessings are above low fear. Suppose  
 Some of my hopeful sons this people lose,  
 They cannot be reduced to so few.  
 200 Off with your Bays; these idle Rites eschew.  
 They put them off; the sacrifice forbore:  
 And yet *Latona* silently adore.  
 As much as free from barrenness, so much  
 Disdain and grief th' enraged Goddess touch.  
 205 Who on the top of *Cynibus* thus begins,  
 To vent her passion to her sacred Twins.  
 Lo I, your mother, proud in you alone;  
 (Excepting *Funo*, second unto none)  
 Am question'd if a Goddess, and must lose,  
 210 If you assist not, all religious dews.  
 Nor is this all; that curst *Tantalian* Seed  
 Adds foul reproaches to her impious deed.  
 She dares her children before you prefer:  
 And calls me childless; may it light on her!

Whose

- Whose wicked words her fathers tongue declare,  
 215 About to second her report with prayer ;  
 Peace, *Phæbus* said, complaint too long delays  
 Conceiv'd revenge ; the same vext *Phæbe* says.  
 Then swiftly through the yielding air they glide  
 To *Cadmus* tow'rs ; in clouds their glories hide,  
 A spacious plain before the City lies,  
 Made dusty with the daily exercise  
 220 Of trampling hoofs ; by Brifeful Chariots trackt  
 Part of *Amphion's* active sons here backt  
 High-bounding Steeds ; whose rich caparifon  
 With scarlet blusht, with gold their bridles shone.  
 225 *Ismerus*, from her womb who first did spring,  
 As with his ready horse he beats a ring,  
 And che ks his foamy jaws ; ay me ! out cries ;  
 While through his groaning brest an arrow flies :  
 His bridle slackning with his dying force,  
 230 He leasurely sinks side-long from his horse.  
 Next, *Sipbilus* from clashing quiver flies  
 With slackned reyns : as when a Pilot spies  
 A growing storm ; and, lest the gentle gale  
 Should scape besides him, claps on all his sail.  
 235 His haft th' inevitable bow o're-took,  
 And through his throat the deadly arrow strook,  
 Who, by the horses mane, and speedy thighs,  
 Drops head-long, and the Earth in purple dyes.  
 240 Now *Phædimus* ; and *Tantalus*, the heir  
 T' his Grand-fires name ; that labor done, prepare  
 To wrastle. Whilst with oiled limbs they prest  
 Each others pow'r, close grasping brest to brest :  
 A shaft, which from th' impulsive bow-string flew,  
 245 Them, in that sad Conjunction, jointly flew.  
 Both groan at once, at once their bodies bend  
 With bitter pangs, at once to earth descend :  
 Their rowling eyes together set in death,  
 Together they expire their parting breath.  
 In rusht *Aiphenor* (bleeding in their harms)  
 250 And rais'd their heatless corfes in his arms :  
 But in that pious duty fell. The threds  
 Of life, his heart-strings, wrathful *Delius* shreds.  
 Part of his lungs clave to th' extracted head :  
 And with his blood his troubled spirit fled.  
 255 But unshorn *Damascibibon* slaught' red lies,  
 Not by a single wound ; shot where the thighs

- Knit with the ham-strings in the knotty joint;  
 Striving from thence to tug the fatal point,  
 Another at his neck the bow directs,  
 260 Thick-gushing blood the piercing shaft ejects;  
 Which spinning upward, cleft the passive air.  
 Last *Ilioneus*, with successful prayer,  
 His hands up-heaves: You Gods in general  
 Said he (and ignorantly pray'd to all)  
 265 O pity me! The Archer had remorse;  
 But now irrevocable was that force:  
 And yet his life a little wound dispatcht,  
 His heart but onely with the arrow scratcht.  
 Ill news, the peoples grief, her households tears  
 Present their ruine to their mothers ears:  
 270 Who wonders how the Gods their lives durst touch;  
 And swells with anger that their power was such.  
 For sad *Amphion*, wounding his own breast,  
 Had now his sorrow, with his soul releast.  
 How different is this *Niobe* from that!  
 275 Who great *Latona's* Rites suppress'd of late,  
 And proudly pac'd the streets; envy'd by those  
 That were her friends; now pitied by her foes:  
 Frantick she doth on their cold corse fall,  
 And her last kisses distributes to all;  
 280 From whom, to heaven erecting her bruised arms:  
 Cruel *Latona*, feast thee with our harms:  
 Feast, feast, she said; thy salvage stomach cloy;  
 Cloy thy wild rage, and in our sorrows joy:  
 Seven times, upon seven *Hesperes* born, I die.  
 Triumph, triumph, victorious foe. But why  
 285 Victorious? hapless I have not so few:  
 Who, after all these funerals, subdue:  
 This said, the bow-string twangs. Pale terror chills  
 All hearts save *Niobe's*; obdur'd by ills.  
 The sisters, in long mourning robes array'd,  
 290 About their *Hesperes* stood, with hair display'd.  
 One draws an arrow from her brothers side;  
 And joining her pale lips to his, so dy'd.  
 Another striving to assuage the woes  
 That rackt her mother, forthwith speechless grows,  
 And bowing with the wound, which inly bled,  
 295 Shuts her fixt teeth; the soul already fled,  
 This, flying falls: that, her dead sister makes  
 Her bed of death: this, hides her self: that quakes.

- Six slain by sundry wounds ; to shield the last,  
 Her Mother, over her, her body cast :
- 300 This one, she cries, and that the least, O save !  
 The least of many, and but one, I crave !  
 Whilst thus she sues, the su'd-for *Delia* hits.  
 She, by her husband, sons, and daughters, sits  
 A childless Widow ; waxing stiff with woes,  
 The wind wags not one hair ; the ruddy Rose
- 305 Forsakes her cheek : in her declining head  
 Her eye-balls fix : through-out appearing dead,  
 Her tongue and pallate rob'd of inward heat,  
 At once congeal : her pulse forbears to beat ;  
 Her neck wants power to turn, her feet to go,
- 310 Her arms to move : her very bowels grow  
 Into a stone. She yet retains her tears :  
 Whom straight a whirl-wind to her country bears ;  
 And fixes on the summit of an Hill.  
 Now from that mourning Marble tears distil,  
 Th' exemplary revenge struck all with fear :
- 315 Who offerings to *Latona's* altars bear  
 With doubled zeal. When one, as oft befalls,  
 By present accidents the past recalls.  
 In fruitful *Lycia* once, said he, there dwelt  
 A sort of Pesants, who her vengeance felt,
- 320 'Twas of no note, in that the men were base :  
 Yet wonderfull, I saw the pool, and place,  
 Fam'd by the prodigy. My father, spent  
 Almost with age, ill-brooking travel, sent  
 Me thither for choice Steers : and for my Guide
- 325 A native gave. Those pastures searcht, we spy'd  
 An ancient Altar, black with cinders, plac'd  
 Amidst a Lake, with shivering reeds imbrac'd.  
 O favor me ! he, softly murmuring, said :  
 O favor me ! I, softly murmuring, pray'd :
- 330 Then askt, if Nymph, or Faun, therein reside,  
 Or rural God. The *Lycian* thus reply'd :  
 O Youth, no Mountain Powers this altar hold :  
 She calls it hers, to whom *Jove's* Wife of old,  
 Earth interdicted : scarce that floating Isle,
- 335 Wave-wandering *Delos* finisht her exile.  
 Where, coucht on Palms and Olives, she in spight  
 Of fretful *Juno*, brought her Twins to light.  
 Thence also, frighted from her painful bed,  
 With her two infant Deities she fled.

Now

- 340 Now in *Chimæra*-breeding *Lycia* (fir'd  
By burning beams) and with long travel tir'd,  
Heat raising thirst the Goddess fore oppress,  
By their exhausting of her milk increas't.  
By fortune, in a dale, with longing eyes  
A Lake of shallow water she descries :
- 345 Where Clowns were then a gathering picked weeds,  
With shrubby *Offers*, and plash-loving reeds,  
Approacht, *Titania* kneels upon the brink,  
And of the cooling liquor stoops to drink.  
The Clowns withstood. Why hinder you, said she,
- 350 The use of water, that to all is free ?  
The Sun, Air, Water, Nature did not frame  
Peculiar ; a publick gift I claim.  
Yet humbly I intreat it : not to drench  
My weary limbs, but killing thirst to quench.
- 355 My tongue wants moisture, and my jaws are dry :  
Scarce is there way for speech. For drink I die.  
Water to me were *Nectar*. If I live,  
'Tis by your favor : life with water give.  
Pity these babes : for pity they advance
- 360 Their little arms ! their arms they stretch by chance,  
With whom would not such gentle words prevail ?  
But they, persisting to prohibit, rail ;  
The place with threats command her to forsake.
- 365 Then with their hands and feet disturb the lake :  
And leaping with malicious motion, move  
The troubled mud ; which rising, floats above.  
Rage quencht her thirst : no more *Latona* sues  
To such base slaves : but God 'ess-like doth use  
Her dreadful tongue ; which thus their fates imply'd :
- 370 May you for ever in this lake reside !  
Her wish succeeds. In loved lakes they strive,  
Now sprawl above, now under water dive ;  
Ofte hop upon the bank, as ofte again
- 375 Back to the water : nor can yet restrain  
Their brawling tongues ; but setting shame aside,  
Though hid in water, under water chide.  
Their voices still are hoarse : the breath they fetch  
Swells their wide throats ; their jaws *in* railing stretch :
- 380 Their heads their shoulders touch ; no neck between,  
As intercepted. All the back is green :  
Their bellies (every part o're-sizing) white,  
Who now, new Frogs, in slimy pools delight.

Thus



Thus much, I know not by what *Theban* said :  
Another mention of a *Satyre* made,

- 385 By *Phæbus*, with *Trisonia's* reed, o'rcome ;  
Who for presuming felt an heavy doom.  
Me from my self, ah why do you distract ?  
(Oh !) I repent, he cry'd : Alas ! this fact  
Deserves not such a vengeance ! Whilst he cry'd ;  
*Apollo* from his body stript his hide.

- His body was one wound, blood every way  
390 Streams from all parts : his sinews naked lay ;  
His bare veins pant : his heart you might behold ;  
And all the fibers in his breast have told.  
For him the *Fauns*, that in the forests keep ;  
395 For him the *Nymphs*, and brother *Satyres* weep :  
His end *Olympus* (famous then) bewails :  
With all the shepherds of those hills and dales.  
The pregnant Earth conceiveth with their tears ;  
Which in her penetrated womb she bears ;  
Till big with waters : then discharg'd her fraught.  
400 This purest *Phrygian* Stream a way out sought  
By down-falls, till to roiling seas he came :  
Now called *Marsyas* of the *Satyres* name.

The Vulgar, these examples told, return  
Unto the present : for *Amphion* mourn,  
And his lost issue, All the mother hate.

- 405 *Pelops* alone laments his sisters fate,  
While with torn garments he presents his woes,  
The Ivory piece on his left shoulder shows.  
This once was flesh, and colored like the right.  
Slain by his Sire, the Gods his limbs unite :  
His scattered parts all found ; save that alone  
410 Which interpos'd the neck and shoulder-bone.  
They then with Ivory supply'd th' unfound :  
And thus restored *Pelops* was made found.

The neighboring Princes met : the Cities near  
Intreat their Kings the desolate to cheer.

- 415 Renown'd *Mycenæ*, *Sparta*, th' *Argive* State ;  
And *Calydon*, not yet in *Dian's* hate ;  
*Fertil Orchomenos* ; *Corinthus*, fam'd  
For high-priz'd brags ; *Messene*, never tam'd ;  
*Cleonæ*, *Patra*, *Pylos*, *Nelus* crown ;  
And *Træzen*, not as then *Pitheus* town ;  
420 With all that two-sea'd *Isthmos* Straits include :  
And all without, by two-sea'd *Isthmos* view'd.

- Athens* alone (who would believe't?) with-held  
 Thee from that civil office war compell'd,  
 Th' inhabitants about the *Pontick* coast  
 Had then besieg'd thee with a barbarous host:  
 425 Whom *Thracian Tereus*, with his Aids, o're-threw,  
 And by that victory renowned grew.  
 Powerful in wealth and people; from the loins  
 Of *Mars* deriv'd: *Pandion Progne* joins  
 To him in marriage. This, nor *Funo* blest,  
 430 Nor *Hymen*, nor the *Graces* grac'd that feast.  
 The snake-hair'd furies held the sputtering light  
 From funeral snatch, and made the bed that Night,  
 Th' ill-boding Owl upon the roof was set,  
*Progne* and *Tereus* with these omens met:  
 435 Thus Parents grew. The *Thracians* yet rejoice;  
 And thank the Gods with one united voice.  
 The marriage-day, and that of *Trys* birth,  
 They consecrate to universal mirth.  
 So lies the good unseen. By this the Sun,  
 440 Conducting Time, had through five Autumns run:  
 When flattering *Progne* thus allures her Lord.  
 If I have any grace with thee, afford  
 This favor, that I may my sister see:  
 Send me to her, or bring thou her to me;  
 Promise my father that with swiftest speed  
 She shall return. If this attempt succeed,  
 445 The sum of all my wishes I obtain.  
 He bids them lanch his ships into the Main:  
 Then makes th' *Athenian* port with sails and oars,  
 And lands upon the wisht *Piræan* shoars.  
 Brought to *Pandion's* presence, they salute,  
 450 The King with bad presage begins his fate.  
 For lo, as he his wifes command recites,  
 And for her quick return his promise plights,  
 Bright *Philomela* came in rich array;  
 More rich in beauty. So they use to say  
 The stately *Naiades* and *Dryad's* go  
 455 In Sylvan shades; were they apparel'd so.  
 This sight in *Tereus* such a burning breeds,  
 As when we fire an heap of hoary reeds;  
 Or catching flames to Sun-dry'd stubble thrust.  
 Her face was excellent: but in-bred lust  
 460 Inrag'd his blood; to which those Climes are prone:  
 Stung by his Countries fury, and his own.

He

- He straight intends her women to intice ;  
 And bribe her Nurse, to prosecute his vice ;  
 Her self to tempt with gifts ; his crown to spend :  
 465 Or ravish, and by war his rape defend.  
 What dares he not, thrust on by wild desire ?  
 Nor can his breast contain so great a fire.  
 Rackt with delay, he *Progne's* sute renews :  
 And for himself, that but pretended sues.  
 470 Love made him eloquent. As oft as he  
 Exceeded, he would say ; Thus charged she.  
 And moving tears (as she had sent them) sheds :  
 You Gods ; how dark a blindness over-spreads  
 The souls of men ! whilst to his sin he climbs,  
 475 They think him good ; and praise him for his crimes.  
 Even *Philomela* wisht the same ! now she  
 Hangs on her fathers neck : and what would be  
 Her utter ruine, as her safety prest :  
 While *Terens* by beholding pre-possess,  
 480 Her kisses and imbraces heat his blood :  
 And all afford his fire and fury food.  
 And wisht, as oft as she her Sire imbrac't,  
 Him-self her Sire : nor would have been more chaste.  
 He, by their importunities is wrought.  
 485 She over-joy'd her father thanks : and thought  
 Her self and Sister in that fortunate,  
 Which drew on both a lamentable fate.  
 The labor of the Day now near an end,  
 From steep *Olympus Phæbus* Steeds descend.  
 The boards are Princely serv'd : *Lyæus* flows  
 490 In burnisht gold. Then take their soft repose.  
 And yet th' *Odryasian* King, though parted, cries :  
 Her face and graces ever in his eyes.  
 Who parts unseen unto his fancy feigns ;  
 And feeds his fires : Sleep flies his troubled brains.  
 495 Day-rose, *Pandion* his departing son  
 Wrings by the hand ; and weeping, thus begun :  
 Dear son, since Piety this due requires ;  
 With her, receive both your, and their desires ;  
 By faith, alliance, by the Gods above,  
 500 I charge you guard her with a fathers love :  
 And suddenly send back (for all delay  
 To me is death) my ages only stay.  
 And Daughter ('tis enough thy sister's gone)  
 For pity leave me not too long alone.

- 505 As he impos'd this charge, he kist with-all;  
 And drops of tears at every accent fall.  
 The pledges then of promis'd faith demands,  
 (Which mutually they give) their plighted hands:  
 To *Progne*, and her little boy, said he,  
 My love remember, and salute from me.  
 510 Scarce could he bid farewell: sobs so ingage  
 His troubled speech; who dreads his souls presage.  
 As soon as shipt; as soon as active oars  
 Had mov'd the surges, and remov'd the shoars;  
 She's ours! with me my wish I bear! he cries.  
 515 Exults; and barbarous, scarce defers his joys:  
 His eyes fast fixt. As when *Joves* eagle bears  
 An Hare t'her Airy, truss'd in rapeful fears:  
 And to the trembling prisoner leaves no way  
 For hoped flight; but still beholds her prey.  
 520 The voyage made; on his own land he treads:  
 And to a Lodg *Pandion's* daughter leads;  
 Obscur'd with woods: pale, trembling, full of fears;  
 And for her sister asking now with tears.  
 There mues her up; his soul intent makes known:  
 525 Inforc'd her; a weak virgin, and but one.  
 Help father! sister help! in her distress,  
 She cries; and on the Gods, with like success,  
 She trembles like a Lamb, snatcht from the phangs  
 Of some fell Wolf; that dreads her former pangs:  
 530 Or as a Dove, who on her feathers bears  
 Her bloods fresh stains, and late-felt tallons fears  
 Restor'd unto her mind, her ruffled hair,  
 As at a woful funeral she tate;  
 Her arms with her own fury bloody made:  
 Who, wringing her up-heaved hands, thus said;  
 O monster! barbarous in thy horrid lust?  
 535 Treacherous Tyrant! whom my fathers trust,  
 Impos'd with holy tears; my sisters love;  
 My virgin state; nor nuptial ties, could move!  
 O what a wild confusion hast thou bred!  
 I, an adulteress to my sisters bed!  
 Thou, husband to us both; my onely hate;  
 And to expect a miserable fate.  
 540 Why mak'st thou not thy villanies compleat,  
 By forcing life from her abhorred seat?  
 O would thou hadst, e'r I my honor lost:  
 Then had I parted with a spotless ghost.

Yet,

- Yet, if the Gods have eyes ; if their Powers be  
 Not meerly names ; nor all decay with me ;  
 545 Thou shalt not scape due vengeance. Sense of shame  
 I will abandon ; and thy crime proclame  
 To men, if free ; if not, my voice shall break (speak :  
 Through these thick walls, and teach the woods to  
 Hard rocks resolve to ruth, Let Heaven this hear ;  
 And Heaven-thron'd Gods ; if there be any there !  
 550 These words the salvage Tyrant moves to wrath :  
 Nor less his fear ; alike provok'd by both :  
 Who draws his sword : his cruel hands he winds  
 In her loose hair : her arms behind her binds,  
 Her throat glad *Philomela* ready made :  
 555 Conceiving hope of death from his drawn blade ;  
 Whilst she reviles, invokes her father ; fought  
 To vent her spleen ; her tongue in pincers caught,  
 His sword divideth from the panting root :  
 Which, trembling, murmurs curses at his foot.  
 560 And as a Serpent's tail, dissever'd, leaps :  
 Even so her tongue : and dying fought her steps.  
 After this fact (if we may rumor trust)  
 He oft abus'd her body with his lust.  
 Yet to his wife, even after this retires,  
 565 Who for her sister hastily inquires ;  
 He funerals belies, with feigned grief,  
 And by instructed tears begets belief.  
*Progne* her royal ornaments rejects,  
 And puts on black, an empty tomb erects,  
 570 To her imagin'd Ghost oblations burns,  
 Her sister's fate, not as she should, she mourns.  
 Now through twelve Signs the Sun had born his light,  
 What should sad *Philomela* do ? her flight  
 A barbarous guard restrain'd, the walls were strong,  
 575 Her mouth had lost the Index of her wrong.  
 The wit that misery begets is great ;  
 Great sorrow adds a quickness to conceit.  
 A woof upon a *Thracian* loom she spreads,  
 And inter-weaves the white with crimson threads,  
 That character her wrong. The closely wrought  
 Gave to a servant, by her looks besought  
 580 To bear it to her Mistress ; who presents  
 The Queen therewith, not knowing the contents.  
 The wife to that dire Tyrant this unfolds,  
 And in a woful verse her state beholds.

She

- She held her peace : 'twas strange : grief struck her  
 585 No language could with such a passion sute. (mute,  
 Nor had she time to weep. Right, wrong, were mixt  
 In her fell thoughts : her soul on vengeance fixt  
 It was that time ; when, in a wild disguise,  
*Sithonian* matrons use to solemnize  
*Lyæus* three-years Feast. Night spreads her wings :  
 590 By night high *Rhodope* with timbrels rings.  
 By night th' impatient Queen a javelin takes,  
 And now a Bacchanal, the Court forsakes :  
 Vines shade her brows : the rough hide of a Deer  
 Shogs at her side : her shoulder bare a spear.  
 595 Hurried through woods, with her attendant froes,  
 Terrible *Progne*, frantick with her woes,  
 Thy far more sober fury *Bacchus* strives  
 To counterfeit. Now at the Lodg arrives :  
 Howls ; *Evobe*, cries : breaks ope the doors, and took  
 600 Her sisters thence : with Ivy hides her look :  
 In habit of a Bacchanal aray'd :  
 And to her City the amaz'd convey'd.  
 That hated roof when *Philomela* knew,  
 The poor soul shook ; her visage bloodless grew.  
*Progne* with-draws ; the sacred weeds unloos'd ;  
 605 Her woful sisters bashful face disclos'd :  
 Falls on her neck. The other durst not raise  
 Her down-cast eyes : her sisters wrong surveys  
 In her dishonor. As she strove t' have sworn  
 With up-raisd looks ; and call the Gods t' have born  
 Her pure thoughts witness, how she was compel'd  
 610 To that loth'd fact ; she hands, for speech, upheld.  
 Stern *Progne* broils ; her bosom hardly bears  
 So vast a rage : who chides her sisters tears.  
 No tears, said she, our lost condition needs :  
 But steel ; or if thou hast what steel exceeds,  
 I, for all horrid practices, am fit.  
 615 To wrap this roof in flame, and him in it :  
 His eyes, his tongue, or what did thee inforce,  
 T'extirp : or with a thousand wounds, divorce  
 His guilty soul. The deed I intend, is great :  
 620 But what, as yet, I know not. In this heat  
 Came *Itys*, in, and taught her what to do.  
 Behold with cruel eyes ; Ah, how I view  
 In thee, said she, thy father ! then intends  
 Her tragick Scene : Rage in her looks ascends.

But

- 625 But when her son saluted her, and clung  
 Unto her neck, mixt kisses, as he hung,  
 With childish blandishments; her high-wrought blood  
 Began to calm, and rage distracted stood.  
 Tears trickl'd from her eyes by strong constraint ;
- 630 But when she found her resolution faint  
 With too much pity ; her sad sister views,  
 And said, while both, by turns her eyes peruse.  
 Why flatters he ? why tongueless weeps the other ?  
 Why Sister calls not she, whom he calls Mother ?
- 635 Degenerate ! think whose Daughter ; to whom wed :  
 All piety is sin to *Tereus* bed.  
 Then *Itys* trails : as when by *Ganges* floods  
 A Tigress drags a Fawn through silent woods.  
 Retiring to the most sequestred room :
- 640 While he, with hands up-heav'd, foresees his doom.  
 Clings to her bosom ; mother ! mother ! cry'd ;  
 She stabs him : nor once turn'd her face aside.  
 His throat was cut by *Philomela's* knife :  
 Although one wound suffic'd to vanquish life.
- 645 His yet quick limbs, e're all his soul could pass,  
 She piece-meal tears. Some boil in hollow brass,  
 Some hiss on spits. The pavements blusht with blood :  
*Progne* invites her husband to this food,  
 And feigns her Countries Rite ; which would afford
- 650 No servant, nor companion, but her Lord.  
 Now *Tereus*, mounted on his Grand-firethrone,  
 With his sons carved intrails stuffs his own :  
 And bids her (so Soul-blinded ! ) call his boy.  
*Progne* could not disguise her cruel joy :
- 655 In full fruition of her horrid ire,  
 Thou hast, said she, within thee thy desire.  
 He looks about : asks where. And while again  
 He asks, and calls : all bloody with the slain,  
 Forth like a Fury, *Philomela* flew ;
- 660 And at her face the head of *Itys* threw.  
 Nor ever, more then now, desir'd a tongue ;  
 T' expresse the joy of her revenged wrong.  
 He, with loud out-cries, doth the board repel ;  
 And calls the Furies from the depth of hell.  
 Now tears his breast, and strives from thence in vain
- 665 To pull th' abhorred food : now weeps amain :  
 And calls himself his sons unhappy tomb.  
 Then draws his sword ; and through the guilty room  
 Pursue



- Pursues the sisters ; who appear with wings  
 To cut the air : and so they did. One sings  
 670 In woods ; the other near the house remains :  
 And on her breast yet bears her murders stains.  
 He, swift with grief and fury, in that space  
 His person chang'd. Long tuffs of feathers grace  
 His shining crown ; his Sword a Bill became ;  
 675 His face all arm'd : whom we a Lapwing name.  
 This killing news, e're half his age was spent,  
*Pandion* to th' infernal Shadows sent.  
*Erichthens* his throne and scepter held :  
 Who, both in justice, and bold arms excel'd.  
 680 To him his Wife, four sons, all hopeful bare :  
 As many daughters ; two surpassing fair.  
 Thee, *Cephalus*, thy *Procris* happy made :  
 But *Thrace* and *Terens*, *Boreas* nuptial staid.  
 The God-belov'd *Orithya* wanted long,  
 685 While he put off his pow'r to use his tongue,  
 His sute rejected, horribly inclin'd  
 To anger (too familiar with that wind.)  
 I justly suffer this indignity :  
 For why, said he, have I my arms laid by ?  
 Strength, violence, high rage, and awful threats !  
 690 'Tis my dishonor to have us'd intreats :  
 Force me befits. With this, thick clouds I drive ;  
 Toss the blue billows, knotty Oaks up-rive ;  
 Congeal soft Snow, and beat the earth with hail.  
 When I my brethen in the air assail,  
 695 (For that's our field) we meet with such a shock,  
 That thundring skies with our incounters rock,  
 And cloud-struck lightning flashes from on high.  
 When through the crannies of the earth I fly,  
 And force her in her hollow caves, I make  
 700 The Ghosts to tremble, and the ground to quake.  
 Thus should I've wood ; with these my match have  
*Erichthens* should have bin compeld, nor prayd. (made :  
 Thus *Boreas* chafes ; or, no less storming, shook  
 His horrid wings, whose airy motion strook  
 705 The earth with blasts, and made the Ocean roar.  
 Trailing his dusky mantle on the floor,  
 He hid himself in clouds of dust, and caught  
 Belov'd *Orithya*, with her fear distraught,  
 Flying, his agitated fires increast :  
 710 Nor of his airy race the reyns suppress :

Till to the walled *Cicones* he came,  
 Two goodly Twins, th' espous'd *Aithonian* Dame  
 Gave to the Icy author of her rape:  
 Who had their fathers wings, and Mothers shape,  
 715 Yet not so born. Before their faces bare  
 The manly ensigns of their yellow hair.  
*Calais* and *Zetes* both unplumed were,  
 But as the down did on their chins appear;  
 So, fowl-like, from their sides soft feathers bud,  
 When youth to action had inflam'd their blood;  
 720 In the first vessel, with the flow'r of *Greece*,  
 Through unknown Seas, they sought the Golden  
 (Fleece.

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# OVIDS

## METAMORPHOSIS.

### The Seventh Book.

#### THE ARGUMENT.

*(years*  
**M**En, Dragons teeth produce. Wing'd Snakes their  
 By odors cast. A feir branch Olives bears.  
 Drops sprout to flowers. Old Æson young became.  
 So Libers Nurses. An old Sheep a Lamb.  
 Cerambus flies. A Snake, a snake-like stone.  
 An Ox, a Stag. Sad Mera barks unknown.  
 Horns front the Coan Dames. The Telchines  
 All change. A Dove turn'd Maid. The hard to please  
 Becomes a Swan. His Mother Hyrie weeps  
 Into a Lake. High-mountaining Combe keeps  
 Her son-sought life. A King and Queen estrang'd  
 To flightful Fowl. Cephisus Nephew chang'd  
 Into a Seal. Eumelus daughter flies  
 Through traceless regions. Men from Mushrooms rise.  
 Phineus and Periphas light wings assume.  
 So Polyphemons Neece. From Cerberus spume  
 Springs Aconite. Fast Earth a grave denies  
 To Scyrons bone; which now in Rocks arise.  
 Arne, a Chough. Stout Myrmidons are born  
 Of toiling Ants. The late rejected Morn  
 Masks Cephalus. The Dog, that did pursue,  
 And Beast pursu'd; two Marble Statues grew.

**W**ith Pegasean keel the Minye plow  
 The curling waves: and Phineus fee, who now  
 In endless night his needy Age consumes.  
 The youthful sons of Boreas, rais'd with plumes.

Those

Those greedy *Harpyes*, with the *Virgin-face*,  
Far-off from his polluted table chase.

- 5 They, under *Jason*, having suffered much;  
At length the banks of slimy *Phasis* touch.  
Now *Phryxus* fleece the hardy *Minye* ask:  
And from the King receive a dreadful task.

Mean while *Aetias* fries in secret fires:

- 10 Who struggling long with over-strong desires,  
When reason could not such a rage restrain;  
She said: *Medea*, thou resistest in vain, (prove!  
Some God, unknown, with-stands, What will this  
Or is it such as others fancy, love?  
Why seem the Kings commands so too severe?

- 15 And so, in truth they be. Why should I fear  
A Strangers ruine, never seen before?  
Whence spring these cares? Why fear I more & more?  
These furies from thy virgin-breast repel  
Wretch, if thou canst. Could I, I should be well.  
A new-felt force my striving pow'rs invades:  
Affection this, Discretion that, persuades.

- 20 I see the better, I approve it too:  
The worse I follow. Why shouldst thou pursue  
An husband of another world; that art  
Of royal birth? Our Country may impart  
A choice as worthy. If this foreign mate,  
Or live, or die; 'tis in the hands of fate.  
Yet, may he live! I such a sure might move.

- 25 To equal Gods, although I did not love.  
For what hath *Jason* done? his hopeful youth  
Would move all hearts, that were not hard, to ruth;  
His birth, his valor. Set all these apart;  
His person would: I feel it moves my heart.  
Yet should not I assist, the flaming breath  
Of Bulls would blast him; or, assaults of death  
30 Spring up in arms from *Tellus* hostile womb:  
Or else the greedy *Dragon* proves his tomb.  
This suffer, and thou hast an heart of stone;  
Born of a Tygres, and more salvage grown.  
Yet why why stand I not by? behold him slain?  
And so my accessary eyes profane?

- 35 Add fury to the Bulls? toth' Earth-born ire?  
And sleepless *Dragon* with more spleen inspire?  
The Gods forbid! yet rather help, then pray.  
My fathers kingdom shall I then betray?

- And save this Stranger, whom I hardly know,  
 40 That sav'd by me, he should without me go,  
 Marry another, and leave me behind  
 To punishment? could he prove so unkind,  
 Or for another my deserts neglect?  
 Then should he die. Such is not his aspect;  
 The clearness of his mind, his very grace;  
 45 That I should fraud suspect, or think him base.  
 Besides, before-hand he shall plight his troth;  
 And bind the contract with a solemn oath.  
 What need thou doubt? go on; delay decline:  
 Obliged *Jason* will be ever thine.
- 50 *Hymen* shall crown, and mothers celebrate  
 Their sons Protectress through th' *Achaian* State.  
 My sister, brother, father, country Gods,  
 Shall I abandon for unknown abodes;  
 Fierce is my father, barbarous my land,  
 My brother, a child, my sisters wishes stand  
 55 With my desires; the greatest God of all  
 My breast inshrines. What I forsake, is small;  
 Great hopes I follow. To receive the grace  
 For *Argo's* safety know a better place,  
 And Cities, which, in these far-distant parts,  
 Are famous; with civility, and arts:
- 60 And *Esos* son, whom I more dearly prize  
 Then wealthy Earth, and all her Monarchies.  
 In him most happy, and affected by  
 The bounteous Gods, my crown shall reach the sky.  
 They tell of Rocks that jostle in the main;  
*Charybdis*, that sucks in, and casts again  
 The wrackful waves now in *Sicilian* Straits,
- 65 Girt round with barking dogs, fierce *Scylla* waits,  
 My love possess; in *Jasons* bosom laid;  
 Let seas swell high: I cannot be dismay'd,  
 While I infold my husband in my arms.  
 Or should I fear; I should but fear his harms.  
 Call'st thou him husband? wilt thou then thy blame  
 70 *Medea*, varnish with an honest name?  
 Consider well what thou intendst to do:  
 And, while thou mayst, so foul a crime eschew.  
 Thus she. When Honor, Piety, and Right,  
 Before her stood, and *Cupid* put to flight:  
 Then goes where *Hecates* old Altar stood;  
 75 O're-shadowed by a dark and secret wood.

- Her broken ardor she had now reclaim'd :  
 Which *Jafons* presence forth with re-inflam'd,  
 Her cheeks blush fire : her face with fervor flashes.  
 80 And as a dying cinder, rak'd in ashes,  
 Fed by reviving winds, augmenting, glows ;  
 And tossed, to accustom'd fury grows :  
 So sickly love, which late appear'd to die ;  
 New life assum'd from his inflaming eye.  
 Whose looks my chance more beauty now discover  
 85 Then heretofore : you might forgive the lover.  
 Her eager eyes she rivets on her face ;  
 And, frantick, thinks him of no humane race :  
 Nor could divert her looks, As he his tongue  
 Began t'unloose, her fair hand softly wrung,  
 90 Implor'd her aid, and promis'd her his bed :  
 She answer made, with tears profusely shed,  
 I see to what events m' intentions move :  
 Nor ignorance deceives me thus ; but love,  
 I by my cunning will preserve your life :  
 But swear, that done, to take me to your wife.  
 He, by the Altar of the Triple Power,  
 95 The groves which that great Deity imbower ;  
 Her fathers Sire, to whom the hid appears,  
 His own success, and so great danger, swears,  
 Believ'd : from her th' enchanted herbs receives ;  
 With them, their use : and his Protectress leaves,  
 100 The Morrow had the sparkling stars defac'd :  
 When all in *Mars's* field assemble ; plac'd  
 On circling ridges : Seated on a throne,  
 The Ivory-scepter'd King in scarlet shone.  
 From adamant nostrils brass-hoof'd bulls now cast  
 105 Fierce *Vulcan*, and the grafs with vapors blast.  
 And as full forges, blown by art, resound,  
 As lime of flints, infurnest under ground,  
 By sprinkled water fire conceive : so they  
 Pent flames, involv'd in noisful breasts, display ;  
 110 So roar their scorched throats. Yet *Æson's* Hair  
 Came bravely on : on whom they turn, and stare  
 With terrible aspects ; his ruine threat  
 With steel-tipt horns, Inrag'd, their cleft hoofs beat :  
 The thundering ground, whence clouds of dust arise ;  
 And with their smoky bellowings rend the skies.  
 115 The *Minyæ* fear congeals, but he remains  
 Untoucht : Such virtue Sorcery contains,

- Their dew-laps boldly with his hand he strokes.  
 Inforc'd to draw the plough with unknown yokes.  
 The *Colchians* at so strange a sight admire :  
 120 The *Minya* shout, and set his thoughts on fire.  
 Then, in his cask, the Vipers teeth assumes :  
 Those in the turn'd-up furrows he inhumes.  
 Earth mollifies the pois'nous seeds, which spring ;  
 And forth a harvest of new People bring.  
 125 And as an Embryon, in the womb inclos'd,  
 Assumes the form of man ; within compos'd  
 Through all accomplisht numbers ; nor comes forth  
 To breath in air, till his maturer growth :  
 So when the bowels of the teeming Earth  
 Grew great, she gave mens perfect shapes their birth.  
 130 And, what's more strange ; with them, their arms a-  
 Who at th' *Amonian* youth their lances bend. (scend:  
 When this th' *Achaïans* saw, they hung the head :  
 And all their courages for terror fled.  
 Even she, who had secur'd him, was afraid,  
 135 When she beheld so many one invade.  
 A chill cold checks her blood ; death looks less pale.  
 And lest the herbs she gave should chance to fail,  
 Unheard auxiliary charms imparts :  
 And calls th' assistance of her secret Arts.  
 He hurls a massie stone among her foes,  
 140 Who on themselves convert their deadly blows.  
 The Earth-born brothers mutual wounds destroy,  
 And civil war. The *Grecians* skip for joy,  
 And throng t' imbrace the Victor. Her the same  
 145 Affection spur'd, but was with-held by shame.  
 Yet that too weak, if none had lookt upon her :  
 Not virtue checkt her, but the wrack of honor.  
 Now, in conceit, she hugs him in her arms :  
 And thanks the Gods, the authors of her charms.  
 To make the Dragon sleep that never slept,  
 Remains ; whose care the golden purchase kept.  
 150 Bright-crested, triple-tongu'd ; his cruel jaws  
 Arm'd with sharp phangs ; his feet with dreadful claws.  
 When once besprinkled with *Lethean* juice,  
 And words repeated thrice ; which sleep produce,  
 Calm the rough seas, and make swift rivers stand ;  
 155 His eye-lids vail'd to sleeps unknown command.  
 The Hero of the Golden Fleece possest,  
 Proud of the spoil, with her whose favor blest



- His enterprize, another Spoil now bore  
To sea, and lands on safe *Ioleian* shoar.  
*Amonian* parents, for their sons return,  
160 Bring grateful gifts, congested incense burn ;  
And chearfully with horn-gilt offerings pay  
Religious vows. But *Ason* was away ;  
Opprest with tedious age, now near his tomb.  
When thus *Asonides* : O wife, to whom  
165 My life I ow : though all I hold in chief  
From thy deserts, which far surpass belief ;  
If Magick can (what cannot Magick do ?)  
Take years from me ; and his with mine renew.  
Then wept. His piety her passion stirs :  
170 Who sighs to think how she had used hers :  
Yet this concealing, answers : What a crime  
Hath slipt thy tongue ? thinkst thou, that with thy  
I can, or will, anothers life invest ? (time:  
*Hecat* fore-send ! nor is't a just request.  
175 Yet *Jason*, we a greater gift will give :  
Thy father, by our Art renew'd, shall live,  
Without thy loss ; if so the triple Pow'r  
Assist me with her presence in that hour.  
Three nights yet wanted, e're the Moon could join :  
180 Her growing horns. When with replenisht shine  
She view'd the Earth, the Court she leaves ; her hair:  
Untrest, her garments loose, her ancles bare.  
And wanders through the dead of drowzy Night  
185 With unseen steps. Men, beasts, and birds of flight,  
Deep Rest had bound in humid gyves ; she crept.  
So silently, as if her self had slept.  
No Aspen wags, moist air no sound receives ;  
Stars onely twinkle : who to those up-heaves  
190 Her arms : thrice turns about, thrice wets her crown :  
With gathered dew, thrice yawns : and kneeling down :  
O Night thou friend to Secrets, you clear fires,  
That with the Moon, succeed when Day retires :  
195 Great *Hecate*, that know'st, and aid imparts  
To our designs : you Charms, and Magick Arts :  
And thou, O Earth, that to Magicians yields  
Thy powerful simples : airs, winds, mountains, fields,  
Soft murmuring springs, still lakes, and rivers clear :  
You Gods of woods, you Gods of night, appear :  
200 By you, at will, I make swift streams retire  
To their first fountains, whilst their banks admire.

- Seas tofs, and smooth; clear clouds, with clouds deform,  
 Storms turn to calms, and make a calm a Storm.  
 With spells and charms I break the vipers jaw,  
 205 Cleave solid rocks, oaks from their seafures draw,  
 Whole woods remove, the airy mountains shake;  
 Earth force to groan, and ghosts from graves awake.  
 And thee, *Titania*, from thy sphere I hale:  
 Through brass-resounding thy extrems avail.  
 Our charms thy chariot pale; our pois'nous weeds,  
 210 That blushing Goddess which the night succeeds.  
 Flame-breathing bulls you tam'd; you made them bow  
 Their stubborn necks unto the servile plow:  
 The Serpents brood by you self-slaughtered lies;  
 Your slumbers clos'd the wakeful Dragons eyes;  
 215 At our commadd: and send the Golden Fleece  
 (The guard deluded) to the towers of *Greece*.  
 Now need I drugs, that may old age indue  
 With vigor, and the flower of youth renew,  
 Which you shall give. Nor blaze these stars in vain:  
 Nor Dragons vainly through the airy main  
 220 This Chariot draw. Hard by the Chariot rests.  
 Mounting, she strokes the bridled Dragons crests;  
 And shakes the reins. Rapt up, beneath her spies  
*Thessalian Tempe*; and her Snakes applies  
 225 To parts remote. The herbs that *Ossa* bear  
 Steep *Pelion*, *Osbrys*, *Pindus*; ever clear  
*Olympus*, who the lofty *Pindus* tops;  
 Up-roots, or with her brazen sickle crops.  
 Much gathers on the bank of *Apidan*;  
 230 By *Amphrysus* much; and where *Enipeus* ran.  
 Nor *Sperchius*, nor *Penews*, barren found:  
 Nor thee smooth *Bæbes* with sharp rushes crown'd;  
 And ravisht from *Euboian Anthedon*,  
 That herb, as yet by *Glaucus* change unknown.  
 235 By winged Dragons drawn, nine nights, nine days,  
 About she romes; and every field surveys.  
 Return'd her Snakes, that did but onely smell  
 The Odors, cast their skins, and age expel.  
 Her feet to enter her own roof refuse,  
 Roof't by the sky: she touch of man eschews.  
 240 Two Altars builds of living turf: the right  
 To *Hecate*, the left to *Yonth*. These dight  
 With Vervin and green boughs; hard by, two pits  
 She forthwith digs: and sacrificing flits

- 245 The throats of black-fleece'd Rams, With reeking blood.  
 The ditches fills; and pours thereon a flood  
 Of honey, and new milk, from turn'd-up bowls;  
 Repeating powerful words. The King of Souls,  
 250 His raviſht Queen invokes, and Pow'r beneath,  
 Not to prevent her by old *Æſon's* death.  
 They with long murmurings and pray'r's appeas'd:  
 She bids them to produce the age-dileas'd.  
 Her ſleep-producing charm his ſpirits dead:  
 255 Who on the graſs his ſenſleſs body ſpreads.  
 Charg'd *Jafon* and the reſt, far-off with-drew:  
 Un-hallow'd eyes might not ſuch ſecrets view.  
 Furious *Medea*, with her hair unbound,  
 About the fragrant Altar trots a Round.  
 260 The brands dips in the ditches, black with blood;  
 And on the Altars fires th' infected wood:  
 Thrice purges him with waters, thrice with flames,  
 And thrice with ſulphur; muttering horrid names.  
 Mean while in hollow braſs the medicine boils,  
 And ſwelling high, in foamy bubbleſtoils.  
 265 There ſeeths ſhe what th' *Æmonian* vales produce:  
 Roots, juices, flow'rs, and ſeeds of ſovereign uſe.  
 Adds ſtones from Oriental rocks bereft:  
 And others by the ebbing Ocean left.  
 The dew collect'd e're the Dawning ſprings:  
 270 A Screech Owls fleſh with her ill-boding wings.  
 The intrails of ambiguous Wolves; that can  
 Take, and forſake the figure of a Man.  
 The Liver of a long-liv'd Hart: then takes  
 The ſcaly ſkins of ſmall *Cinyphæan* Snakes,  
 275 A Crows old head, and pointed beak, was caſt  
 Among the reſt; which had nine ages paſt,  
 Theſe, and a thouſand more, without a name,  
 Were thus prepared by the barbarous Dame,  
 For humane benefit. Th' ingredients now  
 She mingles with a withered Olive bough.  
 280 Lo! from the caldron the dry ſtick receives  
 Firſt verdure; and a little after, leaves;  
 Forth-with, with over-bur'dning Olives deckt,  
 The ſkipping froth with under-flames eject,  
 Upon the ground deſcended in a dew:  
 285 Whence vernal flow'rs, and ſpringing paſture grew.  
 This ſeen, ſhe cuts the old mans throat; out-ſcrus'd  
 His ſcarce-warm blood, and her receipt (infus'd)

His

- His mouth or wound suckt in. His beard and head  
 290 Black hair forthwith adorns, the hoary shed.  
 Pale color, morpew, meager looks remove :  
 And under-rising flesh his wrinkles smooth.  
 His limbs wax strong and lusty. *Æson* much  
 Admires his change : himself remembers such  
 Twice twenty Summers past. With all, indu'd  
 295 A youthful mind : and both at once renew'd.  
 This wonder from on high *Lyæus* views :  
 By *Colchis* gifts his Nurfes dates renews.  
 Lest fraud should cease, she, with her bed's Consort  
 300 Dissention feigns, and flies to *Pelias* Court.  
 His Daughters (for sad age the King arrests  
 Her entertain. Who soon with lie protests  
 Of forged love, allures their quick belief,  
 Her many merits mentions, but in chief  
 305 Of *Æson's* cure ; insisting on that part.  
 This hope ingenders, that her able Art  
 Might so their Father's vanisht youth restore :  
 Whom they, with infinite rewards implore.  
 She, musing, seems to doubt : and, with pretence  
 310 Of difficulty, holds them in suspense.  
 But when she had a tardy promise made ;  
 To win your stedfast confidence (she said)  
 Take from your flocks the most age-shaken Ram ;  
 And suddenly he shall become a Lamb.  
 315 Straight thither by the wreathed horns they drew  
 A sunk-ey'd Ram ; whose youth none living knew.  
 Now, at his riveled throat, out-lancing life  
 (Whose little blood could hardly stain her Knife)  
 His carcase she into a Caldron throws :  
 With it, her Drugs. Each limb more slender grows :  
 320 He casts his horns, and with his horns his years :  
 Anon a tender bleating strikes their ears,  
 while they admire, out skips a frisking Lamb ;  
 That sports, and seeks the Udder of his Dam.  
 Fixt with amaze : they, strongly now possess,  
 325 Her promise more importunately prest.  
 Thrice *Phæbus* had unyok'd his panting Steeds,  
 Drencht in *Iberian* Seas ; whilst Night succeeds,  
 Studded with stars : when false *Medea* took,  
 With useles herbs, meer waters of the brook.  
 330 On *Pelias*, and his drowzy Guard, she hung  
 A death-like sleep with her enchanting tongue.

Whom

Whom now the so-instructed Sisters led  
Into his chamber; and besiege his bed.

Why pause you thus, said she, O slow to good?

335 Unsheath your swords, and shed his aged blood;  
That I his veins with spritely juice may fill;  
His life and youth depend upon your will.  
If you have any virtue, not pursue  
Unfruitful hopes, perform this filial due.

340 With Steel your fathers age expulse, and purge  
His dregs through wounds. Their zeal her speeches  
Who were most pious, impious first became: (urge.  
And, by avoiding, perpetrate the same.

Yet hearts they had not to behold the blow:  
But, with averted looks, blind wounds bestow.

345 He, blood-imbrew'd, his hoary head advanc'd:  
Half-mangled strove to rise. Who now intranc'd  
Amidst so many swords, his arms up-held;  
And, Daughters cry'd, what do you! what compel'd  
Those cruel hands t' invade your fathers life!  
Down sunk their hands, and hearts. *Medea's* knife,

350 His following speech, and throat asunder cuts:  
And his hackt limbs in seething liquor puts.

And had not Dragons rapt her through the skies,  
Revenge had tortur'd her. Aloft she flies  
O're shady *Pelion* God-like *Chiron's* Den,

355 Aspiring *Othrys*, hills renown'd by men  
For old *Cerambus* safety: who by aid  
Of favoring Nymphs, relief-ful wings display'd;  
While swallowing waves the weighty earth confound:  
And swoln *Deucalion's* surges scap'd undrown'd.  
*Aolian* *Pitane* on her left hand leaves

360 That Marble, which the Serpents shape receives;  
*Idean* groves, where *Liber* turn'd a Steer  
(To cloke his sons flie theft) into a Deer;  
The sand-heap which *Corytus* Sire contains;  
And where new-barking *Mera* frights the plains:

365 *Euryphilus* town, where horns the Matrons sham'd  
Of *Co*, when *Hercules* the *Coans* tam'd;  
*Phæbeian* *Rhodes*, *Falyfian* *Telchines*,  
Drencht by *Joves* vengeance in his brothers seas,  
For all transforming with their vicious eyes:

370 By *Cæa's* old *Cartheian* turret flies.  
Where fates *Alcidamus* with wonder move,  
To think his daughter could become a Dove.

Then

- Then *Hyries* lake *Cycneian Tempe* view'd:  
 Grac'd by a Swan with sudden plumes indu'd;  
 For *Phyllius* there, had, at a Boys command,  
 375 Wild birds, and salvage Lions, brought to hand:  
 Who bid to tame a Bull, his will perform'd;  
 Yet at so stern a love not seldom storm'd,  
 And his last purchase to the Boy deny'd,  
 Pouting, You'l wish yo' had giv'n him me, he cry'd;  
 380 And jump't from down-right cliffs. All held him slain;  
 When spreading wings a silver Swan sustain.  
 His mother (ignorant thereof) became  
 A Lake with weeping: which they *Hyrie* name.  
 385 Next *Pleuron* lies, where *Ophian Combe* shuns,  
 With trembling wings, her life-pursuing sons:  
 Then near *Latona-lov'd Calaurea* rang'd;  
 In which the King and Queen to birds were chang'd.  
*Cyllene* on the right hand (where that beast  
*Menephron* would his mother have compr'est)  
 390 *Cephisus* spies (who for his nephew mourn'd;  
 Into a Sea-calf by *Apollo* turn'd:)  
*Eumelus* Court, whose daughter sads her Sire,  
 With mounting wings. Her Snakes at length retire,  
 To *Piren Ephyr*: men, if Fame say true,  
 395 Here at the first from show'r-raisd mushrooms grew;  
 But after *Colchis* had the new-wed Dame,  
 And *Creons* Palace, wrapt in Magick flame,  
 When impious steel her childrens blood had shed,  
 The ill-reveng'd from *Fasons* fury fled.  
 400 Whom now the swift *Titanian* Dragons draw  
 To *Pallas* towers. Those thee, just *Phineus*, saw;  
 And thee, old *Periphas*, together fly:  
 Where *Polyphemons* Neece new wings supply.  
*Ageus* entertains her (of his life  
 405 The onely stain) and took her for his wife.  
 And now arrives unknown *Ageus* feed:  
 Who great in name had two-sea'd *Isthmos* freed.  
 Whose undeserved ruine *Phasias* sought  
 By mortal *Aconite*, from *Scythia* brought.  
 410 This from th' *Echidnean* Dog dire essence draws,  
 There is a blind steep cave with foggy jaws,  
 Through which the bold *Tirynsian* Hero strain'd,  
 Drag'd *Cerberus* with adamant inchain'd.  
 Who backward hung, and scouling, lookt askew  
 415 On glorious day; with anger rabid grew;

Thrice

- Thrice howls, thrice barks at once, with his three  
 And on the grass his foamy poison sheds. (heads ;  
 This sprung ; attracting from the fruitful soil  
 Dire nourishment, and power of deathful spoil.
- 420 The rural Swains, because it takes delight  
 In barren rocks, firnam'd it Aconite.  
*Ageus*, by her sly persuasions won ;  
 As to a foe, presents it to his son.  
 He took the cup ; when by his Ivory hilt,  
 He both his son discovered, and her guilt ;
- 425 And struck the poison from his lips. With charms  
 Ingendring clouds, she escapes his lengthless arms.  
 Though glad of his sons safety, a chill fear  
 Shook all his powers, that danger was so near.  
 With fire he feeds the Altars, richly feasts
- 430 The Gods with gifts. Whole Hecatombs of beasts  
 (Their horns with ribands wreath'd) imbrue the  
 No day, they say, was ever so renown'd (ground ;  
 Amongst th' *Athenians*. Noble, vulgar, all,  
 Together celebrate that Festival.
- 435 Thus singing, when full bowls their spirits raise :  
 Great *Theseus*, *Marathon* resounds thy praise  
 For slaughter of the *Cretan* Bull. Secure  
 They live, who *Cremyons* wasted field manure,  
 By thy exploit and bounty. *Vulcan's* Seed  
 By thee glad *Epidauræ* beheld to bleed.
- 440 Salvage *Procrustes* death *Cephisia* view'd :  
*Elysus*, *Cercyon's*. *Scinis* ill indu'd  
 With strength so much abus'd ; who beeches bent,  
 And tortur'd bodies 'twixt their branches rent,
- 445 Thou slew'st. The way which to *Alcathe* led  
 Is now secure, inhumane *Scyron* dead.  
 The Earth his scatter'd bones a grave deny'd ;  
 Nor would the Sea his hated reliques hide :  
 Which tossed to and fro, in time became  
 A solid rock : the rock we *Scyron* name.
- 450 If we thy years should number with thy acts :  
 Thy years would prove a cypher to thy facts.  
 Great soul ! for thee, as for our publick wealth,  
 We pray ; and quaff *Lyæus* to thy health.
- The Palace with the peoples praises rings,  
 And sacred Joy in every bosom springs.
- 455 *Ageus* yet (no pleasure is compleat :  
 Grief twines with joy ;) for *Theseus* safe receiv'd  
 Reaps



- Reaps little comfort, *Minos* threatens war :  
 Though strong in men and ships, yet stronger far  
 Through vengeance of a father : who, his harms -  
 460 In slain *Androgeus*, scourgeth with just arms.  
 Yet wisely first endeavors foreign aid :  
 And all the Islands of that Sea survey'd.  
 Who *Anaphe* and *Astipalea* gain'd ;  
 The one by gifts, the other war constrain'd :  
 455 Low *Mycone*, *Cymolus* chalky fields,  
 High *Scyros*, *Siphnus*, which rich metals yields,  
 Champion *Seriphos*, *Paros* far display'd  
 With marble brows, and *Cythnos* ill betray'd  
 By impious *Arne* for yet-loved gold,  
 470 Turn'd to a Chough, whom fable plumes infold.  
*Oliaros*, *Didymæ*, the Sea-loved soil,  
 Of *Tenos*, *Peparethos* fat with oil,  
*Andros*, and *Gyaros* ; these their aid deny'd.  
 The *Gnosian* fleet from thence their sails apply'd  
 Unto *Oenopia*, for her children fam'd,  
 475 *Oenopia* by the ancient dwellers nam'd,  
 But *Eacus*, there reigning, call'd the same  
*Egina*, of his honor'd mothers name.  
 All throng to see a Prince of so great worth,  
 Straight *Telamon* and *Peleus*, issuing forth,  
 With *Phocus*, youngest of that royal race,  
 480 Make hast to meet him. With a tardy pace  
 Came aged *Eacus*, and askt the cause  
 Of his repair. When after some short pause,  
 With sighs, which his imbosom'd grief display'd ;  
 The Ruler of the hundred Cities said :  
 Assist our arms, born for my murdred son ;  
 And in this pious war our fortunes run :  
 485 Give comfort to his grave. The King reply'd ;  
 In vain you ask what needs must be deny'd.  
 No City is in stricter league then ours  
 Conjoin'd to *Athens* : mutual are our pow'rs,  
 He, parting, said ; Your league shall cost you dear,  
 And held it better far to threat, then bear  
 490 An accidental war ; whereby he might  
 Consume his force before he came to fight.  
 Yet might they see the *Cretans* under sail  
 From high-built walls : when, with a leading gale,  
 The *Attick* ship attain'd their friendly shoar :  
 495 Which *Cephalus*, and his embassage, bore.

- Th' *Æacides* him knew (though many a day  
 Unseen) imbrace, and ro the Court convey.  
 The goodly Prince, who yet th' impression held  
 Of those perfections, which in youth excel'd,  
 500 Enters the Palace, bearing in his hand  
 A branch of *Attick* Olive. By him stand  
*Clytus* and *Butes* ; valorous and young :  
 Who from the loins of high-born *Pallas* sprung.  
 First *Cephalus* his full oration made ;  
 Which shew'd his message, and demanded aid :  
 505 Their leagues, and ancient loves to mind recalls ;  
 And how all *Greece* was threatned in their falls :  
 With eloquence inforc'd his embassie :  
 When God-like *Æacus* made this reply,  
 (His royal Scepter shining in his hand)  
*Athenians*, crave not succor, but command :  
 510 This Islands forces yours vouchsafe to call ;  
 For in your aid I will adventure all.  
 Soldiers, I have enough, at once t' oppose  
 My enemies, and to repel your foes.  
 The Gods be prais'd, and happy times, that will  
 Bear no excuses. May your City still  
 Increase with people ; *Cephalus* reply'd.  
 515 At my approach I not a little joy'd,  
 To meet so many youths of equal years,  
 So fresh and lusty. Yet not one appears  
 Of those who heretofore your town possesse ;  
 When first you entertain'd me for a Guest.  
 Then, *Æacus*, (in sighs his words ascend)  
 520 A sad beginning had a better end.  
 Would I could utter all : Day would expire  
 E're all were told, and 'twould your patience tire.  
 Their bones, and ashes, silent graves inclose.  
 And what a treasure perished with those !  
 525 By *Funo's* wrath, a dreadful pestilence  
 Devour'd our lives : who took unjust offence,  
 In that this Isle her Rivals name profest,  
 While it seem'd humane, and the cause unghost ;  
 So long we death-repelling Physick try'd :  
 But those diseases vanquish't Art deride.  
 530 Heav'n first, the earth with thickned vapors shrouds ;  
 And lazy heat involves in fullen clouds.  
 Four pallid Moons their growing horns unite,  
 And had as oft with-drawn their feeble light :

Yet

- Yet still the death-producing *Auster* blew,  
 535 Sunk Springs, and standing Lakes infected grew :  
 Serpents in untild fields by millions creep ;  
 And in the streams their tainting poisons steep.  
 Dogs, Oxen, Sheep, and salvage beasts first die :  
 Nor birds can from the swift infection fly.
- 540 Sad Swains, amazed, see their Oxen shrink  
 Beneath the yoke, and in the furrows sink.  
 The fleecy flocks with anguish faintly bleat ;  
 Let fall their wool, and pine away with heat.  
 The generous Horse, that from the Race of late  
 Return'd with honor, now degenerate,
- 545 Unmindful of the glory of his prize ;  
 Groans at his manger, and there heedless dies.  
 The Boar forgets his rage : swift feet now fail  
 The Hart : nor Bears the horned Herd assail.  
 All languish. Woods, fields, paths (no longer bare)
- 550 Are fill'd with carcases, that stench the air,  
 Which neither Dogs, nor greedy Fowl (how much  
 To be admir'd !) nor hoary Wolves would touch.  
 Falling consume : which deadly Odors bred,  
 That round about their dire contagion spread,  
 Now raves among the wretched Country-Swains :
- 555 Now in our large and populous City reigns.  
 At first, their bowels broil, with fervor stretcht :  
 The symptoms, redness, hot wind hardly fetcht,  
 Their furr'd tongues swell ; their dry jaws gasp for  
 And with the air inhale a swifter death. (breath ;
- 560 None could endure or coverture, or bed :  
 But on the stones their panting bodies spread.  
 Cold stones could no way mitigate that heat :  
 Even they beneath those burning burdens sweat.  
 None cure attempt : the stern disease invades  
 The heartless Leech ; nor art her author aids.
- 565 The near ally'd, whose care the sick attends,  
 Sicken themselves, and die before their friends.  
 Of remedy they see no hope at all,  
 But onely in approaching funeral :  
 All their desires obey : for help none care :  
 Help was there none. In shameless throngs repair
- 570 To Springs and Wells : there cleave in bitter strife  
 T' extinguish thirst ; but first extinguish life.  
 Nor could th' o're-charg'd arise ; but dying, sink :  
 And of those tainted waters others drink.

- The wretches loath their tedious beds ; thenee break  
 575 With giddy steps. Or, if now grown too weak,  
 Roul on the floor : their quitted houses hate,  
 As guilty of their miserable fate ;  
 And, ignorant of the cause, the place accuse :  
 580 Half-Ghosts, they walk, while they their legs could  
 You might see others on the earth ly mourning ; (use  
 Their heavy eyes with dying motion turning :  
 Stretching their arms to heaven, where ever death  
 Surpri'd them, parting with their sight-out breath.  
 585 O what a heart had I ! or ought to have !  
 I loath'd my life, and wisht with them a grave.  
 Which way soever I convert my eye,  
 The breathless multitude disperfed lye,  
 Like perisht apples, dropping with the strokes  
 Of rocking windes ; or acorns from broad oakes.  
 590 See you yon' Temple, mounted on high stairs ?  
 'Tis *Jupiters*. Who hath not offerd prayers,  
 And slighted incense there ! husbands for wives ;  
 Fathers for sons : and while they pray, their lives  
 Before th' inexorable Altars vent ;  
 With incense in their hands, half yet unspent !  
 How oft the Ox, unto the temple brought,  
 595 While yet the Priest the angry Powers besought,  
 And powr'd pure wine between his horns ; fell down  
 Before the ax had toucht his curled crown !  
 To *Jupiter* about to sacrifice,  
 For me, my countrey, sons ; with horrid noise  
 600 I th' unwounded Offering fell ; and now the wound  
 Scarce blood, to wet the knife, that made it, found.  
 The Inwards lost their signs of heavens presage,  
 Out-razed by the stern Diseases rage.  
 The dead before the sacred doors were laid :  
 605 Before the Altars too ; the Gods t' upbraid.  
 Some choke themselves with cords : by death eschue  
 The fear of death ; and instant Fates pursue :  
 Dead coarces without Dues of funeral  
 They weakly bear : the Ports are now too small,  
 Or un-interrd they lye : or else are thrown  
 610 On wealthless pyles. Respect these give to none.  
 For Pyles they strive : on those their kinsfolk burn,  
 That flame for others. None are left to mourn.  
 Ghosts wander undeplor'd by sons or fires :  
 615 Nor is there room for tombs, or wood for fires.

Astonish

- Astonisht with these tempests of extreams :  
 O *Jove*, said I if they be more then dreams  
 That laid thee by *Ægyna* ; nor thy ire  
 Incens'd be, that I should call thee fire ;  
 620 Render me mine, or me afford a grave !  
 With prosperous thunder-claps a sign he gave,  
 I take it, said I ; let this Omen be,  
 A happy pledge of thy intents to me !  
 Hard by, a goodly Oak, by fortune, stood,  
 635 Sacred to *Jove* ; of *Dodoneian* wood :  
 Grain-gathering Ants there, in long files I saw,  
 Whose little mouthes self-greater burthens draw ;  
 Keeping their paths along the rugged rine,  
 While I admire their number : O divine,  
 And ever helpful ! give to me, said I,  
 630 As many men ; who may the dead supply.  
 The trembling Oak his lofty top declin'd :  
 And murmured without a breath of wind.  
 I shook with fear : my tresses stood an end :  
 Yet on the earth and oak I kisses spend.  
 I durst not seem to hope, yet hope I did :  
 635 And in my brest my cherisht wilhes hid.  
 Night came ; and Sleep care-wasted bodies cheard :  
 Before my eyes the self-same Oak appeard ;  
 So many branches, as before, there were :  
 So many busie Ants those branches bear ;  
 So shook the Oak, and with that motion threw  
 640 To under-earth the grain supporting crue.  
 Greater and greater straight they seem to fight :  
 To raise themselves from earth, and stand up-right.  
 Whom numerous feet, black colour lankness leave :  
 And instantly a humane shape receive.  
 645 Now sleep with-drew. My dream I waking blame ?  
 And on the small performing Gods exclaim :  
 Yet heard a mighty noyse ; and seem'd t' have heard  
 Almost forgotten voyces : yet I feard  
 That this a dream was also. Where upon,  
 The door thrust open, in rusht *Telamon* :  
 Come forth, said he, O father ; and behold  
 650 What hope transcends ; nor can with faith be told !  
 Forth went I ; and beheld the men which late  
 My dream presented : such in every state  
 I saw ; and knew them. They salute their King.  
*Jove* prais'd, a party to the town I bring ;

Leave

- 655 Leave to the rest the empty fields : and call  
 Them *Mermydons* of their original,  
 You see their persons : such their manners are  
 As formerly. A people given to spare,  
 Patient of labour ; what they get, preserve,
- 660 They, like in years and minds, these wars shall serve,  
 And follow your conduct ; when first this wind  
 (The wind blew Easterly) that was so kind  
 To bring you hither, will to your avail  
 Convert it self into a Southern gale,  
 Discourse thus entertain'd the day ; with feasts  
 They crown the Evening : Sleep the Night possesse.
- 665 The Morning Sun projects his golden rayes :  
 Still *Eurus* blew ; and their departure stayes.  
 Now *Pallas* sons to *Cephalus* resort,  
 And *Cephalus* with *Pallas* sons, to Court
- 670 With early visits : (sleep the King in chains)  
 Whom *Phocus* at the entrance entertains.  
 For *Peleus*, with his brother *Telamon*,  
 To raise an army were already gone.  
*Phocus* mean while into an inward room,  
 Of fair receipt, th' *Athenians* led : with whom  
 They seated first, he sits : His fancy fed
- 675 Upon the Javelin with the golden head  
 Held by *Aolides* : of what tree made  
 Being ignorant ; some speeches past, he said :  
 I haunt the desert woods ; delight in blood  
 Of salvage Beasts ; yet know not of what wood  
 Your Dart consists : For if of Ash it were
- 680 'Twould look more brown ; if Cornel, 'twould appear  
 More knotty : on what tree so e're it grew,  
 Mine eyes so fair a Dart did never view,  
 One of th' *Athæon* brethren made reply :  
 You would more wonder at the quality.
- 685 It hits the aim'd at, not by fortune led ;  
 And of it self returns with slaughter red.  
*Phocus* the cause desireth much to know,  
 From whence it came ; and who did it bestow.  
 He yields to his request, yet things well known,  
 Restrained by modesty, he lets alone.
- 690 Who toucht with sorrow for his wife, that bleeds  
 In his remembrance, thus with tears proceeds.  
 This Dart, O Goddess-born, provokes these tears :  
 And ever would, if endless were my years.

This

- This me, in my unhappy Wife destroy'd :  
 695 This gift I would I never had enjoy'd !  
*Procris* *Orithya's* sister was : if Fame  
 Have more inform'd you of *Orithya's* name.  
 Yet she (should you their minds, and forms confer)  
 700 More worth the rape. *Erichtheus*, me to her,  
 And love, unite. Then happy ! happy, I  
 Might yet have been. But O, the Gods envy !  
 Two months were now consum'd in chaste delight :  
 705 When gray *Aurora*, having vanquish'd night,  
 Beheld me on the ever-fragrant hill,  
 Of steep *Hymettus* : and, against my will,  
 As I my toyles extended, bare me thence.  
 I may the truth declare without offence :  
 Though rosie be her cheeks ; although she sway  
 The dewy Confiners of the Night and Day,  
 And Nectar drink : my *Procris* all possessest :  
 710 My heart was hers ; my tongue her praise profess.  
 I told her of her holy nuptial ties ;  
 Of wedlocks breach ; and yet scarce tasted joyes.  
 Fire-red she said, thy harsh complaints forbear :  
 Possess thy *Procris*. Though so fair, so dear :  
 715 Thou'lt wish th' hadst never known her, if I know  
 Insuing fate : and angry lets me go.  
 Her words I pondered as I went along :  
 Began to doubt she might my honour wrong.  
 Her youth, and beauty tempt me to distrust :  
 Her vertue checks those fears as most unjust.  
 720 But I was absent : but example fed  
 My jealousy : but lovers all things dread.  
 I seek my sorrows ; and with gifts intend  
 To tempt the chaste. *Aurora* proves a friend  
 725 To this suspicion ; and my form translates.  
 Unknown, I enter the *Athenian* gates ;  
 And then my own. The House from blame was free :  
 In decent order, and perplex for me.  
 Scarce with a thousand sleights I gain'd a view :  
 730 View'd with astonishment I scarce pursue  
 My first intent : scarce could I then forbear  
 Due kisses ; scarce not what I was appear.  
 She still was sad : yet lovelier none then she,  
 Even in that sadness : sorrowful for me.  
 735 How excellent, O *Phocus*, was that face,  
 Which could in grief retain so sweet a grace ?

What



What need I tell how often I assaild  
 Her vexed chastity ! how often faild !  
 How often said she ! One I only serve :  
 For him, where ever, I my bed preserve.  
 What mad man would such faith have farther prest.

- 740 But I ? industriousto my own unrest.  
 With fervent vowes, and gifts still multiply'd,  
 At length she wavers. False of faith I cry'd,  
 Thou art disclos'd : I, no adulterer,  
 But thy wrong'd spouse : nor can this triall erre.
- 745 She made no answer, prest with silent shame.  
 Th' unhappy house and me, far more in blame,  
 Forsaking ; mankind for my sake eschews :  
 And *Dian*-like the mountain chase pursues.  
 Abandon'd hotter flames my blood incense.
- 750 I pardon beg'd, confessing my offence :  
 And said, *Aurora* might have me subdu'd  
 With such enticements, had but she so woo'd.  
 My fault confest ; her wrong revenged, we  
 Grow reconcil'd ; and happily agree.
- 755 Besides her self, as though that gift were small,  
 A Dog she gave : which *Cynibia* giving ; All,  
 Said she, surpass in swiftness : and this Spear  
 You so commend, which in my hand I bear.  
 Do you the fortune of the first inquire ?
- 760 Receive a wonder : and the fact admire.  
 Dark prophecies, not understood of old,  
 The *Naiades* with searching wits unfold.  
 When sacred *Themis*, in that so obscure,  
 Neglected grew. Nor could she this indure.
- 765 A cruel Beast infects th' *Aonian* plains ;  
 To many fatal : feard by country Swains,  
 Both for their cattle, and themselves. I met  
 The neighbouring youth, our toyles the fields beset.  
 He nimbly skips above the upper lines :
- 770 And mounting over, frustrates our designs.  
 The dogs uncouple, from them all he springs,  
 With no less speed, then if supply'd by wings,  
 All bid me let my *Lelaps* slip (for so  
 My dog was call'd) who struggling long ago,  
 Half-throated, straind the leath. No sooner gone,
- 775 Then out of sight, his foot-steps left upon  
 The burning sand : who vanisht from our eyes  
 As swiftly as a well-driv'n javelin flies ;

- 780 Or as a singing pellet from a sling  
 Or as an arrow from a *Cretan* string.  
 I mount a hill which over-topt the place,  
 From thence beholding this admired chace.  
 The beast now pinch'd appears, now shuns by flight  
 His catching jaws. Nor (crafty) runs out-right,  
 785 Nor trusts his heels : with nimble turnings shunning  
 His urgent foe, cast back by over-running.  
 Who prest what only might in speed compare.  
 Appears to catch th' uncaught, and mouths the air.  
 My dart I take to aid : which while I shook,  
 790 And on the thong dire& my hasty look,  
 To fit my fingers : looking up again,  
 I saw two marble statues on the plain.  
 Had you these seen, you could not choose but say,  
 That this appeared to run, and that to bay.  
 That neither should each other over-go  
 795 The Gods decreed : if Gods descend so low.  
 Thus he : here paus'd. Then *Phocus*, Pray unfold  
 Your Darts offence. Which *Cephalus* thus told.  
 Joy grief fore-runs : that joy we first recite.  
 For O, those times I mention with delight,  
 800 When youth, and *Hymen* crown'd our happy life :  
 She in her Husband blest, I in my Wife.  
 In both one care, and one affection moves.  
 She would not have exchang'd my bed for *Jove's*,  
 Nor *Venus* could have tempted my desire :  
 805 Our bosomes flam'd with such an equal fire.  
 When *Sol* had rais'd his beams above the floods,  
 My custom was to trace the leavy woods,  
 Arm'd with this dart, I solitary went.  
 Without horse, huntsmen, toyls, or dogs, of sent,  
 810 Much kild, I to the cooler shades repair :  
 And where the valley breaths a fresher air.  
 Cool air I seek, while all with fervour gloses :  
 Cool air expect, the cause of my repose.  
 815 Come air, I use to sing, relieve th' oppress'd,  
 Come, O most welcome, glide into my brest :  
 Now quench, as erst, in me this scalding heat.  
 By chance I other blandishments repeat,  
 (So Fates inforce) as, O my souls delight !  
 820 By thee I am fed and chear'd : thy sweets excite  
 My affections to these woods : O may thy breath  
 Still fix with mine, and so preserve from death !

A busie

- A busie ear these doubtful speeches caught :  
 825 Who oft-nam'd air some much-lov'd *Dryad* thought ;  
 And told *Pocris* with a leuder tongue,  
 His false surmises ; with the song I sung.  
*Love* is too credulous. With grief she faints ;  
 And scarce reviling, bursts into complaints :  
 My spotless faith with fury execrates :  
 830 Woe's me, she cries, produ'ct to cruel fates !  
 Transported with imaginary blame,  
 What is not, fears : an unsubstantial name.  
 Yet grieves (poor soul !) as if in truth abus'd ;  
 Yet often doubts ; and her distrust accus'd.  
 835 Now holds the information for a lye :  
 Nor will trust other witness then her eye,  
*Aurora* re-inthron'd th' insuing Day :  
 I hunt, and speed. As on the grass I lay.  
 Come Air, said I my tyred spirits chear.  
 840 At this an unknown sigh invades my ear.  
 Yet I ; O come, before all joyes prefer'd  
 I then among the leaves a rustling heard,  
 And thrèw my dart ; supposing it some beast :  
 But O, 'twas *Pocris* ! wounded on the brest,  
 845 She shreekt ay me ! Her voice too well I knew ;  
 And thither, with my grief distracted flew.  
 Half dead ; all blood imbru'd, my wife I found :  
 Her gift (alas !) extracting from her wound.  
 I rais'd her body, then my own more dear :  
 850 To bind her wounds my lighter garments tear ;  
 And strive to stench the blood. O pity take,  
 Said I, nor thus a guilty soul forsake !  
 She, weak, and now a dying, thus replies  
 (Her last of speech) by all our nuptial ties ;  
 855 By heaven-imbowred Gods, by those below,  
 To whose infernal monarchy I go :  
 By that, if ever I deserved well ;  
 By this ill-fated love, for which I sell,  
 Yet now in death most constantly retain ;  
 O, let not *Ayre* our chaster bed prophane,  
 This said ; I shew'd, and she perceived how  
 860 That error grew : but what avail'd it now ?  
 She sinks ; her blood along her spirits took :  
 Who looks on me as long as she could look.  
 My lips her soul receive, with her last breath :  
 Who now resolved, sweetly smiles in death.

365 The weeping Heroe told this Tragedy  
To those that wept as fast. The King drew nyè,  
And his two sons, with well-arm'd Regiments,  
New rais'd ; which he to *Cephalus* presents.



# OVIDS

## METAMORPHOSIS.

### The Eighth BOOK.

#### THE ARGUMENT.

**H**armonious walls. Lewd *Scylla* now despairs;  
With *Nisus*, chang'd: the Lark the Hobby dares  
*Ariadne's Crown* a Constellation made.  
Th' inventive youth a Partridge; still afraid  
Of mounting. *Meleagers Sisters* mourn  
His Tragedy: to Fowl, so named, turn.  
Five water Nymphs the five *Echinades*  
Demonstrate. *Petimele*, near to these,  
Becomes an Island. *Jove* and *Hermes* take  
The forms of men. A City turn'd to a Lake:  
A Cottage to a Temple. That good pair,  
Old *Baucis* and *Philemon*, changed are  
At once to sacred Trees in various shapes.  
Blew *Proteus* sports. Oft self-chang'd *Metra* scapes  
Scorn'd servitude. The Stream of *Calidon*  
Forsakes his own, and other shapes puts on.

**N**ow *Lucifer* exalts the Day: to Hell  
Old Night descends. The Eastern winds now fell;  
Moyst clouds arose: when gentle Southern gales  
Besfriend returning *Cephalus*. Full sails  
Wing his successful course: who long before  
5 All expectation, toucht the wished shore.

Mean-

- Mean-while just *Minos* wastes *Lelegia's* coast,  
 And girts *Alcorboes* City with his Hoast.  
 This *Nisus* held; whose head a purple hair,  
 'Mong those of honourable silver, bare :  
 10 His Kingdoms strength. Six aged Moons grew young :  
 Yet wars success in equal ballance hung :  
 Slow Victory, in choice yet what to do,  
 With doubtful wings 'twixt either army flew.  
 A royal Tower, with sounding walls, there stands ;  
 Erected by *Apollo's* sacred hands :  
 15 Whereon, they say, he lai'd his golden Lyre ;  
 Whose strings the stones with harmony inspire.  
 This, *Nisus* daughter oft ascends alone ;  
 And drops small pebbles on the warbling stone ;  
 20 In time of peace. When war had peace expeld,  
 From thence the conflicts of stern *Mars* beheld,  
 By this delay, the Princes names she knows ;  
 Their arms, horse, habits, and *Cydonian* bows ;  
*Europa's* Son, the General, yet knew,  
 More then the rest, more then 'twas fit to do.  
 25 For when he wore his fairly plumed cask ;  
 She thought him lovely in that warlike mask :  
 Or when his brass-refulgent shield he rais'd ;  
 His graceful gesture infinitely prais'd.  
 Nor could his practis'd arm let slip a dart ;  
 But straight sh' extols his strength, inform'd by art,  
 30 If he an arrow drew ; sh' would swear that so  
*Apollo* stood, when he discharg'd his bow.  
 But when, his helmet off, he shew'd his face ;  
 When clad in purple, with a gallant grace,  
 He on his hot-high bounding Courser sits :  
 35 O then she scarce was mistress of her wits !  
 Happy she calls the lance, his hand sustains :  
 Happy she calls his hand sustained rains.  
 And had she power, she would have madly past  
 Through all the hostile ranks; her self have cast  
 40 Amid the *Cretan* tents, even from that Tower ;  
 Or ope the brass rib'd gates to *Minos* power :  
 Or what he else could wish. She then survey'd  
 The *Gnosian* Kings white Tent ; and softly said :  
 Whether I should for this so sad a war  
 Or joy or grieve ; within my self I jarr.  
 45 Alas, that he I love should be my foe !  
 I had not known him, had it not been so.

- Yet me in hostage might he take : of peace  
 A pledge ; his spouse ; and bloody broyls surcease.  
 No marvel though a God her beauty took :
- 50 If she that bare thee had so sweet a look.  
 Thrice happy I, could I with wings prevent  
 This dull delay ; and fly to *Minos* tent.  
 My self I would disclose, confess my flame ;
- 55 And buy him, with what dowry he should name.  
 But to betray these towers : dye, dye, desire,  
 Ere I by treason to your ends aspire.  
 Yet, through the Victors clemency, it some,  
 Nay many, hath avail'd t' have been o're-come.  
 Just war he wageth for his sons sad end :  
 His cause is strong ; strong arms his cause defend.
- 60 Sure we must fall. If such our Cities fate ;  
 Why should his power inthroned him in this State,  
 And not my love ? better, without delay  
 His souldiers blood, his own, he conquer may.  
 For il-presaging fears my rest confound,
- 65 Lest some, not knowing him, should *Minos* wound :  
 For no heart is so hard, that did but know,  
 And would a lance against his bosom throw.  
 Then thus : with me, my country I intend  
 To render up ; and give these wars an end.  
 What is't to intend ? Each passage hath a guard ;
- 70 My father keeps the keys, and sees them bard.  
 'Tis he defers my joyes ; 'tis he I dread :  
 Would I were not, or he were with the dead !  
 Tush, we are our own Gods. They thrive that dare,  
 And fortune is a foe to slothful pray'r.  
 Long since, another scorcht with such a fire,
- 75 By death had forc't a way to her desire.  
 And why should any more adventurous prove ?  
 I dare through sword, and fire make way to Love.  
 And yet here is no use of fire, nor sword ;  
 But of my fathers hair. This must afford  
 What I so much affect, and make me blest :
- 80 Richer then all the treasure of the East.  
 This said; Night, nurse of cares, her curtains drew :  
 When in the dark she more audacious grew.  
 In prime of rest, when tyr'd with day-bred cares  
 Sleep all infolds ; she silently repairs  
 Into her fathers bed-chamber ; and there
- 85 Picks out (O horrid act ! ) his fatal hair.

Seiz'd

- Seiz'd on her wicked prey; with her she bore  
 The guilty spoil; unlocks a Postern door:  
 Then past the foe (bold by her merit made)  
 Unto the King not un-astonish'd, said.
- 90 Inforc'd by Love I *Scylla*, *Nisus* Seed;  
 Yield up my Country, and my Gods: no meed,  
 But thee, I crave. This purple hair receive,  
 My loves rich pledge: nor think a hair I give,
- 95 But my old fathers head. And therewith she  
 Presents the gift with wicked hand. But he  
 Rejects her proffer: and much terrifi'd  
 With horror of so foul a deed, reply'd  
 The Gods exile thee (O thou most abhord!)  
 Their world; to thee nor Land nor Sea afford.  
 How-ere *Joves* Creer, the world wherein I reign,  
 100 Shall such a monster never entertain.  
 This said: the most just victor doth impose  
 Laws no less just, upon his vanquish'd foes.  
 Then orders, that they forthwith oars convey  
 Aboard the brass-beakt ships, and anchors weigh.
- When *Scylla* saw the *Gnosian* navy swim,  
 105 And that her treason was abhorr'd by him,  
 To violent anger she converts her prayers,  
 And fury-like, with stretcht arms, and spread hairs;  
 Cry'd; Whither fly'st thou? leaving me, whose love  
 With conquest crown'd thee? O prefer'd above
- 110 My country: Father! 'twas not thou didst win;  
 But I that gave: my merit, and my sin.  
 Not this; not such affection, could perswade:  
 Nor that on thee I all my hopes had laid.  
 For whether should I go, thus left alone?  
 What? to my Country? that's by me o're-thrown,
- 115 Wer't not; my treason dooms me to exile.  
 Or to my father; given unto thy spoil?  
 Me worthily the Citizens will hate:  
 And neighbours fear th' example in their State.  
 I, out of all the world my self have thrown,  
 To purchase an access to *Creer* alone,  
 Which if deny'd and left to such despair;
- 120 *Europa* never one so thankless bare:  
 But swallowing *Syr's* *Charibdis* chaff with wind;  
 Or some fell Tygres, of th' *Armenian* kind;  
*Jove's* not my father; nor with forged shape  
 Of Bull beguiled, thy mother suffer'd rape,



- That story of thy glorious race is fain'd :  
 125 For she a wild, and loveless Bull sustain'd,  
 O father *Nisus*, thy revenge behold !  
 Rejoyce, O Chy, by my treason sold !  
 Death, I confess, I merit. Yet would I  
 Might by their hands whom I have injur'd, dye.  
 For why shouldst thou, who onely didst subdue  
 By my offending, my offence pursue ?  
 130 My Country, and my father felt this sin :  
 Which unto thee hath meritorious been,  
 Thou worthy art of such a wife, as stood  
 A Bulls hot lust, within a Cow of wood :  
 Whose shameless womb a modstrous burthen bare.  
 Ah ! do my sorrows to thy ears repair ?  
 Or are my fruitless words born by that wind  
 135 That bears thee hence, and leaves a wretch behind ?  
 No marvel though *Pasiphae* prefer'd  
 A Bull, thou far more salvage than the Heard.  
 Woe's me ! make haste I must : the waves with oars  
 Resound ; his ship forsakes, with us, our shores.  
 140 In vain ! Tle follow thee ungrateful King :  
 And while I to thy crooked vessel cling,  
 Be drag'd through drenching seas. This having said,  
 Attempts the waves, by *Cupid's* strengthning aid,  
 And cleaves t' his ship. Her father, now high-flown  
 145 Strikes airy rings (a red-mailed Hobby grown)  
 And stoops to cuff her with his golden fears.  
 She slips her hold, ineebled by her fears  
 While yet a falling, that she might eschue  
 The threatening sea, light wings t' her shoulders grew.  
 150 Now changed to a bird in sight of all :  
 This, of that ravisht hair, we *Chrys* call.  
 No sooner *Minos* toucht the *Cretan* ground,  
 But by an hundred Bulls, with garlands crown'd,  
 His vov'es to conquest-giving *Jove* he payd :  
 And all his palace with the spoil arayd.  
 155 And now his families reproach increast,  
 That uncouth prodigie, half man half beast,  
 The mothers foul adultery descri'd,  
*Minos* resolves his marriage shame to hide  
 In multitude of rooms, perplext, and blind.  
 The work t' excell'g *Diedatus* assign'd.  
 160 Who sense distracts, and error leads a maze  
 Through subtil ambages of sundry wayes,

- As *Phrygian Meander* sports about  
 The flowry vales; now winding in, now out;  
 Himself incounters, sees what follows, guides  
 165 His streams unto their springs; and, doubling, slides  
 To long mockt seas: so *Dædalus* compil'd  
 Innumerable by-ways, which beguil'd  
 The troubled sense; that he who made the same,  
 Could scarce retire: so intricate the frame.  
 When in this fabrick *Minos* had inclos'd  
 This double form, of man and beast compos'd;  
 170 The Monster with *Athenian* blood twice fed,  
 His own, the third Lot, in the ninth year, shed.  
 Then by a Clew reguided to the door  
 (A Virgins counsel) never found before;  
*Ægides*, with rapt *Ariadne*, makes  
 For *Dia*: on the naked shore forsakes  
 175 His confident, and sleep-oppressed Mate.  
 Now, pining in complaints, the desolate  
*Bacchus*, with marriage, comforts and that she  
 Might glorious by a Constellation be;  
 Her head unburthens of her crown, and threw  
 It up to Heaven: through thinner air it flew.  
 180 Flying, the jewels that the verge inchace  
 Convert to fires; fast fixed in one place;  
 Th' old form retaining. They their station take,  
 'Twixt him that kneels, and him who holds the Snake.  
 The Sea-impris'd *Dædalus*, mean-while,  
 Weary of *Creet*, and of his long exile;  
 Toucht with his countries love and place of birth;  
 185 Thus said: Though *Minos* bar both sea, and earth;  
 Yet heaven is free. That course attempt I dare:  
 Held he the world, he could not hold the air.  
 This said; to arts unknown he bends his wits,  
 And alters nature, Quills in order knits,  
 190 Begining with the least: the longer still  
 The short succeeds; much like a rising hill.  
 Their rural Pipes, the Shepherds, long ago  
 (Fram'd of unequal reeds) contrived so.  
 With threeds the midst, with wax he joyns the ends:  
 195 And these, as natural wings, a little bends.  
 Young *Icarus* stood by, who little thought  
 That with his death he play'd; and smiling, caught  
 The feathers tossed by the wand'ring ayr:  
 Now chafes the yellow wax with busie care,

- 200 And interrupts his Sire. When his last hand  
 Had made all perfect : with new wings he fand  
 The air that bare him. Then instructs his son :  
 Be sure that in the middle course thou run,  
 Dank Seas will clog the wings that lowly fly :
- 205 The Sun will burn them, if thou soar'st too high.  
 'Twixt either keep. Nor on *Bootes* gaze,  
 Nor *Helice*, nor stern *Orions* rayes :  
 But follow me. At once, he doth advise ;  
 And unknown feathers to his shoulders tyes.
- 210 Amid his work and words the salt tears brake  
 From his dim eyes ; with fear his fingers shake.  
 Then kist him, never to be kisted more :  
 And rais'd on lightsome feathers-flies before ;  
 His fear behind : as birds through boundless sky  
 From airy nests produce their young to fly ;
- 215 Exhorts to follow ; taught his baneful skill ;  
 Waves his own wings, his sons observing still.  
 These, while some Angler, fishing with a Cane ;  
 Or Shepherd leaning on his staff ; or Swain ;  
 With wonder views : he thinks them Gods that glide
- 220 Through airy regions. Now on his left side  
 Leaves *Funo's Samos*, *Delos*, *Paros* white,  
*Lebynthos*, and *Calidna* on the right,  
 Flowing with honey. When the Boy, much took  
 With pleasure of his wings, his Guid forsook :  
 And ravish't with desire of heaven, aloft
- 225 Ascends. The odor-yielding wax more soft  
 By the swift Suns vicinity then grew :  
 Which late his feathers did together glew.  
 That thaw'd, he shakes his arms, which now were bare,  
 And wanted wherewithal to gather air.
- 230 Then falling, Help O father, cries : the blew  
 Seas stop his breath ; from whom their name they  
 His father, now no father left alone, (drew  
 Cry'd *Icarus* ! where art thou ? which way flown ?  
 What region, *Icarus*, doth thee contain ?  
 Then spies the feathers floating on the Main.  
 He curst his arts ; inters the corps that gave
- 235 The land a name, which gave his son a grave.  
 The Partridge from a thicket him surway'd ;  
 As in a tomb his wretched son he layd ;  
 Who clapt his fanning wings, and lowly churd  
 T' express his joy : as then an only-bird.

So made of late (unknown in former time)

- 240 O *Dædalus* by thy eternal crime,  
To thee thy Sister gave him to be taught;  
Who little of his destiny fore-thought:  
The Boy then twelve years aged; of a mind  
Apt for instruction, and to Arts inclin'd,  
He Saws invented, by the bones  
245 In fishes backs; the steel indur'd;  
And two shant Compasses with silver bound;  
Th' one to stand still, the other turning round  
In equal distance. *Dædalus* this, stung  
250 Who from *Minerva's* sacred turret flung  
The envy'd head-long; and his falling feign'd:  
Him *Pallas*, faultrix of good wits, sustains:  
Who straight the figure of a fowl assumes;  
Clad in the midst of air with freckled plumes,  
The vigor of his late swift wit, now came  
255 Into his feet, and wings: he keeps his name.  
They never mount aloft, nor trust their birth  
To tops of trees; but flock as low as earth.  
And lay their eggs in tufts. In mind they bear  
Their ancient fall, and lofty places fear.  
260 Tyr'd *Dædalus* now in *Sicilia* lights:  
In whose defence hospitious *Coc'lus* fights.  
Now *Athens*, by *Ægeus* glorious Seed,  
Was from her lamentable tribute freed.  
They crown their Temples: warlike *Pallas*, *Jove*,  
265 Invoke; with all the Deities above,  
Whom now they honor, with the large expence  
Of blood, free gifts, and heaps of frankincense.  
Vast fame through all th' *Argolian* cities spread  
His praise: and all that rich *Achaia* fed  
His aid in their extremities intreat,  
270 And *Calydon* (through *Meleagers* seat)  
His aid implores. A Boar by *Dian* sent,  
As her revenge, and horrid instrument,  
For *Oeneus*, with a plenteous harvest blest,  
To *Ceres* his first fruits of corn addrest,  
To *Pallas* oil, and to *Lyæus* wine.  
275 Ambitious honors all the Powers divine  
Reap from the rurals; who neglect to pay  
*Diana* dues, her Altars empty lay.  
Anger affects the Gods. This will not we  
Unpunisht bear: nor unreveng'd, said she,

- 280 Though un-adored, shall they vaunt we be.  
 With that she sent into *Oenian* fields  
 A vengeful Boar, Rank-grass'd *Epirus* yields  
 No big-bon'd bullock of a larger breed:  
 But those are less which in *Sicilia* feed.  
 His eyes blaze blood and fire: his stiff neck bears  
 285 Horrible bristles, like a grove of spears.  
 A boiling foam upon his shoulders flows  
 From grinding jaws: his tusshes equal those  
 Of *Indian* Elephants: his fell mouth casts  
 Swift lightning; and his breath the pastures blasts.  
 290 Now tramples down the corn, when in the blade;  
 The husbandmans ripe vows now frustrate made,  
 And reaps the weighly ears. Their usual grain  
 The Barns, and threshing-floors expect in vain.  
 Broad-spreading Vines he with their burden, shears:  
 295 And boughs from ever-leavy *Olives* tears.  
 Then falls on beasts: the Herdsmen, now unfeard;  
 Nor Dogs, nor raging Bulls, defend their Herd.  
 The people fly; security scarce find  
 In walled towns: till *Meleager* join'd  
 300 With youths of choicest worth, inflam'd with praise,  
 Attempts his death. The twin'd *Tyndarides*;  
 One for his horsemanship, the other fam'd  
 For Whorl-bars; *Jason*, who the first ship fram'd;  
*Theseus* with his *Pirithous*, a pair  
 Of happy friends; and *Lyncus*, *Aphar's* heir;  
 The two *Thestiade*, *Leucippus*, crown'd  
 305 For strength; *Acastus*, for his dart renown'd;  
 Swift *Idas*, *Ceneus*, not a woman then;  
*Hippothous Dryas*; *Phœnix* (best of men,)  
*Amyntors* son; th' alike *Astorides*,  
 And *Phyleas* sent from *Elis*, came with these:  
*Phereus* hope; adventurous *Telamon*;  
 And he who call'd the great *Achilles* son,  
 310 *Hyantian Iolaw*, the well-grac'd  
*Eurytus*, and *Echion*, who surpass  
 In running, *Lelex* the *Narycian*,  
 With *Panopæus*, *Hyleus*, *Hippasus*,  
 Now youthful *Nestor*: sons to that intent  
*Hippocoon* from old *Amyclis* sent:  
 315 *Penelopes* father-in-law, *Parrasia*-bred  
*Anceus*, wife *Ampycides* well tead  
 In fates, *Oiclide*s, not as yet betray'd

- By's wife, *Tegæan Atalanta*, a maid  
 Of passing beauty, sprung from *Scheræus* race :  
 Of high *Lycean* woods the onely grace.  
 A polish'd Zone her upper garment bound ;  
 320 And in one knot her artless hair was wound :  
 Her arrows Ivory guardian clattering hung  
 On her left shoulder ; and a Bow well strung  
 Her left hand held. Her looks a wench display'd !  
 In a boys face, a boys face in a maid.  
 325 The *Calydonian* Heroes her beheld  
 And wish'd at once : his wishes face repel'd.  
 Who lurking flames attracts ; and said, O blest  
 Is he, whom thou shalt with thy joys invest !  
 But time, and modesty his courtship stay,  
 By a more pressing action call'd away.  
 330 A wood o're-grown with trees, yet never fell'd,  
 Mounts from a plain, that all beneath beheld.  
 The glory-thirsting Gallants this ascend.  
 Forth-with a part their corded toils extend,  
 Some hounds uncoupled ; some the track of feet  
 Together trace : and danger long to meet,  
 335 A Dale there was, through which the rain-rai'd flood  
 Oft tumbled down, and in the bottom stood :  
 Repleat with pliant willows, marsh weeds,  
 Sharp Rushes, Osiers, and long slender Reeds.  
 The Boar from thence dislodg'd, like lightning crush'd :  
 340 Through jastling clouds, among the hunters rush'd :  
 Bears down the obvious trees ; the crashing woods  
 Report their fall. The youths each others bloods  
 With high-rai'd shouts inflame : who keep their stands :  
 And shake their broad-tipt spears with threatening  
 The dogs he scatters ; those that durst oppose (hands,  
 345 His horrid fury, wounds with ganching blows.  
*Ecbion* first his javelin vainly cast,  
 Which struck a Beech. The next his sides had pass'd,  
 But that with too much strength it over-slew :  
 350 The weapon *Pegasean Fason* threw.  
 O *Phœbus*, said *Ampycides*, if I  
 Have honor'd, and do honor thee, apply  
 Thy succor in success of my intents,  
 The God, as much as lay in him, assents :  
 But from the dart the head *Diana* took ;  
 355 Which gave no wound, although the Boar it strook :  
 The beast like lightning burns, thus chaf'd with ire :

His

- His grim eyes shine, his breast breathes flames of fire,  
 And as a stone which some huge engine throws  
 Against a wall, or bulwark man'd with foes :
- 360 The deadly Boar with such sure violence  
 Assaults their forces. The right wings defence ;  
*Epalamon*, and *Pelagorus*, cast  
 On sounding earth : drawn off with timely hast.  
*Enesimw*, great *Hippocoons* son,  
 Could not so well his slaughtering tusshes shun :
- 365 Which cut the shrinking sinews in his thigh.  
 Even as he trembled, and prepar'd to fly.  
 And *Nestor* long had perished, perchance,  
 Before *Troy's* war ; but, vaulting on a lance,  
 He took a tree, which there his branches spread :  
 And safely saw the foe from whom he fled.
- 370 Who, full of rage, his vengeful tusshes whets  
 Upon an Oak, and dire destruction threats :  
 When, trusting to his new-edg'd arms, the Boar  
 The manly thigh of great *Orithyus* tore.  
 The brother Twins, not yet celestial stars ;  
 Conspicuous both, both terrible in wars ;
- 375 Both mounted on white Steeds, aloft both bare  
 Their glittering spears, which trembled in the air :  
 And both had sped ; but that the swine with-drew  
 Where neither horse nor javelin could pursue.  
 In follows *Telamon*, hot of the chase ;
- 380 And stumbling at a root, fell on his face.  
 While *Peleus* lifts him up, a winged flight  
*Tegæa* drew, which flew as swift as sight :  
 Below his ear the fixed arrow stood,  
 And stain'd his bristles with a little blood.
- 385 The Virginless rejoiced in the blow  
 Then *Melæger* : who first saw it flow ;  
 First shew'd his mates the blood ; O most renown'd,  
 Said he, thy honor hath thy virtue crown'd.  
 The men, they blush for shame ; each other chear ;
- 390 And high-rais'd souls, with clamors higher rear :  
 Their spears in clusters fling ; which make no breach  
 Through idle store : and throws their throws impeach.  
 Behold, *Anceus* with a poll-ax, stern  
 To his own fate ; who said, By me O learn  
 You youths, how much a mans sharp steel exceeds  
 A womans weapons, and applaud my deeds.
- 395 Though *Dian* should take arms, and in his strife



- Protect her beast, she should not save his life.  
 Thus gloriously he boasts; in both his hands  
 Advanc'd his poll-ax, and on tip-toes stands.  
 400 Whom, e're his arms descend, the furious Swine  
 Prevents; and sheathes his tushes in his groin.  
 Down fell *Anceus*, out his bowels gusht,  
 All gore; with blood the earth, as guilty, blusht.  
*Ixions* son *Perithous* forward prest:  
 405 And with an able arm his lance addrest.  
 To whom *Agides*; O to me more dear  
 Then my own life! my better half; forbear.  
 The wife in valor should aloft contend:  
 Fool-hardy courage was *Anceus* end.  
 This said, his heavy cornel, with an head  
 Of brass, he hurls: which sure had struck him dead  
 410 (It was deliver'd with so true an aim)  
 But that a tall Beech interpos'd the same.  
*Asonides* then threw his thrilling lance;  
 Which hit (diverted from the mark by chance)  
 A dog between his baying jaws: the wound  
 Rusht through his guts, and nail'd him to the ground;  
 415 *Oenides* varying hand discharg'd two spears:  
 The earth the one, the beast the other bears.  
 While now he raves, grunts, turns his body round,  
 Casts blood and foam; the author of his wound  
 Rusht in; provokes his greater wrath; and where  
 420 His shields dis sever, thrusts his deadly spear.  
 They all with chearful shouts their joys unfold;  
 Shake his victorious hands; the beast behold  
 With wonder, whose huge bulk possess so much:  
 And hardly think it safe the slain to touch:  
 425 Yet dye their javelins in his blood. He laid  
 His foot upon his horrid head; and said:  
 My right receive beloved *Nonacrine*,  
 And let my glory ever share with thine.  
 Then gave the bristled spoil, and gaily head  
 430 With monstrous tushes arm'd, which terror bred:  
 She in the Gift, and giver pleasure took.  
 All murmur, with preposterous envy strook.  
 On whom the violent *Thestiada* frown;  
 And cry aloud with stretcht-out arms; Lay down.  
 Nor, Woman, of our titles us bereave,  
 435 Left thee thy beauties confidence deceive;  
 He no fit judg, whom love hath rest of sight:

- And snatch from her, her gift ; from him, his right.  
*Oenides* swells ; his looks with anger stern :  
 You ravishers of others honors, learn  
 440 (Said he) the distance between words and deeds :  
 With impious steel secure *Plexippus* bleeds,  
 While *Toxens*, whether to revenge his blood,  
 Or shun his brothers fortune, wavering stood ;  
 He clears the doubt : the weapon, not before  
 445 By th' others wounds, new heats in his hearts gore.  
 Gifts to the holy Gods *Althea* brings  
 For her sons victory ; and *Pæans* sings.  
 When back she saw her slaughtered brothers brought :  
 At that sad object screech'd ; and grief-distraught,  
 The City fills with out-cries : off she tears  
 Her royal robes, and funeral garments wears.  
 450 But told by whom they fell ; no longer mourns :  
 Rage dries her eyes ; her tears to vengeance turns.  
 The triple Sisters erst a brand convey'd  
 Into the fire, her belly newly laid ;  
 Thus chanting, while they spun the fatal twine :  
 455 O lately born, one period we assign  
 To thee, and to this brand. The charm they weave  
 Into his fate ; and then the chamber leave,  
 His mother snatch'd it with an hasty hand  
 Out of the fire ; and quench'd the fragrant brand.  
 This in an inward closet closely lays :  
 460 And by preserving it, preserves his days.  
 Which now produc'd ; a pile of wood she rais'd,  
 That by the hostile fire invaded, blaz'd.  
 Four times she proffers to the greedy flame  
 The fatal brand : as oft with-drew the same.  
 A mother, and a sister, now contend :  
 465 And two-contending names one bosom rend.  
 Oft fear of future crimes a paleness bred :  
 Oft burning fury gave her eyes, his red.  
 Now seems to threaten with a cruel look :  
 And now appears like one that pity took.  
 470 Her tears the fervor of her anger dries :  
 Yet found she tears again to drown her eyes.  
 Even as a ship, when wind and tide contends,  
 Feels both their furies, and with either bends :  
 So *Thestias*, whom unsteady passion drives,  
 475 By changes, calms her rage, and rage revives.  
 A sisters love at length subdues a Mothers :

That

- That blood may calm the ghosts of bleeding brothers,  
 Impiously pious. Flames, to ashes turn  
 This brand, said she, and my loth'd bowels burn.  
 480 Then, holding in her hand the fatal wood;  
 As she before the funeral altar stood:  
 You triple Powers, who guilty Souls pursue;  
*Eumenides*; these Rites of vengeance view,  
 I act the crime I punish. Death must be  
 By death aton'd. On murder, murder we  
 485 Accumulate; redoubling funerals.  
 This cursed house by throngs of mischief falls,  
 Shall *Oeneas* joy in his victorious son?  
 Sad *Thestius* rob'd of his? One fortune run.  
 Look up, O you my brothers ghosts; you late  
 490 Dislodged souls; see how I right your fate,  
 Accept of this infernal sacrifice,  
 Which cost me dear: my wombs accursed price.  
 Ay me! O whither am I rapt! excuse  
 A mother, brothers, Trembling hands refuse  
 Their fainting aid. He merits death: yet by  
 A mothers rage me-thinks he should not die.  
 495 Then shall he scape? Alive, a victor, feast  
 In proud success; of *Calydon* posses?  
 You, little ashes, and chill shades, forlorn?  
 I'll not endure it. Perish Villain, born  
 To our immortal ruine. Ruinate  
 With thee, thy fathers hopes, his crown and state.  
 500 Where is a mothers heart? a parents pray'r!  
 Th' unthought-of barden which I ten months bare?  
 O would, while yet an infant, the first flame  
 Had thee devour'd; nor I oppos'd the same!  
 Thy life, I gave; by thine own merit die:  
 A just reward for thy impiety.  
 505 Thy twice-giv'n life resign; first by my womb,  
 Last by this ravish'd brand; or me intomb  
 With my poor brothers. Fain I would pursue  
 Revenge, yet would not. O, what shall I do!  
 Before my eyes my brothers wounds now bleed:  
 And the sad image of so foul a deed,  
 Now pity, and a mothers name controul  
 My stern intention. O distracted soul!  
 510 You've won, my brothers; but, alas, ill won:  
 So that, while thus I comfort you, I run  
 Your fate. With eyes, turn'd back, her quaking hand  
 To

- To trembling flames expos'd the funeral brand.  
 The brand appears to sigh, or sighs expires:  
 515 Wrapt in th' imbracements of unwilling fires.  
 Unknowning *Meleager*, absent broils  
 Even in those flames: his blood thick-panting, boils  
 In unseen fire. Who such tormenting pains  
 With more then manly fortitude sustains.  
 Yet grieves, that by a slothful death he falls  
 520 Without a wound: *Anceus* happy calls.  
 His aged father, brothers, sisters, wife,  
 Now groaning names, with his last words of life:  
 Perhaps his mother. Flames, and pains increase;  
 Again they languish; and together cease.  
 525 To liquid air his vanisht spirits turn:  
 The sable coals in clouds of ashes mourn.  
 Low lies high *Calydon*: the young, the old,  
 Ignoble, noble, all their gifts unfold.  
 The *Calydonian* Matrons cut their hair;  
 Desflower their beauties: cry, wo and despair!  
 530 His hoary head with dust his father hides;  
 Lies groveling on the ground; and old age chides.  
 For now his mother, by her guilt pursu'd,  
 Revenging steel in her own breast imbru'd:  
 Though *Phæbus* would an hundred tongues bestow,  
 A wit that should with full invention flow.  
 535 All *Helicon* infuse into my brest;  
 His sisters sorrows could not be exprest.  
 Themselves forgetting decency, deface:  
 While he retains a body, that imbrace;  
 Kifs his pale lips: when turn'd to ashes, they  
 540 The ashes in their bruised bosoms lay:  
 Fall on his tomb; his name, that there appears,  
 Imbrace, and fill the characters with tears.  
 But when *Diana's* wrath was satisfy'd  
 With *Oenius* misery: they all (beside  
 Fair *Gorge* and the lovely *Deianire*)  
 545 On plumy pinions, by her power aspire;  
 With long extended wings, and beaks of horn:  
 Who through the air in varied shapes are born.  
 Mean while to *Pallas* towers *Egides* hies  
 (His part perform'd in that joint enterprize)  
 550 Whose haft rain-raised *Uchelous* staid,  
 Renown'd *Cecropian* Prince, the River said,  
 Vouchsafe my roof; nor to th' impetuous flood

- Commit thy person. Oft huge logs of wood,  
 And broken Rocks, down-tumble, loudly roar.  
 555 Herds with their stalls not seldom heretofore  
 Hurried away : nor was the Ox of force  
 To keep his stand ; nor swiftness sav'd the Horse.  
 And when dissolved snow from mountains pour'd,  
 Their violent whirl-pits many have devour'd.  
 More safe to stay until the current run  
 560 Within his bounds. To whom *Ageus* son :  
 'Twere folly, if not madness, to refuse  
 Thy house and counsel : both I mean to use.  
 Then enters his large cave, where Nature play'd  
 The Artisan ; of hollow Pumice made,  
 And rugged Tofus, floor'd with humid moss :  
 565 The roof pure white, and purple shells imboss,  
 Now had *Hyperion* past two parts of day :  
 When *Theseus*, with the partners of his way,  
*Pirithous*, and *Lelex* the renown  
 Of *Traxen*, now appearing gray ; sat down :  
 570 And whom the River, glad of such a guest,  
 Prefer'd unto the honor of his feast.  
 Forthwith bare-footed Nymphs bring in the meat :  
 That t'ane away, upon the table set  
 Crown'd cups of wine. When *Theseus* turn'd his face  
 575 To under-seas ; and pointing, said ; What place  
 Is yon', and of what name, that stands alone ;  
 And yet me-thinks it should be more then one ?  
 It is not one, the courteous flood replies ;  
 But five : their neighborhood deceives your eyes.  
 580 The less t'admire *Diana*, late despis'd,  
 Five Nymphs they were : who having sacrific'd  
 Ten beeves, invited to their festival  
 The rural Gods ; my self forgot by all.  
 At this I swell : and never greater, roul  
 585 With streams as much enraged as my soul.  
 The woods from woods, and fields from fields I teer  
 With them, the Nymphs (now mindful of me) bear  
 In exile to the deep : whose waves, with mine,  
 That then-united mafs of earth disjoin  
 Into as many pieces, as in seas  
 590 Are of the flood-imbrac'd *Echinades*.  
 Yet see one Isle, far, O far-off remov'd !  
 Call'd *Peremele* ; once by me belov'd.  
 I, from this Nymph, her virgin-honor took.

*Hippodamas*

- Hippodamas* his daughter could not brook :  
 595 But cast her from a rock into the deep.  
 Whom, while my loving streams from sinking keep;  
 I said ; O *Neptune*, thou that dost command  
 The wandring waves, that beat upon the land ;  
 To whom we Rivers run, in whom we end ;  
 Incline a gentle ear. I did offend  
 600 Whom I support : O kind and equal prove !  
 Had but *Hippodamas* a fathers love,  
 Or had he not been so inhumane ; he  
 Would both have pitied her, and pardon'd me.  
 Her whom his fury hath from earth exil'd,  
 When in the troubled waves he cast his child ;  
 605 A place afford : or let her be a place  
 Which I may ever with my streams imbrace.  
 His head the King of Surges forward shook :  
 And, in assenting, all the Ocean strook.  
 The Nymph yet swims ; although with fear oppress'd.  
 I laid my hand upon her panting breast :  
 610 While thus I handled her, I might perceive  
 The earth about her stiffning Body cleave.  
 Now, with a mass infolded, as she swims,  
 An Island rose from her transformed limbs.  
 He held his peace. The admiration won  
 615 In all : derided by *Ixion's* son :  
 By nature rough, and one who did despise  
 All-able Gods : who said ; thou tell'st us lyes,  
 And think'st the Gods too potent : as if they  
 Could give new shapes, or take our old away.  
 His saying all amaz'd, and none approv'd :  
 620 Most *Lelex*, ripe in age and wisdom, mov'd.  
 Heav'n's power, immense and endless, none can shun ;  
 Said he ; and what the Gods would do, is done  
 To check your doubt ; on *Phrygian* hills there grows  
 An Oak by a Line-tree, which old walls inclose.  
 625 My self this saw, while I in *Phrygia* stay'd ;  
 By *Pittibem* sent : where erst his father sway'd.  
 Hard by, a lake, once habitable ground ;  
 Where Coots, and fishing Cormorants abound.  
*Jove*, in an humane shape ; with *Mercury*,  
 630 (His heels unwing'd) that way their steps apply.  
 Who guest-rites at a thousand houses crave,  
 A thousand shut their doors, One onely gave  
 A small thatch'd Cottage : where, a pious wife

- Old *Baucis*, and *Philemon*, led their life.  
 635 Both equal-ag'd. In this, their youth they spent :  
 In this, grew old : rich onely in content.  
 Who poverty, by bearing it, declin'd :  
 And made it easie with a chearful mind.  
 None master, nor none servant, could you call,  
 They who command, obey, for two were all.
- 640 *Jove* hither came, with his *Cyllenian* mate,  
 And stooping, enters at the humble gate.  
 Sit down, and take your ease, *Philemon* said.  
 While busie *Baucis* straw-stuff cushions laid :  
 Who stirr'd abroad the glowing coals, that lay  
 In smothering ashes, rak'd up yester-day.
- 645 Dry bark, and with' red leaves, thereon she throws :  
 Whose feeble breath to flame the cinders blows.  
 Then slender clefts, and broken branches gets :  
 And over all a little Kettle sets.  
 Her husband, with the cool-flow'rs, cuts their leaves,
- 650 Which from his grateful Garden he receives :  
 Took down a fitch of Bacon with a Prong,  
 That long had in the smoky chimney hung :  
 Whereof a little quantity he cuts :  
 And it into the boiling liquor puts.  
 This seething, they the time beguile with speech :
- 655 Unsenfible of stay. A Bowl of Beech,  
 There, by the handle hung upon a pin :  
 This fills he with warm water, and therein  
 Washes their feet. A moss-stuff bed and pillow  
 Lay on an homely bedstead made of willow :
- 660 A coverlet us'd but at feasts they spread :  
 Though coarse, and old, yet fit for such a bed.  
 Down lie the Gods. The palfie shaken Dame  
 Sets forth a table with three legs, one lame,
- 665 And shorter then the rest, a pot-shere rears :  
 This, now made level, with green Mint she clears,  
 Whereon they party-color'd Olives set,  
 Autumnal Corneis, in tart pickle wet,
- 670 Cool Endive, Radish, new Eggs roasted reer,  
 And late-prest Cheese, which earthen dishes bear.  
 A Goblet, of the self-same silver wrought,  
 And bowls of Beech, with wax well varnisht, brought,  
 Hot viſuals from the fire were forthwith sent :
- 675 Then wine, not yet of perfect age, present.  
 This ta'ne away, the second course now comes!

Philberds,



- Philberds, dry Figs, with rugged Dates, ripe Plums,  
 Sweet-swelling Apples, dist in Olier twines;  
 And purple grapes new-gather'd from their vines :  
 680 Ith' midst, an honey-comb. Above all these ;  
 A chearful look, and ready will to please.  
 Mean-while, the Maple cup it self doth fill :  
 And oft exhausted, is replenisht still,  
 Astonisht at the miracle ; with fear  
 685 *Philemon*, and the aged *Baucis*, rear  
 Their trembling hands in pray'r : and pardon crave,  
 For that poor entertainment which they gave.  
 One Goose they had, their cottages chief guard ;  
 Which they to hospitable Gods award :  
 690 Who long their slow pursuit deluding, flies  
 To *Jupiter* ; so sav'd from sacrifice.  
 W'are Gods, said they ; Revenge shall all destroy :  
 You in this ruine shall your lives enjoy.  
 Together leave your house ; and to yon' hill  
 695 Follow our steps. They both obey their will ;  
 The Gods conducting : feebly both ascend ;  
 Their staves, with theirs ; they, with times burden bend.  
 A flight-shot from the top, review they take ;  
 700 And see all swallowed by a mighty lake :  
 Their house excepted. While they this admire,  
 Lament their neighbors ruine, and desire  
 To see their cottage, which doth onely keep  
 Its place ; while for the places fate they weep ;  
 705 That humble shed, too little even for two,  
 Become a Fane. Two columns crotches grew,  
 The thatch and roof shine with bright gold ; the doors  
 Divinely carv'd ; the pavement Marble floors.  
 While fearful *Baucis* and *Philemon* pray'd,  
 710 *Saturnius* with a chearful count'nance said :  
 Thou just old man ; and thou good woman, who  
 Deserv'st so just an husband : what do you  
 In chief desire ? They talk awhile alone ;  
 Then thus to *Jove* their common wish make known,  
 We crave to be your Priests, this Fane to guard.  
 715 And since in all our lives we never jar'd,  
 Let one hour both dissolve : nor let me be  
 Intomb'd by her, nor she intomb'd by me.  
 Their fate is sign'd. The temple they possess,  
 As long as life. With time and age oppress,  
 720 As now they stood before the sacred gate,

- And call to memory that places fate,  
*Philemon* saw old *Baucis* freshly sprout :  
 And *Baucis* saw *Philemon* leaves thrust out.  
 Now on their heads aspiring branches grew ;  
 While they could speak, they spake : at once adieu  
 725 They jointly said : at once the creeping rine  
 Their trunks inclos'd ; at once their shapes resign.  
 They of *Tyana* to this present show  
 These neighbor trees that from two bodies grow.  
 Old men, nor like to lye, nor vain of tongue,  
 This told. I saw their boughs with garlands hung ;  
 730 And hanging fresher, said, Who Gods before  
 Receiv'd, be such : adorers, we adore.  
 The tale, and teller, wonder, and belief,  
 Provok'd in all, but *Theseus* mov'd in chief.  
 Who covetous to hear such deeds as these :  
 The *Calydonian* River, prest to please,  
 735 In this sort, leaning on his elbow, spake ;  
 There be, who ever keep the form they take :  
 Others have power themselves, at will, to change,  
 As thou blue *Proteus*, that in seas dost range.  
 Who now a Man, a Lion now appears,  
 740 Now, a fell Boar : a Serpents shape now bears.  
 A Bull, with threatning horns, now seem't to be :  
 Now, like a Stone, now, like a spreading Tree,  
 And sometimes like a gentle River flows :  
 Sometimes like Fire, averse to Water, shows,  
 745 *Antolicus* his wife, the daughter to  
 Leud *Erifichthon*, things as strange could do.  
 He was her father, who the Gods despis'd :  
 Nor ever on their Altars sacrific'd.  
 Who *Ceres* groves with steel profan'd : where stood  
 750 An old huge Oak, even of it self a Wood.  
 Wreaths, ribands, grateful tables, deckt his boughs,  
 And sacred stem, the Dues of powerful Vows.  
 Full oft the *Dryades*, with chaplets crown'd,  
 755 Danc'd in his shade, full oft they tript a Round  
 About his bole. Five cubits three times told,  
 His ample circuit hardly could infold.  
 Whose stature other trees as far exceeds,  
 As other trees surmount the humble weeds.  
 Yet this his fury rather did provoke :  
 Who bids his servants fell the sacred Oak.  
 760 And snatches, while they paus'd, an Ax from one :

Thus

- Thus storming : Not the Goddess-lov'd alone,  
 But though this were the Goddess, she should down,  
 And sweep the Earth with her aspiring crown.  
 As he advanc'd his arms to strike ; the Oak  
 765 Both sigh'd and trembled at the threatening stroke.  
 His leaves and Acorns, pale together grew :  
 And color-changing branches sweat cold dew.  
 Then wounded by his impious hand, the blood  
 Gush'd from th' incision in a purple flood.  
 770 Much like a mighty Ox, that falls before  
 The sacred altar ; spouting streams of gore.  
 On all amazement seiz'd : when One of all  
 The crime deters ; nor would his Ax let fall,  
 Contracting his stern brows ; Receive, said he,  
 Thy pieties reward ; and from the tree  
 775 The stroke converting, lops his head ; then strake  
 The Oak again : from whence a voice thus spake ;  
 A Nymph am I, within this tree inshrin'd,  
 Belov'd of *Ceres*. O prophane of mind,  
 Vengeance is near thee. With my parting breath  
 780 I prophesie : a comfort to my death.  
 He still his guilt pursues : who overthrows  
 With cables, and innumerable blows,  
 The sturdy Oak : which, nodding long, down rush'd ;  
 And in his lofty fall his fellows crush'd.  
 Their sister, and their grove, the Nymphs lament ;  
 785 Who, hid in fable vales, to *Ceres* went ;  
 On *Erisichthon* just revenge require :  
 Who readily consents to their desire.  
 The fair-brow'd Goddess shakes her shining hairs :  
 With that, the fields shook all their golden ears.  
 Who to a merciless revenge proceeds  
 790 (Had he deserved mercy by his deeds)  
 By starving. But, since not by fatal doom,  
*Ceres*, and *Famine* might together come ;  
 A Nymph, one of the light *Oreades*,  
 Dispatcheth thither, with such words as these.  
 795 In frosty *Scythia* lies a land, forlorn  
 And barren ; bearing neither fruit, nor corn.  
 Numb Cold, pale Hue, chill Ague, there abide ;  
 And meager *Famine* : Bid that Fury glide  
 Into his cursed intrails, and devour  
 800 All plenty : let her rage subdue my power.  
 But lest long ways thy journey tedious make :

My chariot, and my yoked Dragons take.  
 Taking her chariot, through the empty skies  
 105 To *Scythia*, and rough *Caucasus* she flies.  
 There, in a stony field, sad *Famine* found,  
 Teering with teeth and nails the foodless ground:  
 With snarled hair, sunk eyes, looks pale and dead,  
 Lips white with slime, thin teeth with rust o're-spread.  
 110 Through her hard skin the writhel'd guts appear,  
 Her huckle-bones stuck up, a valley where  
 Her belly should ascend, her dry breasts hung  
 So lank, as if they to her back had clung:  
 By falling flesh the rising joints augment,  
 115 Round knees and ancles leanly eminent,  
 Espy'd far-off (she durst not be so bold  
 To come too near) the Nymphs her message told.  
 After a little stay, although she were  
 Far-off, although but now arrived there,  
 She famine felt. Who wheels about her Snakes,  
 120 And her high passage to *Amonia* takes.  
*Famine* obeys the Goddesses command,  
 Though their endeavors still opposed stand.  
 Who, by a tempest hurried through the skies,  
 Enters the wretches roof: besides him lies,  
 Then fast a-sleep: (for now Nights heavy charms  
 125 All eyes had clos'd) imbrac'd him in her arms,  
 Her self infus'd, breathes on his face and breast:  
 And empty veins with hunger rage possess.  
 This thus perform'd, forsakes the fruitful earth:  
 And back returns to her abodes of dearth,  
 130 Sound Sleep as yet with pleasurable wings  
 On *Erisichthon* gentle slumber flings.  
 Who dreams of feasts, extends his idle jaws,  
 With laboring teeth fantastically chaws.  
 Deludes his throat by swallowing empty fare:  
 And for affected food devours the air.  
 135 Awak'd; hot famine raves through all his veins:  
 And in his guts, and greedy pallat reigns.  
 Forth-with, what Sea, what Earth, what Air affords,  
 Acquits: complains of starving at full boards.  
 In banquets, banquets seeks. What might alone  
 140 Have Towns and Nations fed, suffice not one,  
 Hunger increaseth with increast repast.  
 And as all Rivers to the Ocean hast,  
 Who, thirsty still, drinks up the stranger floods:

- As ravenous fires refuse no proffer'd foods,  
 845 Huge piles receive, the more they have, the more  
 By much desire, made hungry with their store,  
 So *Erisichthon*, of a mind prophane,  
 Full dishes empties, and demands again.  
 Meat breeds in him an appetite to meat,  
 Who, ever empty, still prepares to eat.  
 850 His bellies gulf his patrimony wafts :  
 Consuming famine yet unlesined lasts :  
 And his insatiable throats extent,  
 Now all his wealth, into his bowels sent :  
 A daughter left, unworthy such a Sire,  
 The begger sold to feed his hungers fire.  
 855 Her noble thoughts base servitude disdain :  
 Who now her hands extending to the Main ;  
 O thou that hadst my maiden-head, said she,  
 Thy ravish'd spoil from hated bondage free !  
*Neptune* had this, who to her prayer consents.  
 860 And, though then by her master seen, prevents  
 His following search : transforming of his Rape  
 Into a man, maskt in a fishers shape.  
 Angler, her master said, that with thy bait  
 Conceal'st thy hook, so prosper thy deceit,  
 So rest the Sea compos'd, so may the fish  
 865 Be credulous, and taken at thy wish ;  
 As thou reveal'st her, who in garments poor,  
 And ruffled hair, late stood upon this shoar.  
 For here, but very now, I saw her stand :  
 Nor father trace her foot-steps in the sand.  
 She, *Neptunes* bounty finding, well apaid  
 870 To be inquir'd for of her self, thus said :  
 Pardon me Sir, who e're you are, my eyes  
 Have been attentive on this exercise.  
 To win belief, so may the God of Seas,  
 Assist my cunning in such Arts as these :  
 As late nor man nor maid I saw before  
 875 Your self, my self excepted, on this shoar.  
 He credits, and beguil'd, the shoar forsook :  
 When she again her former figure took.  
 Her father, seeing she could change her shape,  
 Oft sold her ; who as often made escape.  
 880 Now Hart-like, now a Cow, a Bird, a Mare :  
 And fed his hunger with ill-purchas'd fare.  
 But when his malady all means had spent ;

And

And he had given it the last nourishment ;  
Now to devour his proper flesh proceeds,  
885 And by diminishing, his body feeds.  
What need I dwell on foreign facts ? even we  
Can vary shapes, though limited they be.  
Now seem I as I am ; oft like a Snake :  
And many times a Bulls horn'd figure take.  
890 But while I horns assum'd, one thus was broke,  
As you behold. This, with a sigh, he spoke.

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# OVIDS

## METAMORPHOSIS.

### The Ninth Book.

#### THE ARGUMENT.

**A** *Serpent Achelous : now a Bull :  
His severed Horn with plenty ever full.  
Licas a Rock. Alcides sunk in flame,  
Ascends a God. The labor-helping Dame  
A Weesél. Lotis, flying lust, becomes  
A Tree : the like sad Dryope intombs.  
Old Iolaus waxeth young agen.  
Callirrho's Infants suddenly grow Men.  
Byblis a weeping Fountain. Iphis, now  
A Boy, to Isis, pays his Maiden Vow.*

**H**E, who his high descent from Neptune draws,  
Of his so sad a sigh demands the cause,  
And maimed brow. When thus the God proceeds ;  
His dangling curls impal'd with quivering reeds.  
An heavy task you impose : his own disgrace  
5 Who would revive ? Yet was it not so base  
To be subdu'd, as noble to contend :  
And such a Victor doth by foil defend.  
Have you not heard of fair cheek'd Deianire ?  
10 The envy'd hope of many : the desire  
Of all that knew her. We, with others, went  
To Oeneus Court, to purchase his consent.  
Parthaons son, make me thy son-in-law ;  
I, and Alcides said : the rest with-draw.

He,



- He, with his father *Jove*, his Labors fame,  
 15 And Step-dames vanquish'd tasks, inforc'd his claim.  
 'Twere shame, said I, that deathless Gods, to men  
 Who die, should stoop. (A God he was not then.)  
 These ever-living waters I command,  
 That wind in endless currents through thy Land.  
 Thy Son no stranger is, if I be He :  
 20 But of thy Country, and a friend to thee :  
 And be't no prejudice ; that *Juno's* hate,  
 Nor punishing imployments press my fate.  
 If from *Alcmena* you your being drew :  
*Jove's* your false father, or the crime is true,  
 25 You seek a Father in a mothers shame,  
 Or be not *Jove's*, or take a bastards name.  
 He, all this while, with eyes that sparkle fire,  
 Upon me frown'd : and weakly rul'd his ire.  
 Then onely said ; My hand my tongue exceeds :  
 30 Win thou with words, so I subdue with deeds.  
 With that, fell on. To speak so big, and shrink,  
 I shame : and let my wave-green Mantle sink ;  
 My arms oppose, my hands for seizure prest :  
 And every fitted part for fight addrest.  
 35 He throws dust on me with his hollow hand :  
 And I again besprinkle him with sand.  
 Now catches at my neck, now at my thighs,  
 Or proffer makes : and every limb applies.  
 But me my weight defends ; in vain he strives.  
 40 Much like as when a roaring billow drives  
 Against a rock : the rock repels his pride ;  
 By his own poisure firmly fortify'd.  
 Both for a while with-drew : again we meet,  
 And strongly keep our stands ; feet join to feet.  
 With that I rush'd upon him with my brest.  
 45 My fingers, his, my brow his fore-head prest,  
 So have I seen two Bulls with horrid might  
 Together close ; the motive of their fight  
 The fairest Cow in all those fields ; the Herd  
 With fear expecting which should be prefer'd.  
 50 Thrice *Hercules* did all his force incline  
 (As oft in vain) to free his breast from mine.  
 The fourth assay my strong imbrace unbound :  
 And from my grasping arms his body wound.  
 Then turning me about (truth guides my tongue)  
 Upon my back with all his burden bung.

- 55 If I have faith (this lye can find no way  
 To praise) on me, me thought a mountain lay,  
 Scarce could I clasp my arms, all froth'd with sweat :  
 Scarce from his gripes could I my body get :  
 Still pressing on, he gives nor time to breathe,  
 Nor gather strength : my powers my trust deceive.  
 60 At last, his yoking arms my neck command :  
 When, pull'd upon my knees, I bit the sand.  
 My native flight my weaker force supply'd :  
 I from him like a lengthful Serpent glide.  
 Now in contracted folds I forward sprung :  
 65 Horridly hissing with my forked tongue.  
 He laughs ; and flouts my cunning in this sort :  
 To strangle Serpents was my cradles sport.  
 Though other Dragons to thy conquests bow :  
 To'dire *Lernean Hydra* what art thou ?  
 70 Her wounds were fruitful : from each sever'd head ;  
 Each of her hundred necks two fiercer bred :  
 More strong by twining hairs. These thus renew'd  
 And multiply'd by death, I twice subdu'd.  
 75 What hope hast thou, a forged Snake, to scape ?  
 That fight'st with other arms ; and beg'st thy shape.  
 This said ; my neck his grasping fingers clinch'd ;  
 And scruz'd my throat ; as if with pincers wrinch'd :  
 While from his gripes I strove my jaws to pull,  
 80 Twice over-come ; now, like a furious Bull,  
 Once more his terrible assaults oppose.  
 His arms about my swelling chest he throws,  
 And following, hales : my horn (my head turn'd round)  
 Fixt on the earth ; and threw me on the ground.  
 85 My brow (that not sufficing) dis-adorns :  
 By breaking one of my ingaged horns.  
 The *Naiades* with fruits and flowers this fill :  
 Wherein abundant plenty riots still.  
 Here *Achelous* ends, One lovely-fair,  
 90 Girt like *Diana's* Nymph, with flowing hair,  
 Came in ; and brought the wealthy Horn ; repleat  
 With Autumn's store, and fruit serv'd after meat.  
 Day sprung ; and mountain shone with early beams.  
 His Guests depart : nor stay till peaceful streams  
 95 Glide gently down, and keep their bounded race.  
 Sad *Achelous* now his rustick face,  
 And maim'd head within the current shrouds.  
 This blemish much his former beauty clouds :

- All else compleat. The dammage of his brows  
 100 He shades with flaggy wreaches, and fallow boughs;  
 But *Deianira*, *Nessus*, was thy wrack:  
 A deadly arrow piercing through thy back.  
*Jove's* son, with his new wife; to *Thebes* his course  
 Directing; came t' *Evenus* rapid source.  
 105 The big-swoln streams increast with winters rain,  
 And whirling round, their passage now restrain.  
 For her he fears: fear for himself abhor'd,  
 When strong-limb'd *Nessus* came, who knew the Ford;  
 And said; I safely will transport thy Bride:  
 110 Mean-while swim thou unto the other side.  
 To him *Alcides* his pale wife betakes:  
 Who, fearing both the flood, and *Nessus*, quakes,  
 Charg'd with his quiver, and his Lions skin.  
 (His club and bow before thrown over) in  
 The Heros leaps, and said, How'ever vast;  
 115 These waves, since undertaken, shall be past.  
 And confident, nor seeks the smoothest ways:  
 Nor by declining entertains delays.  
 Now over; stooping for his bow, he heard  
 His wives shrill shrieks; and *Nessus* saw, prepar'd  
 120 To violate his trust. Thou ravisher,  
 What hope, said he, can thy vain speed confer?  
 Holla, thou half a beast; withhold thy flight;  
 I wish thee hear; nor intercept my right:  
 If no respect of me can fix thy trust,  
 Yet, let thy Fathers wheel restrain thy lust.  
 125 Nor shalt thou scape revenge; how ever fleet,  
 Wounds shall o're-take thy speed, though not my feet.  
 The last, his deeds confirm; for as he fled,  
 An arrow struck his back: the barbed head  
 Past through his breast. Tug'd out, a crimson flood  
 130 Spouts both ways; mixt with *Hydras* poisonous blood,  
 This *Nessus* took; and softly said: yet I,  
*Alcides*, will not unrevenged die.  
 And gave his rape a robe, dipt in that gore:  
 This will (said he) the heat of love restore.  
 Long after (all the ample world possest  
 135 With his great acts, and *Juno's* hate increast)  
 From raz'd *Oecalia* hasting his remove,  
 To sacrifice unto *Cenean Jove*:  
 Fames babblings *Deianira's* ears surprize  
 (Who falsehood adds to truth, and grows by lyes)

- 140 How *Iole*, *Amphitryoniades*  
 With love intral'd. Stung with this strong disease,  
 The troubled lover credits what she fears.  
 At first she nourisheth her grief with tears:  
 Which weeping eyes diffuse. Then said; But why  
 Weep we? the Strumpet in these tears will joy.
- 145 Since she will come, some change attempt I must;  
 Before my bed be stained with her lust.  
 Shall I complain? be mute? shift houses? stay?  
 Return to *Calydon*, and give her way?  
 Or call to mind that I am sister to
- 150 Great *Meleager*, and some mischief do?  
 What injur'd woman, what the spleenful wo  
 Of jealousy, by harlots death, can shew?  
 Her thoughts, long toil'd with change, now fixed stood  
 To send the garment dipt in *Nessus* blood;  
 To quicken fainting love. The present she
- 155 To *Lycas* gave (as ignorant as he)  
 And her own sorrow. Who with good intent,  
 And kind respects, the robet' her husband sent,  
 Which now the unsuspecting *Hero* wore:  
 Wrapt in the poison of *Echidna's* gore,  
 Who praying, new-born flames with incense fed:
- 160 And Bowls of wine on Marble Altars shed.  
 The spreading mischief works: with heat dissolv'd,  
 The manly limbs of *Hercules* involv'd.  
 Who, whil'st he could, with usual fortitude  
 His groans suppress. All patience now subdu'd  
 With such extreams; the Altar down he flings:
- 165 And shady *Oeta* with his clamor rings.  
 Forth-with, to teer the torture off, he strives.  
 The riven robe, his skin that lines it, rives;  
 Or to his limbs unseparably cleaves;  
 Or his huge bones and sinews naked leaves.
- 170 As fire-red steel in water drencht; so toils  
 His hissing blood, and with hot poison boils.  
 No mean! the greedy flames his intrals eat;  
 And all his body flows with purple sweat:  
 His scorched sinews crack, his marrow fries.
- 175 Then to the Stars his hands advancing, cries:  
 Feast, *Funo*, on our harms. O, from on high  
 Behold this plague! thy cruel stomach cloy.  
 If foes may pity purchase (such are we);  
 This life, with torments vext; long sought by thee;

And

- 180 And born to toil, receive. For death would prove  
 To me a blessing : and a Step-dames love  
 May such a blessing give. Have I this gain'd,  
 For slain *Busiris* ; who *Jove's* temple stain'd  
 With strangers blood ? That from the earth earth-bred  
*Antæus* held ? Whom *Geryons* triple head,  
 185 Nor thine, O *Cerberus*, could once dismay ?  
 These hands, these made the *Cretan* Bull obey ;  
 Your labors, *Elis* ; smooth *Symphalian* floods,  
 Confess with praises ; and *Parthenian* woods.  
 You got the golden Belt of *Thermodon* :  
 190 And Apples from the sleepless Dragon won.  
 Nor cloud-born *Centures*, nor th' *Arcadian* Boar,  
 Could me resist : nor *Hydra* with her store  
 Of frightful heads ; which by their loss increast.  
 I, when I saw the *Thracian* Horses feast  
 195 With humane flesh, their mangers over-threw :  
 And with his Steeds, their wicked Master slew.  
 These hands the *Hemean* Lion chok'd : these quell'd  
 Huge *Cacus*, and these shoulders heav'n up-held.  
*Jove's* cruel wife grew weary to impose :  
 200 I never to perform. But O, these woes,  
 This new-found plague, no virtue can repel ;  
 Nor arms, nor weapons ! Hungry flames of hell  
 Shoot through my veins ; and on my liver prey.  
*Eurystheus* yet triumphs : and some will say  
 205 That there be Gods ! Here his complaint he ends ;  
 And high-rais'd steps o're lofty *Oeta* bends,  
 Hurried with anguish : like a Bull, that bears  
 A wounding javelin ; whom the wonder fears.  
 Oft should you see him quake, oft groan, oft striving  
 To tear his garments ; solid trees up-riving,  
 210 Inraged with the mountains, and then rears  
 His scorched arms unto his fathers spheres.  
 Hid in an hollow Rock, he *Lycas* spies :  
 When torture had possess'd his faculties  
 With all her furies. *Lycas* didst thou give  
 This horrid gift, said he ? Think'st thou to live ;  
 215 I dying by thy treason ? While he quakes,  
 Looks ghastly pale, unheard excuses makes ;  
 While yet he spake, while to his knees he clung ;  
 Caught by the heels, about his head thrice swung,  
 Him into deep *Eubo'an* surges threw ;  
 220 (As engines stones) who hardned as he flew.

- As falling show'rs congeal'd with freezing winds,  
 Convert to snow; as snow together binds,  
 And rolling round, in solid hail descends:  
 So while the air his forced body rends,  
 225 Bloodless with terror, all his moisture gone;  
 That Age reports him chang'd to rugged stone:  
 And still within *Eubæa* gulphy deeps,  
 A small rock lies, which mans proportion keeps:  
 Whereon the mariners forbear to fall,  
 As if 't had sense: and this they *Lycas* call.  
 230 But thou, *Jove's* God-like son (a Pile with store  
 Of trees advanc'd, which lofty *Oeta* bore)  
 Thy Bow and ample Quiver (wherein lie  
 Those arrows, that again must visit *Troy*)  
 Bequeath'st to *Pæans* Heir: who catching fire  
 235 Puts to the Pile. While greedy flames aspire;  
 Thou on the top thy Lions spoil didst spread:  
 And lay'st thereon (thy club beneath thy head)  
 With such a look; as if a crowned Guest  
 Amidst full goblets, at a mirthful feast.  
 240 Now all embracing flames a crackling made:  
 And their Contemners patient limbs invade.  
 The Gods much thought for Earths Defender took:  
 When thus *Saturnius*, with a chearful look:  
 This grief, you Gods, is our delight: with all  
 245 Our soul we joy, that such a people call  
 Us King and Father; who so grateful are,  
 And of our progeny express such care:  
 For though his noble acts deserve as much;  
 You us oblige. But lest vain terrors touch  
 250 Your loyal hearts, let not these flames displease:  
 Who conquered all, shall also conquer these.  
*Vulcan* shall but his mothers part subdue:  
 For that's immortal which from us he drew;  
 And can nor taste of death, nor stoop to fire:  
 255 Which, freed from earth, shall to our joys aspire!  
 This all your Deities I think will please.  
 If any grudg such grace to *Hercules*,  
 Nor would his honor; let them envy still:  
 They shall confirm our act against their will.  
 260 The Gods assent. And *Juno's* self accords;  
 At least in show: yet *Jupiter's* last words  
 Unsmooth her fore-head with observ'd distast.  
 What flame could vanquish, *Mulciber* doth wast.

And

- And *Hercules*, not known by face, remains ;  
 265 Who nothing of his mothers form retains :  
 Now onely *Jove*-like. As a Shake his years  
 Cast with his skin, and sprightly young appears  
 With glittering scales : so, the *Tirynian*,  
 Having put off the habit of frail man,  
 270 Shines in his better part, and seems more great :  
 With aw-insufing majesty repleat,  
 Rapt in a chariot by almighty *Jove*,  
 Through hollow clouds unto the stars above.  
 Prest *Atlas* feels his weight. *Euristheus* ire  
 275 Ends not in death : his hatred to the Sire,  
 Pursues his race. *Alcmena*, worn with care,  
 Had *Iole*, to whom she might declare  
 Her old-wives plaints, her sons hard labors (known  
 Through broad-spread Earth) his fortunes, and her  
 Her *Hyllas*, by *Alcides* testament, (own  
 280 Took to his bed, with loves unforc'd consent ;  
 And fill'd her womb with generous seed : when thus.  
*Alcmena* : Be the Gods propitious,  
 And quick in working, when thy time draws near  
 To call *Ilithya*, whom sad mothers fear :  
 285 To me made difficult by *Juno*'s spight.  
 For ten accomplisht signs, did now excite  
 My travel to *Alcides* birth ; whose weight  
 My belly stretcht : which bare so great a freight,  
 That you might swear it was begot by *Jove*,  
 290 When with intolerable pains I strove.  
 Now also, speaking, horror chills my heart :  
 And griefs remembred adds to grief a part.  
 Seven nights, seven days, thus rackt; with anguish tir'd,  
 My hands upheld, with out-cries, I desir'd  
 295 *Lucina*'s aid, my burden to untie,  
 She came indeed, but pre-corrupted by  
*Jove*'s wife, to execute her deadly hate,  
 Hearing my groans, she sat before the gate  
 On yonder Altar : her right knee upholds  
 300 Her cross left ham ; whose fingers knit in folds  
 Delay'd delivery : and with mutter'd spells  
 Of secret power, the pressing birth repels.  
 I strive : and raving task ungrateful *Jove*,  
 Desire to die ; and breath complaints might move  
 305 Relentless flints. The *Cadmean* Dames were there ;  
 Who pray for me, and comfort my despair,



- Red-hair'd *Galambis*, one of mean descent;  
 In all employments stoutly diligent,  
 Belov'd for her duty; doth misdoubt  
 310 Malicious *Juno*. Passing in and out,  
 She saw the Goddess on the Altar sit:  
 Her arms about her knees her fingers knit.  
 What e're you be, rejoice with us, she said;  
 Joyful *Alcmena* hath her belly laid.  
 The Goddess, ruling child-birth, starting, rose;  
 315 And parting her link'd fingers, eas'd my Throes,  
 They say *Galambis* laugh'd at this deceit:  
 Whom straight the flood'd Goddess, in a fret,  
 Drags by the hair; nor suffers her to rise:  
 320 Forth-with her arms convert to legs and thighs:  
 Agility and colour still abide:  
 Her shape transform'd. In that her mouth supply'd  
 Help to that child-birth, at her mouth she bears.  
 Nor now our still frequented houses fears.  
 325 This said, she sighs for her old servants sake:  
 To whom her daughter, likewise sighing, spake.  
 You, Mother, sorrow for no kindred's fate.  
 But what if I the wondrous change relate  
 Of my poor sister? Tears, and sorrow seize  
 330 My troubled speech. Of all th' *Oechalides*  
 For form few might with *Dryope* compare;  
 The only child her dying mother bare:  
 I born by a second wife. Her virgin-flow'r  
 Being gath'rd by that over-mastring pow'r,  
 Who in *Delos*, and in *Delphos* doth reside;  
*Andraemon* weds her: happy in his Bride:  
 335 A Lake there is, which shelving borders bound,  
 Much like a shoar, with fragrant Myrtles crown'd.  
 Hither came simple *Deyope* (what more  
 Afflicts me!) to those Nymphs she garlands bore.  
 Her arms, her child, a pleasing burden, hold;  
 340 Who suckt her breasts: not yet a twelve-month old:  
 Hard by the lake a flow'ry Lotus grew,  
 (Expecting berries) of a crimson hue.  
 Thence pulling flowers, she gave then to her son  
 To play withall; so was I like t' have done:  
 345 For I was there. I saw the blood descend  
 From dropping twigs: the boughs with horror bend,  
 And heard, too late; how that a Nymph, who fled  
 From lustful *Priapus* to quit her dread,

Assum'd

- Assum'd this shape, the name of *Lotus* kept.  
 350 My Sister, this not knowing, backward stept;  
 And would depart, as soon as she had pray'd,  
 But roots her feet, for all her struggling, stay'd,  
 Who onely moves above. The bark increast,  
 Ascending from the bottom to her breast.  
 355 This seen, she thought t' have torn her hair, but tears.  
 Leaves from their twigs, her head green branches:  
 The child *Amphisus* (for his grand-father (bears.  
*Eurytus*, did that name on him confer)  
 Now finds his mothers breasts both stiff and dry.  
 360 I, a spectator of thy tragedy,  
 Dear sister, had in me no power of aid.  
 Yet, as I could, thy growing trunk I staid,  
 Clung to thy spreading boughs; and wisht that I  
 Intomb'd with thee, might in thy Lotus lie.  
 Behold, *Andraemon* comes; with him her Sire;  
 365 (Both wretched!) And for *Dryope* inquire:  
 When I for *Dryope* the Lotus show'd.  
 They kisses on the yet warm wood bestow'd:  
 And, groveling on the ground, her roots imbrace.  
 Now all of thee, dear Sister, but thy face  
 Th' incroaching habit of a tree receives.  
 With tears she bathes her new-created leaves.  
 370 Who, while she might, while yet a way remain'd,  
 For speaking passion; in this sort complain'd:  
 If credit to the wretched may be given;  
 I swear by all the Pow'rs inbow'rd in Heaven,  
 I never this deserv'd. Without a sin  
 I suffer: innocent my life hath bin.  
 Or if I lye, may my green branches fade:  
 375 And, fell'd with axes, on the fire be laid.  
 This Infant, from his dying mother bear  
 To some kind Nurse: and often let him here  
 Be fed with milk; oft in my shadow play.  
 Let him salute my tree; and sadly say,  
 (When he can speak) This Lotus doth contain.  
 380 My dearest mother. Let him yet refrain  
 All lakes; nor ever dare to touch a flower:  
 But think that every tree inshrines a Power,  
 Dear Husband, Sister, Father, all farewell.  
 If in your gentle hearts compassion dwell,  
 Suffer no ax to wound my tender boughs;  
 385 Nor on my leaves let hungry cattel browse.

And

- And since I cannot unto you decline,  
 Ascend to me ; and join your lips to mine,  
 My little son, while I can kiss, advance,  
 But fate cuts off my failing utterance,  
 For now the softer rine my neck ascends,
- 390 And round about my leavy top extends.  
 Remove your hands, without the help of those ;  
 The wrapping bark my dying eyes will close.  
 So left to speak, and be. Yet humane heat  
 In her chang'd body long retain'd a fear.
- 395 While *Iole* this story told, her eyes,  
 Fill'd with her tears, the kind *Alcmena* dries,  
 And weeps her self. Behold, a better change  
 With joy defers this sorrow, nor less strange.
- 400 For *Iolans*, twice a youth, came in,  
 The doubtful down now budding on his chin.  
 Fair *Hebe*, at her Husbands sure, on thee  
 This gift bestow'd. About to swear that she  
 Would never give the like ; wise *Themis* said,  
 Forbear ; War raves in *Thebes* by discord sway'd :
- 405 And *Capaneus* but by *Jove* alone  
 Can be subdu'd. The brothers then shall groan  
 With mutual wounds. The sacred Prophet, lost  
 In swallowing earth, alive shall see his Ghost.  
 His Sons red hands his mothers life extract,  
 T' appease his Sire ; a just yet wicked fact.
- 410 Rapt from his home and senses, with th' affright  
 Of staring furies, and his mothers Spright,  
 Until his wife the fatal gold demands :  
 Her husband murder'd by *Phegides* hands,  
 Then *Acheloian Callirrhoa*
- 415 Shal *Jove* importune, that her infants may  
 Be turn'd to men : and due revenge require  
 (As he, for his) of those who slew their Sire ;  
 Her pray'rs shall win consent from *Jove* ; who then  
 Will bid thee make *Callirrho's* children men,  
 This, *Themis* with prophetick rapture sung,
- 420 Among the Gods a grudging murmur sprung,  
 Why she this gift should not to others give.  
*Aurora* for her husbands age doth grieve ;  
*Ceres* complains of *Jasus* hoary hair ;  
*Vulcan* would *Erichonius* youth repair ;
- 425 And cares of time to come in *Venus* reign,  
 That her *Anchises* might wax young again,

All sue for some : seditious favour strove  
In height of tumult ; thus suppress by *Jove*.

What mutter you ? Or wher is your respect ?

- 430 Think you, you can the power of Fate subject ?  
Old *Iolaus* was by fate renew'd :  
By fate *Callirrhoe's* babes shall be indew'd  
With youth : not by ambition, nor by war.  
Even we, that you may better brook it, are
- 435 Prescrib'd by Fate. Which could we change; not thus  
Should time suppress our God-like *Aacus* :  
Eternal youth should *Radamanth* crown :  
Nor should our *Minos* lose his old renown;  
Despised now through age : who heretofore,  
With such a brave command his scepter bore.
- 440 These words of *Jove's* the yielding Gods asswage ;  
Sith *Radamanth* and *Aacus*, with age  
Decline : and *Minos* whose youths a live flame  
Made mighty nationstremble at his name,  
But now in minde and body impotent,
- 445 *Delonides Miletus* fear'd ascent  
T'his throne suspects; adorn'd with youth, and stile  
Of *Phæbus* son : nor durst his fears exile.  
But thou *Miletus*, of thy own accord  
Forsook'st thy native home : and now aboard,  
Through deep *Aegean* seas to *Asia* came :
- 450 Erecting there a city of thy name.  
He, as the Nymph *Cyane* (excellent  
For beauty) daughter to *Meander*, went  
Along his winding banks, compress'd her there :  
Who *Byblis* at one birth with *Caunus* bare.  
Byblis example lawless love reports :
- 455 *Byblis Apollineian Caunus* loves,  
Nor as a sister should a brother do :  
Nor at the first her own affections knew.  
Nor thought it sin so eagerly to kiss :
- 460 Nor by imbracing to have done amiss,  
Whom shadow of false piety beguiles;  
Love by degrees corrupts. Her dress, and smiles,  
She frames t'attract ; to seem to fair desires;  
And envies whomsoever he admires
- 465 Yet knows not her disease : no wishes rise  
In sighs as yet ; and yet within she fies.  
Now calls him Lord ; the due of blood disclaim'd :  
Who would by *Byblis*, and not sister nam'd,

Nor

- Nor waking durst she harbour in her breast  
 470 A wanton hope : but in dissolving rest  
 Her lover oft enjoys ; her senses keep  
 A festival ; yet blushes in her sleep.  
 Sleep fled ; long mute ; her dream again renues  
 By repetition : which she thus pursues.
- 475 Woe's me ! what boad these fantasies of night ?  
 If true, how wretched ! why should such delight ?  
 His heavenly form by envy is approv'd :  
 Who might, if not a brother, be belov'd  
 And merits my affections (O too well)  
 If I were not his sister : there's my hell !
- 480 While waking, I endeavor no such ill,  
 May these bewitching dreams inchant me still !  
 No spy could blab that imitated joy.  
 O *Venus*, and with thee, thou winged Boy !  
 What pleasure, what content had I that night !
- 485 How lay I all dissolved in delight !  
 With how much joy remembered ! short those joys ;  
 And hasty Night our happiness envies.  
 Would I could change this wretched name of mine !  
 Or he the intrest in his blood resign !  
 How well, O *Caunus*, might our father be
- 490 A father in law, or to thy self, or me !  
 O would to *Jove* we all in common held,  
 Except our birth ! though mine his birth exceld !  
 Who then, (O fairest ! ) wilt thou make a mother ?  
 How ill hath Nature linkt us to each other !
- 495 Still must thou be my brother : what I hate  
 I only have. What then prognosticate  
 These flattering visions ? What in these extreams,  
 Can dreams avail ? or is their weight in dreams ?  
 The Gods forbid ! Yet Gods their Sisters wed.
- 500 *Saturn* and *Ops* had both one womb and bed.  
 So *Tetbis* with *Oceanus* ; so *Jove*  
 Combines with *Juno* in eternal love.  
 Gods have peculiar lawes : how dare I draw  
 From them examples, bound t' another law ?  
 Die, die, forbidden flames, or let me dye.
- 505 Then may my brother kiss me when I lye  
 On sable herse. Besides, the joynt consent  
 This craves of two. Say it should me content :  
 He may abhor it. Yet *Æolides*  
 Imbraced his. Whence sprung such proofs as these !

- 526 O whether rapt ! you wicked flames, remove :  
 A brother, as befits a sister, love.  
 Yet should he first affect, perhaps I then  
 His love might cherish, and affect agen.  
 Then shall I, who would not his sure reject,  
 515 Sue first ? What canst thou speak ? thy thoughts detect ?  
 I can : Love prompts. If shame my speech suppress,  
 Yet letters may my hidden flames confess.  
 This pleas'd her, and a little satiside  
 Her doubtful mind. When rais'd on her left side,  
 And leaning on her elbow. Hap what may,  
 520 We will (said she) our frantick love display.  
 O, whither slide I ! O what flames excite  
 These thoughts ? then fits her trembling hands to write :  
 One holds the wax, the style the other guides.  
 Begins, doubts, writes, and at the tables chides,  
 525 Notes, razes, changes oft, dislikes, approves,  
 Throws all aside, resumes what she removes,  
 Her will she knows not, no composure brooks :  
 Soft shame, and impudence strive in her looks.  
 She had writ Sister : that, as most unfit,  
 530 Defacing, took the tables, and thus writ.  
 Health to her onely Love that Lover sends,  
 Whose heath alone upon your love depends.  
 To tell you who I am, alas, I shame.  
 If you would know my fate, without a name  
 O let me plead, nor be for *Byblis* known,  
 535 Until my hopes be to assurance grown.  
 Pale colour, leanness, ruthful looks, wet eyes,  
 Long sighs, which from concealed passion rise,  
 Frequent imbracements, and (if you so much  
 Observed) kisses of too hot a touch  
 540 To sute a sisters coldness : these exprest  
 The deep distemper of my wounded breast.  
 And yet, although my soul the wound sustain'd  
 Although in me a fiery fury raig'n'd,  
 Heavens witness, that I might at length be well,  
 I try'd the utmost, striving to repel  
 The violent darts of *Cupid* : and far more  
 Then you would think a woman could, I bore.  
 545 Against my will, I now become your slave :  
 And with afflicted language pity crave.  
 You may preserve, you only can undo :  
 Choose which you will. Nor sues a foe to you ;

- 550 But who, too near ally'd, would never joyn :  
 And in a stricker league of love combine.  
 Let old men know what's lawful, good, or ill :  
 And to their frosty rules subje& their will,  
 Rash *Venus* fits our years. Yet know not we
- 555 Intrangling lawes : let us think all things free,  
 And imitate the Gods. Paternal awe,  
 Respect of fame, nor fear, can us with-draw :  
 Alone all diffidency lay aside.  
 Our easie stealths a brothers name will hide,
- 560 We may in private talk ; converse and kifs,  
 Who ever by. What wants to crown our bliss,  
 O pity me, who have my love confest ;  
 Nor would, had not my utmost ardor prest :  
 Lest thy remorseless cruelty be read  
 Upon my monument, when I am dead.
- 565 The wax thus fild with her successless wit ;  
 She verses in the utmost margent writ.  
 Then seals her shame : her parched tongue deny'd  
 To wet her gem ; which weeping eyes supply'd  
 She, blushing, calls a servant of known trust,
- 570 And flattering him a while ; My friend, thou must  
 See these with care, and secrecy convoid  
 To my (there paus'd and after) brother, said.  
 In their delivery the tables fell :  
 She, at that Omen, starts ; yet bids farewell,  
 The wary messenger attends his time :  
 And givesto *Caunus* her infolded crime.
- 575 Amaz'd *Meandrius* high in choler grew :  
 And on the ground the half-read tables threw.  
 About to strike ; Thou wicked instrument  
 Of horrid lust, said he, by flight prevent  
 My swords revenge : but that our infamy
- 580 Thy death would publish ; villain, thou shouldst dy.  
 He, frighted, flies ; and to his mistress bears  
 The wrath of *Caunus*, *Byblis* quaking hears  
 Her sad repul'e : a death-resembling cold  
 Besieg'd her heart, and vital heat controld.  
 Yet, with her soul, her frantick love returns :
- 585 Who, with scarce moving lips, thus softly mourns,  
 And worthily, Why, O too rash ! have I  
 Disclos'd this wound ? affections secrecy,  
 Who would so soon to headdy lines commit ?  
 First, with ambiguous words it had been fit

T'have



- 590 T'have felt his thoughts ; and train'd him to pursue  
 I should have noted how the weather grew ;  
 And chosen a safe sea : but now my sails  
 Swell desperately with unperplexed gales.  
 Now born on crushing Rocks, the floods o're-bear  
 595 My sinking Bark ; nor can I back-ward steer.  
 Could not that Omen check the cherisht scope  
 Of my desires ; when, with our blasted hope,  
 The tables fell ? should I not have assign'd  
 Another day ; or wholly chang'd my mind ?  
 600 O no, the day. This, Heaven foreshew'd by sad  
 And sure presages ; had I not been mad.  
 My self, before my letters, should have su'd ;  
 And lively love exprest : he should have view'd  
 My moving tears ; a Lovers pleading eyes :  
 605 More could I have spoke then letters can comprise.  
 About his neck my arms I might have wound ;  
 And, had he cast me off, appear to fownd ;  
 Clung to his feet, and groveling, life implore.  
 This passion might have acted and much more :  
 Whereof, though each particular had fail'd ;  
 610 Yet altogether joyn'd might have prevail'd.  
 Perhaps the blame-deserving messenger  
 In choice of time, or circumstance, did err :  
 Nor took him, when his mind was pleas'd and free.  
 This wrackt my hopes. For of no Tigress he,  
 Nor Lyonsess was born : his gentle breast  
 615 Rough flint, hard steel, nor adamant invest.  
 He must be won, no fowr repulse shall make  
 My sute surcease, till life my breast forsake.  
 The best, if what is done were to begin,  
 620 Is not t'attempt ; next, what w'attempt, to win.  
 For never would he, though I should o're-sway  
 My strong desires, forget this lewd assay.  
 Desisting, would condemn my love for light ;  
 Or that I tri'd to intrap him by this slight ;  
 Or may conceive that brutish lust did move  
 These extasies ; and not the God of love.  
 625 Nor can I but have had a wicked mind ;  
 My will polluted ; which my hand hath sign'd.  
 No giving back can make me innocent ;  
 Nought can I add to sin, Much to content.  
 630 This said ; one thought another doth controul ;  
 So great a discord wracks her-wavering soul :

Dis-

- Dislikes, yet acts: who never satisf'd,  
 (Accurst) attempteth, to be oft deni'd.  
 This seen, he flies his country for her crime :  
 635 And builds a City in a foreign clime.  
 When woful *Byblis*, raving through despair,  
 Her garments, from her bruised bosom tare,  
 Striking her arms through fury, and proclames  
 In high distraction, her incestuous flames,  
 640 Hopeless, her hated mansion she eschues :  
 And frantickly, her brothers flight pursues.  
 And as *Ismarian Bacchanals* (great son  
 Of *Semele*) struck with thy *Thyrus*, run  
 In thy Triennials : so *Bubasian Dames*  
 Saw howling *Byblis* hurrying o're their plains.  
 645 From these she wanders through the *Carian* bounds,  
 The warlike *Lelages*, and *Lycian* grounds :  
*Cragus*, *Lymira's* steames, the silver waves  
 Of *Xanthus* past ; and where *Chimera* raves  
 On craggy rocks ; with Lyons face and main,  
 A Goats rough body, and a Serpents train.  
 650 The woods were past : when thou, O *Byblis*, faint  
 With long pursuit, and passions strong constraint,  
 Sunk'st down ; thy ruffled hair on earth displaid :  
 Thy face upon the withered leaves low-laid.  
 The kind *Lelegian* Nymphs oft in their arms  
 Attempt to raise her : and with powerful charms  
 655 Of counsel, strive to cure her love-sick mind.  
 Which at her deafned heart no entrance find.  
 She, grasping the green rushes, silent lyes :  
 And bathes them in the rivers of her eyes.  
 The *Naiades* thrust under these a spring :  
 Their bounty could not give a greater thing.  
 660 As pitch distilleth from the barks black wound,  
 As stiff Bitumen issues from the ground,  
 As floods, which frosts in icie fetters bind,  
 Thaw with th' approaching Sun, and Southern wind;  
 Even so *Phæbeian Byblis*, spent in tears,  
 665 Becomes a living fountain, which yet bears  
 Her name : and under a black Holm that grows  
 In those ranck vallies, plentifully flowes.  
 The same of this so wonderful a fate  
 Had fild'd *Creets* hundred Cities ; if of late  
 The change of *Iphis*, generally known,  
 Had not produc't a wonder of their own.

- 670 For *Phæstus*, neer to *Gnosſus*, foſtered  
 One, *Lygdus*, of un-noted parents bred :  
 How'ever free. Nor did his wealth exceed  
 His parentage : yet both in word and deed  
 Sincerely juſt, and of a blameleſs life.  
 675 Who thus beſpake his now down lying wife :  
 Two things I wiſh : that you your belly lay  
 With little pain ; and that it prove a boy.  
 A daughter is too chargeable, and we  
 Too poor to match her, If a girl it be,  
 680 I charge, what I abhor (O Pietſy  
 Forgive me !) that, as ſoon as born it dye  
 This having utter'd ; the commanded wept  
 And the Comander ; tears no meaſure kept.  
 Yet *Telethufa* ſtill with fruitleſs prair,  
 Deſires he would not in the Gods diſpair.  
 685 But he too conſtant. Now her time was come,  
 And the ripe burden ſtretcht her heavy womb :  
 When *Inachis*, with all her ſacred band,  
 In dead of night, or ſtood, or ſeem'd to ſtand  
 Beſides her bed. Her brows a crown adorns.  
 690 With ears of ſhining corn, and *Cynſhian* horns  
 Barking *Anubis*, and *Buſaſtis* bright,  
 Black, *Apis* ſpotted variously with white,  
 He whoſe mouth ſealing finger ſilence taught,  
*Tymbrels*, *Oſiris* never enough ſought,  
 695 And forrain ſerpents, whoſe dire touch conſtrain  
 A deadly ſlumber, conſumate her train.  
 Then (as if ſeen awake) the Goddeſs ſaid :  
 My *Telethufa*, be not thus diſmaid ;  
 Reje& theſe cares, thy husband diſobay :  
 And when *Lucina* ſhall thy belly lay,  
 700 Foſter what ere it be. A Deity  
 Auxiliary to Diſtreſs am I ;  
 Ready to help, and eaſily implor'd :  
 Nor ſhall it grieve thee that thou haſt ador'd  
 Ungrateful *Iſis*. This admoniſhed,  
 She leaves the room. When, riſing in her bed,  
 Her hands to heaven glad *Telethufa* threw :  
 And humbly prays her viſion may prove true.  
 705 Increaſing throws at length a girl diſclos'd.  
 Both by the father, and the world ſuppos'd.  
 To be a boy ; ſo cloſely hid : and known  
 But to the mother, and the nurſe alone.

He

- He paies his vowes, and of his Fathers name  
 710 It *Iphis* calls; which much rejoy't the dame,  
 To each sex common; nor deceives thereby;  
 Who still with pious fraud conceals her lye.  
 A boy in show; whose looks should you assign  
 To boy or girl, love would in either shine.  
 715 At thirteen years her father her affide  
 To yellow-trest *Ianthe*: she the pride  
 Of *Phaestian* virgins for unequald fair:  
*Telestes* daughter, and his only heir:  
 Like young, like beautiful, together bred,  
 720 Inform'd alike, alike accomplished:  
 Like darts at once their simple bosoms strike;  
 Alike their wounds; their hopes, O far unlike!  
 The day they expect. *Ianthe* thought time ran  
 Too slow; and takes her *Iphis* for a man  
 725 Poor *Iphis* loves, despaires; despair ejects  
 Far fiercer flames: a maid, a maid effects.  
 What will become of me (she weeping said)  
 Whom new, unknown, prodigious love invade!  
 730 If pittiful, the Gods should have destroy'd:  
 Or else have given what might have been enjoy'd.  
 No Cow a Cow, no Mare a Mare pursues:  
 But Harts their gentle Hindes, and Rams their Ewes,  
 So Birds together pair. Of all that move,  
 735 No Female suffers for a female loue.  
 O would I had no being! Yet, that all  
 Abhord by Nature should in *Crete* befall;  
*Sol's* lust incens'd daughter lov'd a Bull:  
 They male and female. Mine, O far more full  
 Of uncouth fury! for she pleas'd her blood;  
 740 And stood his error in a Cow of wood:  
 She, for her craft, had an adulterer.  
 Should all the world their daring wits confer:  
 Should *Dædalus* his waxen wings renew,  
 And hither fly, what could his cunning do!  
 Can art convert a virgin to a boy?  
 745 Or fit *Ianthe* for a maidens joy?  
 No, fix thy minde; compose thy vast desires:  
 O quench these ill advis'd and foolish fires!  
 Think of thy sex, or even thy self abuse:  
 What may be, seek; and love as females use.  
 750 Hope wings desire: hope *Cypids* flight sustains:  
 In thee thy Sex this deads. No watch restrains

- Our dear imbrace, nor husbands jealousies,  
 Nor rigorous Sires ; nor she her self denies :  
 Yet not to be enjoy'd. Nor canst thou be  
 755 Happy in her ; though men and Gods agree !  
 Now also all to my desires accord :  
 What they can give the easie Gods afford ;  
 What me, my father, hers, her self, would please,  
 Displeaseth Nature ; stronger then all these,  
 760 She, she forbids. That day begins to shine ;  
 Long wisht ! wherein *Iambe* must be mine :  
 And yet not mine. Of mortals most accurst !  
 I starve at feasts, and in the river thirst.  
*Juno*, O *Hymen*, wherefore are you come ?  
 We both are Brides : but where is the Brid-groom ?  
 765 Here ended. Nor less burns the other Maid ;  
 Who, *Hymen*, for thy swift appearance pray'd.  
 Yet *Telethusa* fears what she affects ;  
 Protracting time : oft want of health objects ;  
 Ill-boading dreams, and auguries oft fains :  
 But now no colour for excuse remains.  
 770 Their nuptial rites, put off with such delay,  
 Were to be solemniz'd the following day.  
 When she unbinds, hers, and her daughters hair ;  
 And holding by the Altar form'd this pray'r :  
*Isis*, who *Paratonium*, *Pharos* Isle,  
 775 Smooth *Mareotis*, and seven-channell'd *Nile*,  
 Chear't with thy presence: thy poor suppliants hear ;  
 O help in these extreame, and cure our fear !  
 Thee Goddess, thee of old ; these ensigns, I  
 Have seen, and know : thy lamps, attendancy,  
 And sounding Timbrels : and have thee obeyd.  
 780 To me, impunity ; life, to this Maid,  
 Thy saving counsel gave : to both renew  
 Thy timely pity. Tears her words pursue.  
 The Goddess shakes her Altar ; when the gate  
 Shook on the hinges : horns that imitate  
 The waxing Moons, through all the Temple rung  
 785 A sacred splendor : noyse-ful Timbrels rung.  
 The mother, glad of this successful sign,  
 Though not secure, returns from *Isis* shrine.  
 Whom *Iphis* follows with a larger pace.  
 Then usual ; nor had so white a face.  
 Her strength augments ; her look more bold appears ;  
 790 Her shortned curls scarce hang beneath her ears ;  
 By

By far more full of courage, rapt with joy :

For thou of late a Wench, art now a Boy.

Gifts to the Temple bear, and *Io* sing :

Sing Joy ! Their gifts they to the Temple bring ;

And add a title ; in one verse display'd :

795 What *Iphis* vow'd a Wench, a Boy he pay'd

The Morning Night dismask's with welcome flame :

When *Funo*, *Venus*, and free *Hymen* came

To grace their marriage ; who, with gifts divine,

*Iphis* the Boy, to his *Ianshe* joyn,

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OVIDS

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# OVIDS

## METAMORPHOSIS.

### The Tenth BOOK.

#### THE ARGUMENT.

**F**ear turns a Man to flint. Lethæas blame  
 Olenus bears : now stones, their shapes the same.  
*Vexi Cybele, to Pine her Atys turns,*  
*Sweet Cyparissus in a Cypress mourns,*  
*Enamoured Jove an Eagles wings displays ;*  
*And lovely Ganymed to Heaven conuayes.*  
*Slain Hyacinthus sigbes in his new flower.*  
*The cruel Sacrificers by the power*  
*Of Venus turn'd to Bulls. The Prostitute*  
*To Stones. Pygmalion weds the living fruit*  
*Of his rare Art. Erigone doth shine*  
*In Heaven ; converted to the Virgin Sign.*  
*Myrrha, a weeping tree. Hippomenes*  
*And Atalanta, Lyons. Cyprides*  
*(Inform'd by Mentha's change) her Paramour*  
*Turns to a fair, but quickly fading flower.*

**H**ence, to the Cicones, through boundless skits,  
 In Saffron mantle, *Hymenæus* flies :  
 By *Orpheus* call'd. But neither usual words  
 Nor chearful looks, nor happy signs affords.  
 The Torch his hand sustain'd, still sputtering rais'd  
 A fullen smoke : not yet, though shaken, blaz'd.  
 Th' event worse then the Omen. As his Bride  
 Troops with the *Naiades* by *Hebrus* side ;



- 10 A Serpent bit her by the heel : which forc't  
 Life from her hold, and nuptial eyes divorc't  
 When when the *Thracian* Poet had above  
 Enough bewail'd, that his complaints might move  
 The under Shades, by *Tenarus* descends  
 To *Strygian* floods ; and his bold steps extends  
 By airy shapes ; and fleeting Souls, that boast  
 15 Of sepulture, through that unpleasant coast  
 To *Plutus* Court. When, having run'd his strings,  
 Thus to his harp the God-like Poet sings.  
 You powers that sway the world beneath the Earth,  
 The last abode of all our humane birth :  
 If we the truth without offence may tell ;  
 20 I come not hither to discover Hell,  
 Nor bind that scoulding Curr, who barking shakes  
 About his triple brows *Medusa's* snakes.  
 My wife this journey urg'd. Who by the tooth  
 Of trod on Viper, perisht in her youth.  
 25 I would, and strove t'have born her loss : but Love  
 Won in that strife. A God well known above :  
 Nor here, perhaps, unknown. If truly Fame  
 Report old rapes, you also felt his flame.  
 By these obscure abodes, so full of dread ;  
 30 By this huge *Chaos*, and deep Silence, spread  
 Through your vast Empire, by these prayers of mine,  
*Euridices* too-hasty fate untwine.  
 We are all yours : and after a short stay,  
 Early or late, we all must run one way.  
 Hither we throng, for our last home assign'd :  
 35 Th'eternal habitation of man-kind.  
 She, when her time by nature shall expire,  
 Again is yours : I but the use desire.  
 If fate deny me this, my second choice  
 Is heret'abide : in both our deaths rejoyce. (strings,  
 40 While thus he sung, and struck the quavering  
 The bloodless Shadows wept : nor flattering Springs  
 Tempt *Tantalus*, *Ixions* Wheele stood still,  
 Their Urn the *Belides* no longer fill :  
 The Vultures feed not, *Tityus* left to grone :  
 And *Sisyphus* fate listning on his Stone.  
 45 The Furies, vanquisht by his verse, were seen  
 To weep, that never wept before. Hells Queen,  
 The King of Darkness, yield t' his powerful plea.  
 Among the late-come Souls, *Euridice*

They

- They call : she came ; yet halting of her wound.  
 50 Given *Orpheus*, with this law : Till thou the bound  
 Of pale *Avernus* pass, if back thou cast  
 Thy careful eyes, thou losest what thou hast.  
 A steep ascent, dark, thick with fogs, they clime  
 Through everlasting Silence. By this time  
 55 Approach the confines of illustrious Light.  
 Fearing to lose, and longing for a sight.  
 His eyes th' impatient lover backward threw :  
 When she, back-sliding presently withdrew.  
 He catches at her, in his wits distraught ;  
 And yielding air for her (unhappy !) caught.  
 60 Nor did she dying twice, her spouse reprove :  
 For what could she complain of, but his love ?  
 Who takes her last farewell : her parting breath  
 Scarce reacht his ears ; and so revolves to death.  
 Her double loss sad *Orpheus* stupifi'd ;  
 65 With equal terror unto his, who spi'd  
 Three-headed *Cerberus* whom fear alone,  
 Oppressing nature, turn'd into a stone.  
 Or like *Olenus*, whot'excuse his wife  
 Accus'd himself, and taxt his guiltless life :  
 With thee *Lethæa* whose proud beauty late  
 Drew on thy self, and him a curst fate :  
 70 United bodies once ; but for thy pride  
 Now Marble statues on fount-fruitful *Idæ*.  
 He kindly (pressing to return) intreats  
 The Ferry-man : who answers him with threats.  
 Upon the banks seven days he sate, forlorn  
 And comfortless ; all sorts of food forborn :  
 75 Care, grief of mind, and tears, his only cheer,  
 Calling the Gods of *Erebus* severe,  
 At length to snowy *Rhodope* he hasts ;  
 And *Hæmus*, beaten with the northern blasts.  
 Now *Titan* thrice had finished his years  
 In watery *Pisces*. *Orpheus* still forbears  
 80 The love of women. Or through bad success :  
 Or former vows. Yet many ne'r the less  
 Th' affected Poet seek ; but none injoyes :  
 Who beauty first admir'd in hopeful boys.  
 85 A Hill there was ; a plain upon that hill ;  
 Which in a flowry mantle flourish'd still :  
 Yet wanted shade. Which, when the Gods Descend  
 Sate down and toucht his well-tun'd instrument,

- 90 A shade receiv'd. Nor trees of *Chaony*,  
 The Poplar, various oaks that pierce the sky,  
 Soft Linden, smooth-rinde Beech, unmarried Bayes,  
 The brittle Hasel, Ash, whose spears we praise,  
 Unknotty Firr, the solace shading Planes,
- 95 Rough Chestnuts, Maple fleet with different granes,  
 Stream-bordering Willow, Lotus loving Lakes,  
 Tough Box whom never sappy spring forsakes,  
 The slender Tamarisk, with trees that bear  
 A purple fig, nor Myrtles absent were.  
 The wanton Ivy wreath'd in amorous twins,
- 100 Vines bearing grapes, and Elms supporting Vines,  
 Straight Service trees dropping Pitch, fruit red  
*Arbutus*; these the rest accompan'd.  
 With limber Palms, of Victory the prize:  
 And up-right Pine, whose leaves like bristles rise:  
 Priz'd by the Mother of the Gods: for she
- 105 Her lust-stain'd *Atys* turned into that tree.  
 The spyre-like Cypress in this throng appears  
 Of late a Boy: lov'd by that God who bears  
 The silver bow, and strikes the quavering strings.  
 Sacred to Nymphs that haunt *Caribbean* Springs
- 110 A Stag there was; whose horns, on high displayd  
 With spreading palms, afford his head a shade.  
 His antlers shone with gold; a carquet  
 His neck imbract with sparkling Diamonds set.  
 A silver bell upon his forehead hung
- 115 By filken strings, which every motion rung.  
 Round pearl, of equal size, from either ear  
 Hung on his cheeks: who, void of native fear,  
 Frequented houses: and well pleas'd, would stand,  
 The gentle strokings of a strangers hand.  
 This, *Cyparissus*, was thy only joy.
- 120 (Of all that *Cea* bred, the fairest boy)  
 By thee full oft, to change of Pasture led:  
 To purling streams that part the rancker mead,  
 With various flowers now wouldst thou trick his  
 Now on his back (who no such burden scorns) (horns:  
 About the spacious fields in pleasure ride;
- 125 And with a purple raine the willing guide  
 'Twas Summer, and high Noon: Dares burning eye  
 Made *Cancers* crooked claws with fear fry.  
 Upon the ground the panting Hart was laid,  
 Cool ayr receiving from the spreading shade,

Whom

- 130 Whom silly *Cyparissus* wounds by chance :  
 And seeing life pursue his tug'd-out lance,  
 Resolves to dye. What did not *Phæbus* say,  
 That might a grief, so slightly caus'd allay ?  
 He answers him in sighes : this last good-turn  
 135 Implores ; That he might never cease to mourn,  
 His blood now shed in tears, a greenish hiew  
 His body dims : the locks that dangling grew  
 Upon his ivory fore-head, bristling rise  
 140 And pointing upward, seem to threat the skies,  
 When *Phæbus*, sighing : I for thee will mourn :  
 Mourn thou for others : *Hesperes* still adorn,  
 Such trees attracting ; and inviron'd round  
 With birds and beasts, upon the rising ground  
 145 The Poet sits : who, having tun'd his strings  
 Though dissonant, yet musical, thus sings.  
 From *Jove*, O Muse, my Mother, draw my verse ;  
 All bow to *Jove* : *Joves* power we oft rehearse.  
 150 And late of Giants sung, in lofty strains,  
 Foil'd by his thunder on *Phlegrean* plains,  
 Now, in a lower tune, to lovely boyes  
 Belov'd of Gods, turn we our softer layes :  
 And women well deserving punishment,  
 On interdicted lust, with fury bent  
 155 Heavens King, young *Ganymed* inflames with love :  
 There was what *Jove* would rather be then *Jove* :  
 Yet dains no other shape then hers that bears  
 His awful lightning in her golden sears.  
 Who forthwith stooping with deceitful wings,  
 160 Trust up *Iliades* by *Ida's* springs.  
 Who now for *Jove* (though jealous *Juno* scoules)  
 Delicious Nectar fills in flowing bowls.  
 And *Amyclides*, thee in azure skies  
 Had *Phæbus* fixt ; if cruel Destinies  
 Had not prevented : yet in some sort made  
 Eternal. For, as oft as Springs invade  
 165 Sharp winters, and to *Aries Pisces* yields :  
 So oft renu'd, thy Flower adorns the fields :  
 My Fathers love to thee did mans excell,  
 Their president the Delphians miss, who dwell  
 On round Earths Navel : while the God of Beams,  
 Haunts wall-less *Sparta*, and *Eurotas* streams.  
 170 Now, neither for his Harp, nor quiver, cares :  
 Himself debasing, berres the corded snares :

- Or leads the Dogs; or clammers Mountains; led  
 By Lordly *Love*, and flames by custom fed.  
 Now *Titan* bore his equal-distant Light,  
 175 Between fore-running and ensuing Night :  
 When lightned of their garments, either shone  
 With suppling oyl, in strife to throw the stone.  
 This swinging through the air first *Phebus* threw :  
 The obvious clouds dispersing as it flew ;  
 180 On solid earth, though flying long, at length  
 Descends; and shews his art-inabling strength.  
 Th'impudent Boy attempts with fatal hast  
 To take it up ; when Earth, by boundings, cast  
 The stone, O *Hyacinthos*, at thy head.  
 185 The Boy look't pale ; so lookt the God, who bled  
 Even in his bleeding. Raised from the ground ;  
 He sought r'asswage, and dry the bitter wound.  
 And would with herbs his flying soul have staid :  
 That wound was cureless ; art affords no aid.  
 190 As Violets, or Lillies loving streams,  
 Or Poppy, bruised in their yellow stems,  
 Wither forthwith, and hang their heavy heads,  
 Nor raise themselves, but bow to their first beds :  
 So hung his dying looks ; so over-sway'd,  
 His limber neck upon his shoulder lay'd.  
 195 Sweet flower said *Phebus*, blasted in the prime  
 Of thy fair youth : thy wound presents my crime.  
 Thou art my grief and shame. This hand thy breath  
 Hath crusht to air : I, author of thy death,  
 200 Yet what my fault ? unless t'have plaid with thee,  
 Or lov'd thee (O too well !) offences be.  
 I would, sweet Boy, that I for thee might dye !  
 Or dye with thee ! but since the Fates deny  
 So dear a wish ; thou shalt with me abide :  
 And ever in my memory reside.  
 205 Our Harp, and Verse thy praises shall resound :  
 And in thy Flower my sorrow shall be found.  
 A valiant Heroe shall in time, to it  
 Another add; and in the same be writ.  
 While thus *Apollo* truly prophec'i'd :  
 210 Behold the blood which late the grass had dide,  
 Was now no blood: from whence a flower full-blown  
 Far brighter then the *Tyrian* scarlet shone :  
 Which seem'd the same, or did resemble right  
 A Lilly : changing but the red to white.

- Nor so contented ; (for the youth receiv'd  
That grace from *Phæbus*) in the flower he weav'd  
215 The sad impression of his sighs which bears  
*Mi! Mi!* displaid in funeral Characters.  
Nor shame to *Sparta Hyacinth* procures;  
Whose adoration to this day endures :  
For now as then, they yearly celebrate  
The *Hyacinthian* Feast in solemn State.
- 220 Perhaps if *Amathus* you ask (whose earth  
Abounds with mettals) if she like the birth  
Of her *Propetides* ; she would reply :  
As well as theirs, for their impiety,  
In former time, with monstrous horns defam'd :  
Whereof they fitly were *Cerasta* nam'd.  
Before their doors the tragick Altar stood  
Of *Jove* the Hospitable ; stain'd with blood  
225 Of stranger guests. Who had this shambles seen,  
Would think that blood the blood of Calves had been.  
A Guest new sacrific'd ; fair *Cyprides*  
Offended with such cruel Rites as these,  
Her towns and *Ophiussa's* fields prepares  
230 T'abandon. Yet said she, what guilt of theirs  
In me so great a detestation breeds ?  
Rather with death reward such bloody deeds ;  
Or exile : if from these excreams they scape,  
What middle course, but to transform their shape ?  
235 When musing to what form, she cast her look  
Upon the horned Herd ; who from them took  
A resolution so to arm their skulls :  
And turns their mighty limbs to monstrous Bulls,  
Yet durst th, obscene *Propetides* deny,  
O *Venus*, thy all-rulling Deity.
- 240 The first that ever gave themselves for hire  
To prostitution ; urged by thy ire  
Their looks imboldned, modesty now gone,  
Convert at length to little-differing Stone.  
*Pygmalion* seeing these to spend their times  
So beast-like ; frighted with the many crimes  
245 That rule in women ; chose a single life :  
And long forbore the pleasure of a wife.  
Mean while, in Ivory with happy art  
A Statue carves, so graceful in each part,  
As women never equal'd it : and stands  
Affected to the fabrick of his hands.

- 250 It seem'd a virgin, full of living flame ;  
 That would have mov'd if not with-held by shame.  
 Such Art his art conceal'd : which he admires :  
 And from it drawes imaginary fires :  
 Then often feels it with his hands, to try  
 255 If 'twere a body, or cold ivory.  
 Nor could resolve, Who kissing, thought it kist :  
 Oft courts, imbraces, wrings it by the wrist ;  
 The flesh impressing (his conceit was such)  
 And fears to hurt it with too rude a touch.  
 Now flatters her ; now sparkling stones presents,  
 260 And Orient pearl (loves witching instruments)  
 Soft-singing birds, each several colour'd flowre,  
 First Lillies, painted balls, and tears that powre.  
 From weeping trees, Rich Robes, her person deck ;  
 Her fingers, rings ; reflecting gems her neck ;  
 265 Pendants, her ears ; a glittering zone her breast.  
 In all, shew'd well ; but shew'd when naked, best.  
 Now layes he her upon a gorgeous bed :  
 With carpets of *Sidonian* purple spread.  
 Now calls her wife, Her head a pillow prest,  
 Of plummy down, as if with sense possesst.  
 270 Now came the day of *Venus* Festival :  
 Through wealthy *Cyprus* solemniz'd by all,  
 White heifers, deckt with golden horns, by strokes  
 Of axes fall : ascending incense smokes.  
 He, with his gift before the Altar stands :  
 You Gods, if all we crave be in your hands,  
 275 Give me the wife I wish : one like, he said.  
 But durst not say, give me my ivory Maid.  
 The golden *Venus*, present at her feast,  
 Conceives his wish ; and friendly signs exprest :  
 The fire thrice blazing, thrice in flames aspires.  
 To his admired Image he retires :  
 280 Lyes down besides her, rais'd her with his arm ;  
 Then kist her tempting lips and found them warm,  
 That lesson oft repeats ; her bosom oft  
 With amorous touches feels, and felt it soft.  
 The ivory dimpled with his fingers, lacks  
 Accustom'd hardness : as *Hymettia* wax  
 285 Relents with heat, which chafing thumbs reduce  
 To pliant forms, by handling fram'd for use.  
 Amaz'd with doubtful joy, and hope that reels ;  
 Again the Lover, what he wilhes, feels.



- The veins beneath his thumbs impression beat :  
 A perfect Virgin full of juyce and heat.
- 290 The Cyprian Prince with joy expressing words,  
 To pleasure-giving *Venus* thanks affords.  
 His lips to her he joyns, which seems to melt :  
 The blushing Virgin now his kisses felt ;  
 And fearfully erecting her fair eyes,  
 Together with the light, her Lover spies.
- 395 *Venus* the marriage blest which she had made,  
 And when nine Crescents had at full displaid  
 Their joyning horns, repleat with borrowed flame.  
 She *Paphus* bore : who gave that Isle a name.  
 He *Cinyras* begot : who might be stil'd  
 Of men most happy, if with-out a child.
- 300 I sing of Horror ! Daughters, far, O far  
 From hence remove ! and You, whose fathers are !  
 Or if my winning verse your minds allure :  
 Let them no credit in this part procure.  
 Or if you will believe the same for true :  
 Believe withal the judgements that ensue.
- 305 If nature could permit so foul a Crime :  
 I joy for you *Ismarians* ; for this Clime ;  
 This world of ours ; so distant from that earth,  
 That gave to such a curst Monster birth,  
 In Costus, Cinnamon ; and Amomum,  
 Rich let *Panchaia* be : let pretious Gum  
 Sweat from her trees ; affected flowers bring forth ;
- 310 So't *Myrrha* bear. No new tree of that worth.  
*Cupid* denies t'have us'd his darts therein :  
 And vindicates his flames from such a sin.  
*Aleto*, with swoln snakes, and *Stygian* fire  
 That fury rais'd. 'Tis sin to hate thy Sire :
- 315 This Love, a greater. Princes their abodes  
 Leave in all parts ; and for thee fall at odds :  
 Of all, O *Myrrha*, make thy choice of one ;  
 So one of all be in that number none.  
 She knew't : and striving, to her self thus spake :
- 320 Ah whither rapt ! what can I undertake :  
 O Gods : O Piety ! divine respect  
 Of Parents guard me : and this sin eject :  
 If so a sin it be. No piety  
 Condemns such *Venus* ; Nature's common tie.
- 325 Horfes their fillies back, fires Heifers bears ;  
 Goats kids beget on those whose kids they were :

- Birds of that seed conceive, whereof but late  
 Conceive'd themselves : nor they degenerate.  
 Happy in this are those ! But humane care  
 330 Hath fram'd malignant laws : and we who are  
 By nature free ; malicious customs bind,  
 Their is a Nation to their blood more kind ;  
 Where sons their mothers, fathers daughters wed ;  
 Affection doubled by their birth and bed.  
 Woe's me, that there I was not born ! the place (base,  
 335 Makes this a crime. What thoughts are these ! hence  
 Hence wicked hopes. Though he be all-worthy be ;  
 Yet, a father, must be lov'd by thee  
 Were I not daughter to great *Cyniras* ;  
 All I conceive in my desires might pass.  
 Now, in that mine, not mine : proximity  
 340 Dis-joins us ; nearer, were we not so nigh  
 Hence would I fly by un-returning ways  
 To shun this sin ; dire Love my journey stays ;  
 To feast my hungry eyes with his dear sight,  
 Talk, touch and kifs ; or more, if more I might.  
 345 O wicked Virgin, canst thou more propound !  
 Know'st thou what laws and nam's thy lusts confound !  
 Thy Fathers Whore ! a Rival to thy Mother !  
 Thy own Sons Sister ! Mother to thy Brother !  
 Nor fear'st the *Furies* with their kissing hair,  
 350 Who on the faces of the guilty stare,  
 With dreadful Torches ! From thy soul exile  
 This mischief, ere it actually defile,  
 Nor with thy horrid lust infringe the law  
 Of powerful Nature : but in time with-draw.  
 Would I, he would not : too too well inclin'd.  
 355 O that like fury would inflame his mind !  
 Thus she. But *Cyniras*, prest with the store  
 Of worthy suiters who his voice implore ;  
 In his own choice irresolute, demands  
 (Their names rehearsing) how her fancy stands.  
 She, thoughtful silent ; gazing on his face,  
 360 Flusht with imbosom'd flames and wept apace.  
 He, taking this for more than fear ; Desists  
 From weeping, said : even dri'd her cheeks, and kist.  
 This too much pleas'd her. Once more asked, who  
 She best could like : repli'd, One, like to you.  
 365 Be still, said he, so pious. At that name  
 She hung the head, as conscious of her blame.

'Twas

- 'Twas now the mid of night : when Sleep bestows  
 On men, and on their cares, a sweet repose.  
 But *Myrrha* watches, rapt with raging fires ;  
 370 Retracting her implacable desires,  
 Despairs, hopes ; will not, will ; now shames, again  
 Desires ; nor knows what course to take. As when  
 A mighty Oak (now almost feld) his fall  
 On each side threatens ; and is fear'd on all :  
 375 Even so her mind, impair'd with various wounds,  
 Waves to and fro ; and changes still propounds.  
 No mean, no cure, was left for love but death.  
 Death pleas'd. Resolv'd to choak her hated breath .  
 Up-starting, to a beam her girdle ties.  
 380 Dear *Cinyras* farewell (she softly cries)  
 And of my ruine understand the cause.  
 That said, the noose about her neck she draws,  
 Her wakeful Nurses faithful ears, they say,  
 A whispering heard : who in the Lobby lay.  
 Straight rose ; unlockt the doors ; the instrument  
 385 Of death beholding, schreecht : together rent  
 Her hair and bosom : and, with trembling haste,  
 The girdle from her pallid neck displac'd.  
 Now had she time to weep, t'imbrace her Care :  
 And ask the cause of such accurst despair.  
 She, silent, fixes on the earth her eyes :  
 390 And grieves at deaths prevented enterprise.  
 Baring her hoary hairs and empty brest,  
 The Nurse, by her first food, and cradle, prest  
 Her griefs disclosure. *Myrrha* turns aside,  
 And sighes. The Nurse would not be soden'd :  
 395 Nor only promist secrecy, but said,  
 Tell me, my child, and entertain my aid,  
 My old age is not fruitless : charms have we,  
 And powerful med'cines, if it fury be :  
 If witchcraft, magick shall thy torments ease :  
 If wrath of Gods, the Gods we will appease  
 400 With sacrifice, What can be else surmiz'd,  
 Thy fortunes by incursions unsurpriz'd.  
 Thy mother, and thy father, well ; That name  
 Drew from her soul a sigh, that scorcht like flames :  
 Nor in the Nurse did this suspicion move  
 Of such a Crime : and yet she saw 'twas Love.  
 405 Importunate to know what least she fears,  
 Laid in her lap now watred with her tears,

Sh'infolds her in her feeble arms, and said;  
 I know thou lov'st : wherein (nor be afraid)  
 Thou maist on my sedulity rely :  
 Nor shall thy father ever this descry.

- 410 At that, in fury from her lap she sprung;  
 Then on the bed her prostrate body flung :  
 Muffling her guilty looks : be gon, she said,  
 And spare the blushes of a wretched Maid.  
 Still urg'd : Be gon, reply'd ; or else forbear  
 T'inquire of that which is a sin to hear.  
 The Nurse lost in a maze : her hands with years
- 415 And terror trembling (kneeling to her) rears :  
 Now speaks her fair, now threatens to disclose  
 (Unless she made her privy to her woes)  
 Her purpos'd violence : and vows to prove  
 Both secret, and assistant to her love.  
 At that, her head she rais'd ; her Nurses brest
- 420 With weeping bathes : oft strove to have confest ;  
 As oft with-held : at length she hid her head ;  
 And said, O Mother, happy in thy bed !  
 There ends: then groans. The Nurse cold horror shook:  
 Now too much knowing : with a gasty look,
- 425 Her hoary hair star'd on her head : Who said,  
 What not, that might so foul a lust disswade,  
 The Vigin could not such a truth deny :  
 But stands resolv'd, or to possess or dye.  
 Live, said she, and possess (there stopt, as loath
- 430 To say ; thy Sire) and bound it with an oath.  
 Now Matrons celebrate the yearly Feast  
 Of *Ceres* ; whom long linnen stoles invest :  
 And offer garlands of their first ripe corn ;  
 Forbidden *Venus* for nine nights forborn,
- 435 And touch of man. In spotless ornaments,  
 With these, the Queen her secret Rites frequents,  
 Lying alone the lewdly diligent  
 Doth *Ciniras*, o're-charg'd with wine, present  
 With proffer of true love, though falsely maskt :
- 440 And prais'd her beauty. Of what age being askt ?  
 Of equal age with *Myrrha*, she replies.  
 When bid to bring her : home in haste she highes ;  
 Rejoyce, said she, I bring the victory.  
 Th'unhappy Virgin felt but little joy ;  
 Such ill success her troubled Soul divin'd :
- 445 And yet she joy'd ; such discord rackt her mind.

Now

- Now Silence over all the world did raign :  
 And slow *Bootes* had declin'd his Wain.  
 (To sin address'd) from heaven bright *Cynthia* flies ;  
 Stars shroud their heads in clouds : Night lost her eyes :
- 450 *Erigona, Icarus*, first remove :  
 She plac'd in Heaven for her paternal love.  
 Thrice stumbled she; the funeral Owl thrice rent  
 The air with ominous shrieks : yet on she went :  
 By pitchy Night, of modesty bereft,
- 455 Her Nurses right hand holding with her left,  
 And groping with the other hand, explores  
 Her blind access. Now came she to the doors  
 Of that dire chamber ; now the way to sin  
 She boldly opens ; and now enters in.  
 Yet blood and courage her at once forsook ;  
 Her knees, unknitting, one another strook ;
- 460 The nearness to her crime removes desire :  
 Who now repents and would unknown retire ;  
 Protracting, by the hand the Nurse her led ;  
 And, having rendred her unto his bed,  
 Here *Cinyras*, said she, receive thine own,  
 And joyns their cursed bosoms He unknown,
- 465 His bowels to his bed assumes : and cheers  
 With comfortable words her maiden fears :  
 By chance he call'd her daughter, (being old)  
 And she him father : that their names might hold.  
 Now his incestuous bed his daughter leaves,  
 With wicked seed her cursed womb conceives :
- 470 Who bears about the burden of her shame :  
 Next night, and next, and next, re-acts the same.  
 When *Cinyras* who longs to see his Lover,  
 So oft imbrac't ; did with a light discover  
 His sin, and daughter. Sorrow not a word  
 Could utter : he unsheaths his shining sword.
- 475 She swiftly flies : whom nights black shelter shields  
 From threatned death ; and strays through spacious  
 Palm-clad *Arabia*, and *Panchæa* past ; (fields :  
 Now having wandred by nine Noons, at last  
 Rest to her weary limbs *Sabæa* gave.
- 480 Charg'd with her womb ; not knowing what to crave ;  
 Between the hate of life, and fear of death,  
 Those thoughts she utters with her fainting breath,  
 You Powers ! If Penitency pierce your ear ;  
 I have deserved, nor refuse to hear,

Yong.

- 485 Your just inflictions : yet lest I prophane  
 Or those who live, or who in death remain  
 O banish me from either Monarchy,  
 That, chang'd by you, I may nor live, nor dye.  
 — Confession some cœlestial pity found,  
 Those wishes had their Gods. Even then the ground  
 490 Cover'd her legs : a down-ward-spreading root  
 Burst from her toes ; whose ever-fixed foot  
 Sustain'd the lenghtful bole. Bones turn to wood,  
 To pipe her marrow, into sap her blood :  
 Her arms great branches grow, her fingers spine  
 To little twigs ; her skin converts to rine.  
 495 Now her big womb the rising tree posselt.  
 Her bosom folds, and now her neck opprest :  
 When she, delay il-brooking, downward shrunk  
 And vales her visage in the closing trunk.  
 Though sense, with shape, she lost ; still weeping, she  
 500 Sheds bitter tears, which trickle from her tree :  
 Tears of high honor ; these their Mistress name  
 As yet preserve, and still shall bear the same.  
 This ill-got infant, now at perfect growth  
 Within the tree ; endeavours to get forth.  
 505 The strickt embracing bark, her belly wrung,  
 With torment stretcht : nor had that grief a to gue :  
 Nor could she call *Lucina* to her throws :  
 And yet the tree like on in labour shows ;  
 Bows down with pains, and groans, and weeps a flood.  
 510 *Lucina* by her trembling branches stood ;  
 Her hand impos'd, and uttered powerful words.  
 The yawning tree the crying Babe affords  
 A passage ; whom those Nymphs receive with joy.  
 And in his mother tears anoint the Boy.  
 515 Nor envy could but praise his beauty : so  
 The naked *Cupids*, lively painted, show.  
 But, lest their habits some distinction make,  
 A quiver give, or his from *Cupid* take.  
 Time glides away with undiscovered hast,  
 520 And mocks our hopes : no wings can fly so fast.  
 He, whom his sister bore, his Granfires son,  
 Late trees-inclos'd, who lately life begun,  
 But now a most sweet infant, now as rare,  
 A boy, now man, now then himself more fair,  
 And now now on *Venus* for his mothers fires  
 Revenge inflicts ; who dotingly admires,

- 525 For kist by quiver-bearing *Love*, his dart  
By fortune raz'd her tender breast ; with smart  
Incenst, she thrust him from her, nor then found  
The wounds deceitful depth, yet deep the wound,  
Nor now *Cythera* could the Lover please ;
- 530 Nor *Paphos*, grasped with resulting Seas.  
High *Gnidos*, *Amathus*, renown'd for brass,  
Nor heaven frequents ; her heaven *Adonis* was,  
Him woos, accompanies, besides him lies  
In grateful shades, and strives to please his eyes.  
Now like *Diana* she her self attires ; (Briers :
- 535 And trips o're Hills and Rocks, through Brakes and  
Hollows the Hound ; pursuing beasts of chase,  
Bucks, high-horn'd Harts, and Hares who fly apace :
- 540 But rapeful Wolves, rough Bears, fell Boars eschews ;  
And Lions, whom the blood of Beeves imbrues.  
And thee *Adonis*, her misdoubts dissuade  
From such encounters ; had they been obey'd.  
Who fly, said she, be bold in following those :  
Valor unsafely copes with valiant foes.
- 545 Sweet Boy ! subject not me to fortunes stroke,  
Nor cruel beasts by nature arm'd provoke,  
For fear such glory but too costly prove.  
Thy youth and beauty, though they *Venus* move,  
Nor bristled Swine, nor shaggy Lion touch :  
Pity ne're pierc'd the eyes nor hearts of such.
- 550 Boars, in their crooked tusles lightning have :  
And Lions with impetuous fury rave.  
I hate them. Asked why ? We will relate  
Old crimes, said she, and wonder-striking fate,  
But now un-usual toil my strength invades :
- 555 And lo, yon' Poplar courts us with her shades,  
The grais affords a bed : There let us rest.  
When, lying down, the grais and him she preste.  
Her head now in her Lovers bosom laid :  
Thus (words with kisses intermixing) said :
- 560 Perhaps you of a Maid have heard, who wan  
The Prize in running from the swiftest Man.  
'Tis true, She, won indeed : nor could you tell  
Whether her speed or beauty did excel.  
Enquiring of an husband, this reply
- 565 *Apollo* gave. The use of husband fly  
O *Atalanti* ! yet thou shalt vainly strive  
Against thy fate, and lose thy self alive.

Frighted



- Frighted herewith in shady woods she lives:  
 And troops of pressing Sutors from her drives  
 With this reply : Except out-run I be,  
 370 I am a wife for no man ; Run with me,  
 My bed and I, are both the winners meed :  
 The tardy dies. Upon this law proceed :  
 She, cruel : yet so powerful was her look,  
 That many a youth the peril undertook.  
 375 *Hippomenes* beheld this tragick strife.  
 Will any through such danger seek a wife ?  
 (Said he) and taxt their follies that pursu'd,  
 But when his face and naked form he view'd ;  
 Such as is mine ; or thine, wert thou a Maid :  
 380 Amaz'd ! with hands up-heav'd, forgive (he said)  
 O you whom late I blam'd ! not then I knew  
 The prizes worth. Love still by praising grew :  
 Who wishes now that none might run so fast :  
 Envy and fears, Why linger, I, nor hast  
 385 (Said he) to try my fortune ? Gods still aid  
 Th' adventurous. While this in thought he said ;  
 The Virgin with a winged pace past by.  
 Though seeming to th' *Aonian* Youth to fly  
 As swift as *Scythian* shafts ; her form he more  
 390 Admires ; by motion lovelier then before.  
 The wind reverberates her ancles wings,  
 And whisks her ham-bound buskins purple strings,  
 Tossing her hair, on Ivory shoulders spread.  
 Her pure white body so receives the red,  
 395 As when carnation curtains are display'd  
 On pure white walls, and dye them with their shade.  
 While this the stranger view'd, the race was run :  
 And *Atalanta's* brows the Garland won.  
 The vanquisht sigh, and pay their forfeiture.  
 600 Nor could so sad success his fear procure :  
 Who rose ; and fixing on the Maid his eyes ;  
 Why seek you praise by easie victories ?  
 Contend with us : if we obtain the Bays,  
 Our victory will not eclipse your praise.  
 605 *Megaraeus* me begot, *Onchestius* blood ;  
 He *Neptunes*, Ruler of the sacred flood :  
 Nor we degenerate. My foil, your name  
 Will honor ; and immortalize your fame.  
 This while, a well-pléas'd eye she on him threw :  
 610 Nor knows her wish ; to lose, or to subdue.

What

- What God, a Foe to beauty, would destroy  
 This Youth, said she, who seeks my bed t' enjoy  
 With his lifes forfeiture? If I may be  
 The judg, there is not so much worth in me,  
 Nor is't his beauty moves, though it might move;  
 615 But that a Boy. We pity, and not love.  
 Besides; his courage, and contempt of death!  
 Who from great *Neptunes* son derives his birth!  
 And then, his love; content to part with life,  
 If harder fate deny me for his wife!  
 620 Be gone O stranger; shun my bloody bed,  
 While yet thou mayst: this match will lose thy head,  
 No Virgin is there who would not be thine:  
 And such would seek, whose lusts darken mine.  
 Yet why regard I him, so many slain?  
 Look to thy self, or perish, since in vain  
 Admonisht by such numbers, whom this strife  
 625 Hath sent to death. Th'art weary of thy life.  
 And must he dye, because he'd live with me?  
 Must death, adventurous love, thy wages be?  
 This murder will our victory defame:  
 And purchase hate; yet am not I in blame.  
 O would thou wouldst desist, and danger shun!  
 630 Or since so mad, wouldst thou could faster run!  
 How Boy and Virgin glory in his face!  
 Ah poor *Hippomenes*! O would this place  
 Th'hadst never seen! thou well deserv'st to live.  
 Were I more happy, and hard fate would give  
 Me leave to marry; thou art He alone,  
 635 To whom my bed, and beauties should be known.  
 Thus she, who raw, and pierc'd with loves first touch,  
 Errs in her thoughts; and loves; nor knew so much,  
 Now King and People call upon the Race;  
 When *Neptune's* Issue thus implor'd my grace.  
 640 O *Venus*, favor my attempts, he said,  
 And those affections, which you gave me, aid!  
 This friendly winds convey'd unto my ear:  
 I pity, and no longer help forbear.  
 A field there is, so fertile none, through all  
 645 Rich *Cyprus*; which they *Damascenus* call.  
 Antiquity this to my honor vow'd;  
 And therewith all my Temples had indow'd.  
 A Tree there flourish'd on that pregnant mold,  
 Whose glittering leaves, & branches, shone with gold:  
 These

- Three golden Apples, gathered from that tree,  
 650 By chance I brought : and, so us none could see,  
 Himself excepted, to *Hippomenes*,  
 Together with their use, deliver'd these.  
 The trumpets sound. Both from the Barrier start,  
 Whose nimble steps scarce touch earths upper-part.  
 Their feet, unwet, the sea might well have born :  
 655 Or unsuppressed stalks of standing corn.  
 Favor and Clamor, joining in remorse,  
 The youth thus hearten : Now thy speed enforce,  
 Make hast *Hippomenes*, delay decline,  
 Collect thy powers : the victory is thine.  
 'Tis doubtful whether, what the people said,  
 660 More joy'd the Heros or *Schæneian* Maid.  
 How often lag'd she, when she might o're-go ;  
 And gazing on him, sigh'd t' out-strip him so !  
 Short breath from panting bosoms scorching flew,  
 665 The Goal far-off : when *Neptune's* Nephew threw,  
 One Apple of the three : The Maid admires ;  
 And greedy of the shining fruit, retires  
 To catch the rolling gold : the Youth past by,  
 And all the field resounded shouts of joy.  
 This hindrance she repairs with winged hast :  
 670 Again *Hippomenes* behind her cast,  
 The second fruit, thrown farther then before,  
 Declin'd her steps, yet him out-strips once more :  
 The Race now near an end, he said, O save !  
 Great Goddess, give success to what you gave !  
 675 And threw the shining gold another way  
 With all his vigor, to prolong her stay.  
 When I compel'd her, doubtful what to do,  
 To take it up, and added weight thereto,  
 With-held, both by diverting her pursuit,  
 And with the burden of the ponderous fruit,  
 But lest my words the race in length exceed :  
 680 She was out-run, and he receiv'd his Meed.  
 Deserv'd not I both thanks and frankincense,  
 Think you *Adonis*, for his lifes defence ?  
 He neither gave. Provokt with sudden rage  
 At this contempt, and lest the future age  
 By such examples should my God-head slight,  
 685 Against them both I due revenge excite.  
 The Fane, erected by *Eckion's* vow  
 Unto the Mother of the Gods, they now

- Had past, obscur'd by dark and secret shades :  
 When their long journey them to rest perswades.
- 690 *Hippomenes*, incensed by my fires;  
 Here lusteth with unseas'nable desires.  
 A gloomy grot, much like unto a Cave,  
 Stood near this Fane ; to which light pumice gave  
 A natural cover ; by devotion grac'd :  
 Within this Cell the reverent Priest had plac'd  
 The wooden Images of ancient Gods :
- 695 This entring ; he pollutes their chaste abodes.  
 The Statues wry their looks. The Mother, crown'd  
 With towers, had struck them to the *Sygyan* Sound :  
 But that she thought that punishment too small.  
 When yellow mains on their smooth shoulders fall ;  
 Their arms, to legs ; their fingers turn to nails ;
- 700 Their breasts of wondrous strength : their tufted tails  
 Whisk up the dust ; their looks are full of dread ;  
 For speech they roar : the woods become their bed.  
 These Lions, fear'd by others, *Cybel* checks  
 With curbing bits ; and yokes their stubborn necks.
- 705 These O my Dear, and all such kinds of beasts  
 As will not turn their backs, but bend their breasts  
 T' encounter with the rash Assailant, Shun :  
 Lest by thy courage We be both undone.
- This said : thence flew she, rais'd by yoked Swans.  
 But Valor such admonishments with-stands.
- 710 By chance the dogs, pursuing long before,  
 His scented footings, had dislodg'd a Boar.  
 Whom, rushing from his covert, the bold Youth  
 Obliquely wounds, The Boar with crooked tooth  
 Writhes out the javelin, with his blood imbru'd.  
 Who now his safety-seeking Foe pursu'd ;
- 715 Sheathing h's tusches in his groin : and threw  
 To earth the dying Boy. The Swans that drew  
*Idalia's* weightless chariot through the air,  
 Yet reacht not *Cyprus* : when the heavenly Fair  
 Thence heard his dying groans ; and wheeling round,
- 720 Her silver birds directs to that sad sound :  
 But when she saw him weltring in his Gore ;  
 Down jumping from the skies, at once she tore  
 Her hair and bosom : then her breast invades  
 With bitter blows ; and Destiny upbraids.  
 Not all, said she, is subject to your wast :
- 725 Our sorrows monument shall ever last,

Sweet Boy ! thy deaths sad image, every year  
Shall in our solemniz'd Complaints appear.  
But be thy blood a Flower. Had *Proserpine*

- 730 The power to change a *Nymph* to Mint ? is mine  
Inferior ? or will any envy me  
For such a change ? This having utter'd, she  
Pour'd Nectar on it, of a fragrant smell.  
Sprinkled there-with ; the blood began to swell ;  
Like shining bubbles, which from drops ascend,  
And e're an hour was fully at an end,  
735 From thence a Flower, alike in color, rose :  
Such as those trees produce, whose fruits inclose  
Within the limber rind their purple grains,  
And yet their beauty but a while remains ;  
For those light-hanging leaves infirmly plac'd,  
The winds, that blow on all things, quickly blast.
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OVIDS

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# OVIDS

## METAMORPHOSIS.

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The Eleventh Book.

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### THE ARGUMENT.

**A** *Serpent chang'd to Stone. Rough barks in fold  
The cruel Bacchanals. To starving Gold  
All turns at Midas touch : His body laves  
In clear Pactolus, whose enriched waves  
Wash off his gold and gilt ; and Asses ears  
His folly shame : the whist' red Secret bears  
Like sounding Reeds. Apollo, and the Guide  
Of sacred Seas, in humane shapes reside.  
Forc'd Thetis varies forms. Dædalion  
T a Falcon turn'd. A Wolf congeal'd to Stone,  
Morpheus to Mortals, Phobetor to Brutes,  
And Phantafus to shapes inanimate futes.  
Transform'd Halcyone and Ceyx fly.  
So Æacus, who vainly strives to die.*

**T**hus while the *Thracian Poet* with his songs  
Beasts, Trees, and Stones, attracts in following  
Behold, *Ciconian Dames* (their furious breasts (throngst  
Clad with the spotted skins of Salvage beasts)  
The sacred Singer from an hill espy'd,  
3 As he his ditty to his Harp apply'd ;  
Of these, One cry'd, and toss'd her flaring hair ;  
Lo he who hates our Sex ! then threw her spear  
At his melodious mouth ; which Ivy-bound,  
Kist his affected lips without a wound.

Another

- 10 Another hurls a stone; this, as it flew,  
His voice and Harps according tunes subdue:  
Which self-accus'd for such a rude assay,  
Before his feet, as in submission lay:  
Rash violence, the mean exil'd, increast:  
And mad *Erynnis* reign'd in every breast.
- 15 His songs had all their weapons charm'd, if noise  
Of *Berecynthian* shalms, clapt hands, loud cries,  
Drums, howling *Bacchanals*; with frantick sound  
Had not his all-appeasing musick drown'd.  
The stones then blush with silenc'd *Orpheus* blood.
- 20 But first on ravisht beasts that listning stood,  
On Fowl, and Serpents, they their spite inter;  
And raze the glory of his Theater.  
Then all with cruel hands about him fly:  
And flock like birds, when they by day espy
- 25 The bird of Night. And as a Stag at bay,  
In th' Amphitheater now made a prey  
To eager hounds; so they together flung  
Their leavy spears, not fram'd for such a wrong;  
Some clods, some arms of trees, some stones let fly,
- 30 And lest wild Rage should weapons want, hard by  
By chance slow Oxen drew the furrowing ploughs;  
And Swains, providing food with sweating brows,  
Dig'd with their brawny arms: who fear-inclin'd,
- 35 Before them fled, and left their tools behind.  
Their Mattocks, Rakes, and Spades disperfed lay  
About the empty fields: these snatcht away,  
(The ploughs from threatening Oxen torn) their hate  
Hurries them back unto the Poets fate.  
Him, holding up his hands, who then in vain
- 40 First spent his breath, nor pity could obtain,  
That Rout of sacrilegious Furies slew!  
Even through that mouth (*O Jupiter!* which drew  
From stones attention, which affection bred  
In Salvage beasts, his forced spirits fled!  
Sad birds, wild Herds, hard flints, and woods, of late
- 45 Led by thy verse, then wept: at thy sad fate  
Trees shed their leaves; streams with their tears in-  
The *Naiades* and *Dryades* invest (creast:  
Themselves in sullensable, and display  
Their scattered hair. Thy limbs disperfed lay.
- 50 His head and harp they into *Hebrus* flung,  
The harp sounds something sadly; the dead tongue  
Sighs



- Sighs out sad ditties : the banks sympathize  
 (That bound the river) in their sad replies.  
 Now then to Sea their native current bore ;
- 55 Both cast upon *Methymnian Lesbos* shoar.  
 A Dragon on the foreign sand prepares  
 To seize his head, and lick his dropping hairs.  
 When gaping to devour the Hymnists face,  
*Phæbus* descends ; and in that very space,
- 60 Into a stone converts him by his power,  
 With jaws extended ready to devour.  
 His Ghost retires to under-shades : once more  
 He sees, and knows, what he had seen before.  
 Then through the *Elysian* fields among the blest  
 Seeks his *Euridice*. Now repossess  
 With strict imbraces, guided by one mind,
- 65 They walk together : oft he comes behind,  
 Oft goes before : now *Orpheus* safely may  
 His following *Euridice* survey.  
 Yet *Bacchus* renders vengeance for their hate.  
 Who vexed at his Prophets cruel fate,
- 70 Fixt all th' *Edonian* Dames that then were by  
 With spreading roots ; and who more eagerly  
 Pursu'd his death, their toes he deeper drew  
 Within the solid earth, which down-ward grew.  
 And even as fowl, whose feet intangled are
- 75 Within the subtil fowlers secret snare,  
 Become by fearful fluttering faster bound,  
 So, each of these, now cleaving to the ground,  
 With terror struggle to escape in vain ;  
 For faster-binding roots their flight restrain.
- 80 One, looking for her nails, her toes, her feet :  
 Behold, her twining legs in timber meet :  
 In passion, thinking to have struck her thighs,  
 She strikes hard oak her breasts supplies ;  
 Her shoulders such : her arms appear to grow
- 85 In natural branches ; and indeed did so.  
 Nor thus content, their fields *Lyæus* leaves :  
 Whom *Tmolus*, with a better troop receives,  
 And swift *Pactolus*, who did then infold  
 No precious sands, nor grains of envy'd gold.
- 90 *Satyres* and *Bacchanals* to him repair,  
 His usual train : *Silenus* then not there.  
 Him erst the *Phrygian* Rurals reeling found  
 With age and wine ; and now, with Ivy crown'd,

- To *Midas* bring, whom *Orpheus* Orgies taught,  
 And sage *Eumolpus* from *Cecropia* brought.  
 95 When known to be his partner in those Rites;  
 Full twice five days, with their succeeding nights,  
 He entertain'd him with a sumptuous feast.  
 Eleven times *Lucifer* the stars supprest:  
 When, with wild mirth, he treads the *Lydian* fields;  
 100 And to the God his foster-father yields.  
 He in his safe return doth much rejoice:  
 Whose bounty *Midas* frustrates by his choice.  
 For, will'd to wish; Let all, said he, I touch  
 Convert to gold. His ignorance was such.  
 105 Forth-with to him his wish *Lyæus* gives:  
 And at his folly not a little grieves.  
 But in his curse the *Berecynthian* joys:  
 And home-ward bound, the truth by touching tries,  
 Scarce trusting his own sense, a tree bereaves  
 110 Of slender boughs; they shone with golden leaves.  
 Takes up a stone; that stone pale gold became:  
 Takes up a clod; the clod presents the same:  
 Crops stalks of corn; these yield a sheaf of gold:  
 An Apple pulls; therein you might behold  
 115 Th' *Hesperian* purchase: toucht by him alone.  
 The marble pillars with rich metal shone.  
 And when he washt; that water, show'rd in rain,  
 Might simple *Danae* have deceiv'd again.  
 His brest scarce holds his hopes; whose fancy wrought  
 120 On golden wonders: when his servants brought  
 Meat to the table. Sooner had not he  
 Toucht *Ceres* bounty, but that prov'd to be  
 A shining mass: the carved viands straight  
 125 Between his greedy teeth convert to plate.  
 About to drink mixt wine; you might behold  
 His thirsty jaws o're-flow with liquid gold.  
 Struck with so strange a plague: (both rich and poor;)  
 He hates, and shuns the wealth he wisht before.  
 130 His plenty feeds him not; he burns with thirst:  
 By loathed gold deservedly accurst.  
 Then lifting up his shining arms, thus pray'd:  
 Father *Loneus*, O, afford thy aid!  
 I have offended; pity thou, and me  
 From this so glorious a mischief free:  
 135 The gentle power the penitent restor'd:  
 And for his faith, affords what he implor'd,

- Left ill-wisht gold about him still abide;  
 Go, said he, to those Crystall streams that glide  
 By potent *Sardis*: keep the banks that lead  
 140 Along th'encountering Current to his head.  
 There, where the gushing fountain foams, dive in:  
 And, with thy body, wash away thy sin.  
 The King obeys: who in the fountain leaves  
 That golden virtue, which the Spring receives.  
 145 And still those ancient seeds these waters hold:  
 Whogild their shoars with glittering grains of gold.  
 He, hating wealth, in woods and fields bestows  
 His time with *Pan*; whom mountain Caves inclose.  
 Yet his gross wit remains: his shallow brain,  
 150 And sottish senses punish him again.  
 High *Tmolus* with a steep ascent displays  
 His rigid brows, and under-seas surveys:  
 Whose stretcht-out bases here to *Sardis* join;  
 There to *Hypæpis*, girt in small confine.  
 Where boasting *Pan*, while he his verse doth praise  
 155 To tender Nymphs, and pipe to rural lays,  
 Before *Apollo's* durst his songs prefer.  
 They meet (ill-matcht) great *Tmolus* arbiter.  
 Th'old Judg on his own Mountain sits; and clears  
 His ears from trees: alone a garland wears  
 160 Of Oak, with acorns dangling on his brow.  
 Who thus bespake the God of Shepherds: Now  
 Your Judg attends. He blows his wax-bound reeds,  
 And *Midas* fancy with rude numbers feeds,  
 Then sacred *Tmolus* to divine *Apollo*,  
 165 Converts his looks: his words his motion follow.  
 He, his long yellow hair with Laurel bound,  
 Clad in a *Tyrian* robe that swept the ground,  
 A Viol holds, with sparkling gems in hac'd,  
 And *Indian* teeth; the bow his right-hand grac'd.  
 170 A perfect Artist shew'd. Then sweetly play'd,  
 When *Tmolus*, ravisht with his musick, said,  
*Pan* to the Viol, yield thy ruder reed.  
 All like of what the Mountain had decreed,  
 But *Midas* onely; whose exclams traduce  
 175 The Censure. *Phæbus* for this gross abuse  
 Transforms his ears, his folly to declare:  
 Stretcht out in length, and cover'd with gray hair:  
 Initable, and now apt to move. The rest  
 The former figure of a man possést.

Punish

- Punish'd in that offending part ; who bears  
 180 Upon his skull a flow-pac'd Asses ears.  
 He strives to cover such a foul defame :  
 And with a red Tiara hides his shame.  
 But this his servant saw that cut his hair :  
 Who big with secrets, neither durst declare  
 185 His Sovereigns seen deformity, nor yet  
 Could hold his peace. Who digs a shallow pit,  
 And therein softly whispers his disgrace :  
 190 Then turning in the earth forsook the place.  
 A tuft of whisp'ring Reeds from thence there grows ;  
 Which coming to maturity, disclose  
 The husbandman : and by soft South-winds blown  
 Repeat his words, and his Lords ears make known.  
 195 Reveng'd *Apollo*, leaving *Tmolus*, flies  
 Through liquid air ; and on the land which lies  
 On that side *Helles* straitned farges stands :  
 Where far-obey'd *Laomedon* commands.  
 Between *Rhæteum* and *Sygæum* stood  
 An ancient Altar, high above the flood,  
 Vow'd to the *Panomphean* Thunderer :  
 200 From whence he saw the King begin to rear  
 New *Troy's* scarce founded walls ; with what ado,  
 And with how great a charge they slowly grew.  
 Who, with the father of the swelling Main,  
 Indues a mortal shape : both entertain  
 205 Themselves for unregarded gold to build  
 The *Phrygian* Tyrants walls. That work fulfil'd ;  
 The King their promised reward denies :  
 And falshood by forswearing multiplies.  
 Revengeful *Neptune* his wild waves unbound ;  
 210 Which all the shoars of greedy *Ilium* drown'd,  
 And made the Land a Lake : the Country Swain  
 His labor lost beneath that liquid Plain.  
 Besides, the daughter of the King demands :  
 Who chained to a Rock, exposed stands  
 To feed a Monster of the Sea ; set free  
 By strenuous *Hercules*. Yet could not He  
 215 The horses of *Laomedon* enjoy ;  
 His valors hire : who sacks twice perjur'd *Troy* ;  
 And gives his fellow-Soldier *Telamon*  
*Hesione* : for *Pelex* now had won  
 A Deity ; nor in his Grandfather  
 Took greater pride, then in his Sire by her.

- 220 For *Jupiter* had nephews more then one :  
 But he a Goddess had espous'd alone.  
 For aged *Proteus* thus fore-told the truth  
 To wave-wet *Thetis* : thou shalt bear a Youth,  
 Greater then him, from whom he took his birth,  
 In arms and fame. Lest any thing on earth  
 225 Should be more great then *Jove*, *Jove* shuns the bed  
 Of Sea-thron'd *Thetis*, though her-beauty led  
 His strong desires : who bids *Æacides*  
 Succeed his love, and wed the Queen of Seas.  
 230 A Bay within *Æmonia* lies, that bends  
 Much like an arch, and far-stretcht arms extends :  
 Which were, if deep, an harbor lockt by land ;  
 Where shallow Seas o're-spread the yellow sand.  
 The solid shoar (whereon no Sea-weed grows)  
 Nor clogs the way, nor print of footing shows.  
 235 Hard by, a Mirtle grove affords a shade :  
 In this, a Cave ; rather, though doubtful, made  
 By Art then Nature : hither *Thetis* swims  
 On Dolphins back, here laid her naked limbs.  
 In this the sleeping Goddess *Pelew* caught :  
 240 Who, when she could not by his words be wrought,  
 Attempts to force, and claspt her in his arms,  
 And, had she not assum'd her usual charms  
 In varying shapes, he had his will obtain'd ;  
 Now turns t'a fowl, yet he her flight restrain'd :  
 245 Now seems a massie tree adorn'd with leaves ;  
 Close to the bole th' enamor'd *Pelew* cleaves.  
 A spotted Tygress she presents at last :  
 When he, with terror struck, his arms unclaspt !  
 Who pouring wine on Seas, those Gods implores ;  
 And with perfumes and sacrifice adores :  
 250 Till the *Carpathian* Prophet rais'd his head,  
 And said ; *Æacides*, enjoy her bed.  
 Do thou but bind her in her next surprize,  
 When in her cold moist cave she sleeping lies :  
 And though she take a thousand shapes, let none  
 255 Dismay ; but hold, till she resume her own.  
 This *Proteus* said, and div'd to the Profound :  
 His latter word in his own waters drown'd.  
 Now hasty *Titan* to *Hesperian* Seas  
 Descends ; when beauteous *Thetis*, bent to ease,  
 260 Forsook the flood, and to her Cave repair'd,  
 No sooner she by *Pelew* was insnar'd ;

- But forthwith varies forms; until she found  
 Her virgin-limbs within his fetters bound.  
 Then, spreading forth her arms, She sighing said,  
 Thou hast subdu'd by some immortal aid :
- 265 Appears her self; nor his imbrace repel'd;  
 Whose pregnant womb with great *Achilles* swell'd.  
 Happy was *Pelem* in his son and wife :  
 And had not *Phoebus* murder soil'd his life,  
 All fortunate. With brothers blood defil'd,
- 270 Thee *Thracis* harbors, from thy home exil'd.  
 Where courteous *Ceyx*, free from rigor, reign'd ;  
 The son of *Lucifer* ; whose looks retain'd  
 His fathers luster : then disconsolate,  
 Nor like himself for his lost brothers fate.
- 275 Hither, with travel tir'd, and clog'd with cares,  
 The banisht with a slender train repairs :  
 His flocks and herds, with men for their defence,  
 Left in a shady vale not far from thence.  
 Conducted to his royal presence, He
- 280 With Olive branch, down bending to his knee,  
 His name and birth declares : the murder masks  
 With forged cause of flight : a dwelling asks  
 In field, or city. *Ceyx* thus replies :  
 Our hospitable bounty open lies  
 To men of vulgar rank : what owes it then
- 285 To your high spirit, so renown'd by men  
 Of monumental praise ? Whose blood extracts  
 His source from *Jove*, improved by your acts ?  
 To sue, is times abuse : your worth assures  
 Your full desires ; of all, the choice is yours :
- 290 I wish it better. And then wept. The cause  
*Jove's* Nephew asks : when, after a short pause ;  
 Perhaps you think this Bird which lives by rape,  
 To all a terror, ever had that shape.  
 He was a man ; as constant in his mind
- 295 As fierce in war, to great attempts inclin'd,  
*Dedalion* nam'd ; sprung from that Star which wakes  
 The dewy Morn ; the last that heaven forsakes.  
 Affected peace I foster'd, with the rites  
 Of nuptial joys : he joy'd in bloody fights.
- 300 His valor Kingdoms with their Kings subdu'd ;  
 By whom the *Thracian* Doves are now pursu'd.  
 His daughter *Chione*, whose beauty drew  
 A thousand suitors, ripe for marriage grew.

- By fortune *Phæbus* and the son of *Mai*,  
 305 From *Delphos*, and *Cyllene*, came this way :  
 Here meeting, look, and like. The God of Light  
 Defers his joy-imbracing hopes till night.  
*Hermes* ill-brooks delay : who on her laid  
 His drowzy rod, and forc'd the sleepy Maid.  
 310 Night spangs the skies with stars. An old-wives shape  
*Apollo* took, and seconds *Hermes* rape.  
 Now when the fulness of her time drew nigh,  
*Autolichus* was born to *Mercury*.  
 315 Nor from the Sire the Son degenerates,  
 Cunning in theft, and wily in all sleights :  
 Who could with subtilty deceive the sight ;  
 Converting white to black, and black to white.  
 To *Phæbus* (for she bears two sons) belongs  
*Philammon*, famous for his harp, and songs.  
 320 What is't t' have had two sons ? two Gods t' inflame  
 A valiant father ? *Jupiter* the same ?  
 Is glory fatal ? sure 'twas so to Her :  
 Who to *Diana's* durst her face confer,  
 And blame her beauty. With a cruel look,  
 She said ; Our deeds shall right us. Forthwith took  
 325 Her bow, and bent it ; which she strongly drew ;  
 And through her guilty tongue the arrow flew.  
 It bleeds ; of speech and sound at once bereft :  
 And life, with blood, her falling body left.  
 What grief (O Piety !) oppress'd my heart !  
 330 What said I not, t' assuage my brothers smart !  
 Who hears me so, as rocks the roaring waves  
 That beat their brows ; and for his Daughter raves.  
 But when he saw her burn, four times assail'd  
 To sack the flamy Pile : as often fail'd.  
 335 Then tuns his heels to flight (much like a Bull  
 By Hornets stung) whom scratching brambles pull :  
 Yet seem'd to run far faster than a man,  
 As if his feet had wings ; and all out-ran.  
 Who swift in chase of wished death, ascends  
 340 *Parnassus* top. As he his body bends  
 To jump from down-right cliffs, compassionate  
*Apollo*, with light wings, prevents his fate :  
 With beak and talions arm'd ; with strength repleat  
 Above his size : his courage still as great.  
 345 This Falcon, friend to none, all fowl pursuit :  
 And grieving, is the cause of common ruth.



- As *Ceyx* thus his brothers change relates :  
*Phocean Anctor* rusheth through the gates ;  
 (Who kept the Herd) and cry'd (half out of breath)  
 350 *Pelew*, I bring thee news of loss and death.  
 Report, said *Pelew*, we are bent to bear  
 The worst of fortunes. While the King with fear  
 Hangs on his tongue. He panting, still afeard :  
 To winding shoars we drave the weary Herd,  
 When *Phæbus* from the height of all the sky,  
 355 The East and West beheld with equal eye.  
 A part on yellow sands their limbs display,  
 And from their Rest the wavy fields survey :  
 While other slowly wander here and there :  
 Some swim in Seas, and lofty fore-heads rear.  
 360 A Fane, undeckt with gold, or *Pavean* stone,  
 Of blocks adjoins ; within a grove o're-grown.  
 This the *Nereides* and *Nereus* hold :  
 By Sea-men, who there dry'd their nets, so told,  
 Near it, a Marish, thick with Sallow, stood ;  
 365 Made plashy by the interchanging flood.  
 A Wolf, a monstrous beast ; with hideous noise  
 That frights the confines, from those thickets flies.  
 His lightning jaws with blood and foam besmear'd :  
 In whose red eyes two darting flames appear'd.  
 370 Though fell with rage and famine ; yet his rage  
 More greedy far : nor hunger seeks t' assuage  
 With blood of beeves, and so surcease ; but all  
 He meets with, wounds ; insulting in their fall,  
 Nor few of us, while we his force withstood,  
 375 Fell by his cruel phangs. The shoar with blood,  
 With blood the Sea-brim blusht, and bellowing lakes.  
 Delay is loss ; who doubts, himself forsakes.  
 Arm, arm, while something yet is left to lose :  
 And joining force, this mortal plague oppose.  
 380 The Herdsman ends. Nor did this loss incense  
*Æacides* ; remembering his offence :  
 Born, as the justice of sad *Psamathe*,  
 To celebrate her *Phocus* Obsequie.  
 The King commands his men to arm : provides  
 To go in person. Busie rumor guides  
 385 This to *Alcyone* : her passion bare  
 Her swiftly thither ; running with her hair  
 Half uncompos'd : and, that disordering, clung  
 About his neck : then weeps ; and with a tongue

That

- That scarce could speak, intreats, that they alone  
Might go; nor hazard both their lives in one.
- 390 To whom *Æacides*: Fair Queen forbear  
(Too much your bounty flows) your virtuous fear,  
No force avails in such extreems as these:  
'Tis pray'r that must the Sea-thron'd Power appease.  
A lofty tower within a fortress stood;  
A friend to wandering ships that plow the flood;
- 395 They this ascend; and sighing, see the shoar  
With cattel strew'd; the Spoiler drencht in gore.  
Here *Peleus* fixt on Seas, with knees that bend;  
Blue *Psamathe* implores, at length to end  
The justice of her wrath. She from his speech
- 400 Diverts her ears: till *Theris* did beseech,  
And got her husbands pardon: nor yet could  
The salvage Wolf from thirst of blood withhold;  
Till she the beast, as he an heifer slew,
- 405 Transform'd to Marble; differing but in hue:  
All else intire. The color of the stone  
Shews him no Wolf: now terrible to none.  
Yet fate would not permit *Æacides*  
To harbor here; nor found in exile ease;  
Till at *Magnesia*, in an happy time
- 410 *Acastus* purg'd him from his bloody crime.  
Mean-while perplext with former prodigies,  
Both of his neece and brother; to advise  
With sacred Oracles, the joys of men,  
*Ceyx* prepares for *Claros*. *Phorbas* then,  
With his *Phlegyan* host, alike prophane,
- 415 The passage stopt to *Delphian Phæbus* Fane.  
Yet first to thee his secret purpose told,  
Faith-crown'd *Alcyone*. An inward cold  
Shot through her bones: her changing face appears  
As pale as box, bedewed with her tears.
- 420 Thrice strove to speak, thrice weeps through dear  
Sobs interrupting her divine complaint (constraint:  
What fault of mine, my Life, hath chang'd thy mind?  
Where is that love that late so clearly shin'd?  
Canst thou thy self enjoy, from me remov'd?
- 425 Do long ways please? is now my absence lov'd?  
Yet didst thou go by land, I should alone  
Grieve without fear: now both combine in one.  
Seas fright me with their tragical aspect:  
Of late I saw them on the shoar eject

- Ther scattered wracks : and often have I read  
 430 Sad names on sepulchers that want their dead.  
 Nor let false hopes thy confidency please ;  
 In that my father, great *Hippotades*,  
 The struggling winds in rocky caverns keeps :  
 And at his pleasure calms the raging Deeps.  
 435 They, once broke loose, submit to no command ;  
 But rage through all the Sea, on all the land ;  
 Perplex the clouds, with stern encounters roar,  
 And strike forth flames. I fear, by knowledg, more.  
 These knew I, and oft saw their rude comport ;  
 While yet a Girl, within my fathers Court :  
 440 But if my prayers no favor can procure ;  
 And that, alas, thy going be too sure ;  
 Take me along : let both one fortune bear ;  
 Then shall I onely what I suffer fear.  
 Together sail we on the toiling Main :  
 And equally what ever hap sustain.  
 445 Thus spake *Alcyone* : whose sorrows melt  
 Her star-like Spouse ; nor he less passion felt,  
 Yet neither would his first intent forsake,  
 Nor her a Partner in his danger make.  
 Much said he to assuage her troubled breast :  
 450 As much in vain. This adds unto the rest,  
 (Which answer onely could her passion tame)  
 All stay is irksom ; by my fathers Flame,  
 I swear, if Fate permit, return I will  
 E're twice the Moon her shining Crescents fill.  
 455 Reviv'd with promise of so short a stay :  
 He bids them lanch the ship without delay,  
 And fit her tacklings. This renews her fears ;  
 Presaging ill success: abortive tears  
 460 Flow from their springs ; then kist : a sad farewell,  
 Long first, at length she takes ; and swooning, fell.  
 The Sea-men call aboard : in double ranks  
 Reduce their oars, up-rising from their Banks  
 With equal strokes. She rears her humid eyes,  
 465 And first her husband on the Poop espies  
 Shaking his hand : that, answers. Now from shoar  
 The vessel drives, and thence her object bore.  
 Her following eyes the flying ship pursue :  
 470 That lost, the sails her eager gazes drew.  
 When all had left her, to her chamber goes ;  
 And on the empty bed her body throws :

- The bed and place, with tears to mind recal  
 That absent part, which gave esteem to all.  
 475 Now far from Port; the winds began to blow  
 On quivering shrouds; their Oars the Sailers stow:  
 Then hoise their Yards a trip, and all their sails  
 At once let fall to catch th' approaching gales.  
 The ship scarce half her course, or sure no more,  
 480 By this had run; far off from either shoar:  
 When, deep in night, fierce *Eurus* stiffly blew,  
 And high-wrought Seas with chafing foamy grew.  
 Strike, strike the Top-sail, let the Main-shear fly,  
 And furl your Sails, the Master cry'd; his cry  
 485 The blustering winds and roaring Seas suppress.  
 Yet of their own accord in this distress  
 They ply their tasks: some felling yards bestride  
 And take-in Sails; some stop on either side  
 The yawning leaks; some Seas on Seas eject.  
 490 While thus Disorder toils to small effect,  
 The bitter storm augments; the wild winds wage  
 War from all parts, and join with *Neptunes* rage.  
 The Master, lost in terror, neither knew  
 The state of things, what to command, or do;  
 Confessing ignorance; so huge a mass  
 495 Of ills oppress! which slighted Art surpass.  
 Loud cries of men resound; with ratling shrouds,  
 Floods justling floods, and thunder-crashing clouds.  
 Now tossing Seas appear to touch the sky,  
 And wrap their curls in clouds, froth with their spray:  
 500 The sand now from the bottom lave, and take  
 Their swarther dye; now black, as *Stygian* lake;  
 Sometimes deprest, with hissing foam all white,  
 The *Trachin* ship such horrid changes fright,  
 Which now, as from a mountain rock with flaws,  
 505 Views under-vales, and *Acherons* dark jaws:  
 Now head-long with the tumbling billows fell;  
 And Heaven surveys from that low depth of Hell:  
 Her wave-beat sides an hideous noise report:  
 As when a battering Ram beats down a Fort,  
 510 As chafed Lions, whom no terrors fright,  
 Rush on extended steel with horrid might:  
 So Seas invade with storm-imbatled power  
 The ships defence; and o're her hatches tower,  
 515 Her yielding planks now spring: Stern *Neptune* raves,  
 Charging her breaches with his deadly waves.

- The prodigal clouds in showers their substance spend;  
 Ambitious seas to gloomy heaven ascend;  
 All heaven descending to the lofty Main:  
 520 At least so seem. Sails suck the falling rain;  
 Show'rs join with floods. No friendly star now shone:  
 Blind Night in darkness, tempests, and her own  
 Dread terrors lost: these horrid lightning turns  
 To light more fear'd; the Sea with lightning burns.  
 525 Now vaulting floods her upper deck oppress.  
 And as a Soldier, braver than the rest,  
 Tempting to scale the walls with loss assays,  
 At length enjoys his hopes; and spur'd with praise,  
 Among a thousand onely stands the shock:  
 530 So, while assailing waves the vessel rock,  
 The tenth bold billow rusheth in, nor shrinks  
 Until the ship beneath his fury sinks.  
 Those Seas, without, the laboring Bark assail:  
 535 These sack her hold. All tremble and look pale;  
 As at a siege, when foes enforce a wall;  
 While some within to execution fall.  
 Art fails, hearts sink: on every rising wave  
 Death sits in triumph, and presents a grave.  
 540 He weeps; he stands amaz'd; he calls them blest,  
 Whom funerals grace: he vows to heaven address,  
 Looking at what he sees not, and besought  
 The Gods in vain: he on his parents thought,  
 His children, house, and what he left behind.  
 545 *Alcyon* posselt all *Ceyx* mind;  
 Her onely names: now in her absence joy'd,  
 Whose presence was in heaven: and had imploy'd  
 His eyes last duty, to descry the way  
 To her abode, but knew not where it lay.  
 550 The giddy Seas so whirl, such pitchy clouds  
 Obscure the sky, Night, two-fold darkness shrouds.  
 Loud-howling whirlwinds over-board now bore  
 The shivered Mast; and now the Rudder tore.  
 A billow, with these spoils encourag'd, raves;  
 Who Victor-like contemns the under-waves:  
 Nor lighter falls, then if some God had torn  
 555 *Pindus* and *Atbos* from their roots, up-born  
 As high as heaven, and tumbled on the Main.  
 Nor could the ship such force and weight sustain;  
 But to the bottom sinks. Most of her men  
 The Seas infold; who never seen again,

Accomplished

- 560 Accomplished their fates : while other swim  
 On scattered planks, a plank upholding Him  
 Who late a Scepter held. His father-in-law,  
 And father, now invokes: but could not draw  
 (Alas!) from either succor. Still his wife  
 Runs in his thoughts, in that short span of life  
 565 He wisht the waves would cast him on the sands  
 Of *Trachis*, to be buried by her hands.  
 Who swimming, sighs *Alcyone* her name  
 His last of speech : in Seas conceives the same.  
 Behold, an arch of waters, black as hell,  
 570 Asunder breaks : the breaking surges quell  
 Their sinking Burden. *Lucifer* that night  
 Became obscure ; nor could you see his light.  
 And since he might not render up his place,  
 With pitchy clouds immur'd his darkned face,  
 Mean-while *Alcyone* (his fate unknown)  
 575 Computes the tedious nights; by day wrought on  
 A garment for her Lord ; another makes  
 To wear her self : whose flattering hope mistakes  
 In his return. Who holy fumes presents  
 To all the Gods ; but most of all frequents  
 The Fane of *Juno* : at her altars pray'd  
 580 For him that was not. Grant success! (she said)  
 A quick return ! Give he our right to none !  
 Of all her prayers the last succeeds alone.  
 The melting Goddess could no longer brook  
 Her death-croft prayers; but from her altar shook  
 585 Her tainted hand ; and thus to *Itis* spake :  
 Hast faithful Messenger, thy journey take  
 To drowzy *Sleeps* dim palace : bid him send  
 A dream, that may present the woful end.  
 Of *Ceyx* to *Alcyone*. This said ;  
 590 She, in a thousand-colored robe aray'd,  
 Her ample Bow from heaven to earth extends :  
 And in a cloud to his abode descends.  
 Near the *Cimmerians* lurks a Cave, in steep  
 And hollow hills ; the Mansion of dull *Sleep* :  
 595 Not seen by *Phæbus* when he mounts the skies,  
 At height, nor stooping : gloomy mists arise  
 From humid earth, which still a twilight make :  
 No crested fowls shrill crowings here awake  
 The chearful Morn : no barking Sentinel  
 600 Here guards; nor geese, who wakeful dogs excel,

- Beasts tame, nor salvage; no wind-shaken boughs,  
 Nor strife of jarring tongues, with noises rouse  
 Secured Base. Yet from the Rock a Spring,  
 With streams of *Lethe* softly murmuring,  
 605 Purls on the Pebbles, and invites Repose.  
 Before the Entry pregnant Poppy grows,  
 With numerous Simples; from whose juicy birth  
 Night gathers sleep, and sheds it on the Earth.  
 No doors here on their creaking hinges jarr'd:  
 610 Through-out this Court there was no door, nor guard.  
 Amid the *Heben* Cave a downy bed  
 High-mounted stands, with sable coverings spread.  
 Here lay the lazy God, dissolv'd in rest.  
 Fantastick dreams, who various storms express,  
 615 About him lay: then Autumn's ear far more;  
 Or leaves of trees, or sands on *Neptunes* shoar.  
 The Virgin entering, parts the obvious Dreams:  
 And fills the sacred Concave with the beams  
 Of her bright robe. The God with strife disjoins  
 620 His sield lids; again his head declines,  
 And knocks his chin against his breast. Anon  
 Sleep casts off sleep; and softly leaning on  
 His elbow, asketh (for he knew her) why  
 She thither came? when *Iris* made reply:  
 Thou Rest of things, most meek of all the Gods;  
 625 O Sleep, the Peace of minds, from whose abodes  
 Care ever flies; restoring the decay  
 Of toil-tir'd limbs to labor-burd'ning Day:  
 Send thou a Dream, resembling truth, in post  
 T' *Herculean Trachis*; that like *Ceyx* Ghost,  
 May to *Alcyone* his wrack unfold,  
 630 *Saturnia* this commands. Her message told,  
*Iris* with-drew; who could the power of Sleep  
 Resist no longer. When she found it creep  
 Upon her yielding senses, thence she flies:  
 And by her painted Bow remounts the skies.  
 The Sire among a thousand sons, excites  
 635 Shape-seigning *Morpheus*: of whose brother-Sprights  
 None (bid t'assume) with subtler cunning can  
 Usurp the gesture, visage, voice of man,  
 His habit, and known phrase. He onely takes  
 An humane form: Another shews a Snakes,  
 640 A Birds, a Beasts. This *Icelos* they call,  
 Whom heaven imbow'r; though *Phobator* by all



- Of mortal birth. Next *Phantasus* ; but he,  
 Of different faculty, indues a tree,  
 Earth, water, stone, the several shapes of things  
 That life enjoy not. These appear to Kings,  
 645 And Princes in deep night : the rest among  
 The vulgar stray. Of all the airy throng  
 Their aged father onely *Morpheus* chose  
 To act *Thaumania's* charge. His eyes then close  
 Their drowzy lids, and hanging down his head,  
 650 Opprest with slumber, shrinks into his bed.  
 His noiseless wings by night flie *Morpheus* strains ;  
 And with the swiftness of a thought, attains  
 Th' *Amonian* towers ; then laid them by, and took  
 The form of *Ceyx*. With a pallid look  
 655 He naked stood, like one depriv'd of life,  
 Before the bed of his unhappy wife :  
 His beard all wet, the hair upon his head  
 With water dropt ; who leaning on her bed,  
 Thus spake ; while tears from seeming passion flow.  
 Dost thou, O wretched Wife, thy *Ceyx* know ?  
 660 Or am I chang'd in death ? look on the Lost :  
 And for thy husband thou shalt see his Ghost,  
 Thy pious prayers no favor could obtain :  
 Lo, I am drown'd, no longer hope in vain,  
 Cloud-crushing South-winds in *Aegæum* caught.  
 665 Our ravish'd ship, and wrackt her with her freight.  
 My voice the floods opprest, while on thy name  
 I vainly call'd. This, neither wandering Fame,  
 Nor doubtful author tells : this I relate,  
 I, that there perisht by untimely fate.  
 670 Arise, weep, put on black : not undeplor'd  
 For pity send me to the *Stygian* Ford.  
 To this he adds a voice, such as she knew  
 Express'd her Lords ; with tears appearing true,  
 And gesture of his hand. She sigh'd and wept ;  
 675 Stretcht out her arms t' imbrace him as she slept,  
 But claspt the empty air. Then cry'd, O stay !  
 Ah, whither wilt thou ! Let us go one way.  
 Wak'd with his voice, and husbands ghost ; with fear  
 She looks about for that which was not there.  
 680 For now the maids, rais'd with her shrieks, had brought  
 A taper in. Not finding what she sought,  
 She strikes her cheeks, her nightly linen tare,  
 Invades her breast ; nor stays t' unbind her hair,

But

- But tugs it off. Her Nurse the cause demands  
 Of such a violence. She wrings her hands,  
 And in the passion of her grief reply'd :
- 685 There's no *Alcyon* ; none, none ! she dy'd :  
 Together with her *Ceyx*. Silent be  
 All sounds of comfort. These, these eyes did see  
 My shipwrackt Lord : I knew him ; and my hands  
 Thrust forth t' have held him, but no mortal bands  
 Could force his stay. A Ghost : yet manifest :
- 690 My husbands Ghost : which, O but ill exprest  
 His form and beauty, late divinely rare !  
 Now pale, and naked, with yet-dropping hair.  
 Here stood the miserable ; in this place :  
 Here, here (and sought his airy steps to trace.)
- 695 O this my sad mis-giving soul divin'd ;  
 When thou forsook'st me, to pursue the wind.  
 But since imbarqu'd for death, would I with thee  
 Had put to Sea : an happy fate for me !  
 Then both together all the time assign'd
- 700 For life had liv'd ; nor in our death disjoin'd.  
 Now here, I perisht there : on that Profound  
 Poor I was wrackt : yet thou without me drown'd.  
 O I, then floods more cruel ; should I strive  
 To lengthen life, and such a grief survive !
- 705 Nor will I, nor forsake thee, nor defer.  
 Though one Urn hold not both, one sepulcher  
 Shall join our titles : though thy bones from mine  
 The Seas dis sever, yet our names shall join.  
 Grief chok'd the rest. Sobs every accent part :
- 710 And sighs ascend from her astonisht heart.  
 Day springs : She to the shoar address't her hast,  
 Even to that place from whence she saw him last.  
 And while she sadly utters, here he stay'd ;  
 Here parting kist me ; from thence anchor waigh'd ;
- 715 While she such sighs recalls ; her steady eyes  
 Fixt on a Sea, far off she something spies ;  
 But knows not what : yet like a corse. First she  
 Doth doubt: driven nearer (though not near) might see  
 A body plainly. Though unknown, yet much
- 720 The Omen mov'd her, since his fate was such.  
 Poor wretch, who e're thou art ; and such (she said)  
 Thy wife (if wed) by thee a widow made !  
 By floods driven nearer ; the more near, the more  
 Her spirits faint : now nigh th' adjoining shoar.

She

- 725 She sees now what she knows ; her husbands Corse.  
 Woe's me ! 'tis He, she cries ! at once doth force,  
 Her face, hair, habit : trembling hands extends  
 To soul-less *Ceyx* and then said : Here ends  
 My last of hopes : thus, O then life more dear ;  
 O Husband, thus return'st thou ! Art a Peer ;
- 730 Had stretcht into the surges ; which with-stood,  
 And brake the first incurfion of the flood,  
 Thither forth-with (O wonderful ! ) she springs ;  
 Beating the paffive air with new-grown wings,  
 Who, now a bird, the waters summit rakes
- 735 About she flies, and full of sorrow, makes  
 A mournful noise ; lamenting her divorce :  
 Anon she toucht his dumb and bloodless Corfe;  
 With stretching wings imbrac't her perisht bliss;  
 And gave his colder lips a heatless kiss,
- 740 Whether he felt it, or the floods his look  
 Uprais'd, the vulgar doubt : yet sure he took  
 Sense from her touch. The Gods commiserate :  
 And change them both, obnoxious to like fate.  
 As late, they love : their nuptial faiths they shew,
- 745 Now little birds ; engender, parents grew,  
 Seven winter dayes with peaceful calms poffest,  
*Aleyon* fits upon her floating nest.  
 Then safely sail ; then *Aolis* incaves  
 For his, the windes, and smooths the ftooping waves.
- 750 Some old man seeing these their pinions move  
 O'r broad-spread Seas, extolls their endless love.  
 By theirs, a neighbor, or himself, revives  
 An others fate. Yon' fable fowl that dives ;  
 (And therewith shewes the wide-mouth'd Cormorant)
- 755 Of royal parentage may also vant.  
 Whose ancestors from *Tros* their branches spred ;  
*Ilus*, *Affaracus*, *Joves*, *Ganimed*,  
*Laomedon*, and *Priamus* the last  
 That raign'd in Troy : to *Hector* (who surpast  
 In fortitude) a brother. If by power
- 760 Of Fate unchanged in his youths first flower,  
 He might perhaps as great a name have won,  
 Though *Hector* were great *Dymas* daughters son,  
 For *Alixandæ*, a countrey Maid,  
 Bare *Esacus* by stealth in *Idas* shade.
- 765 He, hating Cities, and the discontents  
 Of glittering Courts ; the lonely woods frequents.

And

- And unambitious fields; but made repair  
 To *Ilium* rarely: yet, he debonair,  
 Nor unexpugnable to love. Who spide  
 770 *Eperias*, oft desir'd, *Cebren's* side  
 (Her fathers river) drying in the Sun  
 Her flowing hair. Away the Nymph did run,  
 Swift as a frighted Hind the Wolf at hand;  
 Or like a fearful fowl thrust over-land  
 775 Beneath a Falcon. He pursues the chase:  
 Fear wings her feet, and love enforc't his pace.  
 Behold; a lurking Viper in this strife,  
 Seiz'd on her heel; suppressing flight with life,  
 Frantick, his trembling arms the dead include:  
 Who cry'd, Alas that ever I pursu'd!  
 I fear'd not this; nor was the victory  
 780 Worth such a loss. Ay me! two, one destroy.  
 Thy wound the Serpent, I th' occasion gave:  
 I, O more wicked: yet thy death shall have  
 My life for satisfaction. There-with flung  
 His body from a cliff which over-hung  
 The undermining Seas. His falling lims  
 785 Upheld by *Tethys* pity; as he swims  
 With feathers cloth'd, nor power of dying gives.  
 To be compel'd, to live the Lover grieves:  
 Disdaining that his soul, so well appaid  
 To leave her wretched seat, should thus be staid.  
 790 And mounting on new wings, again on Seas  
 His body throws: the fall his feathers ease.  
 With that, enrag'd, into the deep he dives:  
 And still to drown himself as vainly strives.  
 Love makes him lean. A long neck doth sustain.  
 795 His sable head; long-joynted legs remain.  
 Nor ever the affected Seas forsakes:  
 And now a suted name from diving takes.

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OVIDS



# OVIDS

## METAMORPHOSIS.

### The Twelfth BOOK.

#### THE ARGUMENT.

**A** *Snake-like Stone. Cynus a Swan ;  
Cænis the Maid, now Cænis and a Man  
Becomes a Fowl. Neleius varies shapes :  
At last an Eagle, nor Alcides scapes.*

- O**ld Priam mourns for *Æsacus*, nor knew  
That he surviv'd, and with light feathers flew.  
While *Heſtor* and his brethren dues, with tears,  
Pay to the tomb which his inscription bears.  
But *Paris*, absent from that obsequy,  
Straight with his Rape, brought ten years war to Troy.  
5 A thousand ships, in one confederate,  
Pursue his stealth, with all the *Achaian* State,  
Nor vow'd revenge so long had been delaid,  
If wrathful seas had not their passage staid :  
At filhy *Aulis*, in *Bœotia*,  
10 Their wind-bound Navy in expectance lay,  
Here (as of old) to *Jove* they sacrifice,  
While from the antique altar flames arise,  
A blew-scal'd Dragon, in the Armies view,  
Ascends a tree, which near the Altar grew.  
A Nest there was upon an upper bough,  
15 With twice four Birds : these, and their Dam (which  
Flutter'd about her young) the greedy Snake (now  
At length devour'd, This all with wonder strake.  
When

- When *Chalchas* cry'd (who could the truth divine)  
 Rejoyce, *Pelassians*, 'tis a happy sign !
- 20 Proud *Troy* shall fall ; though with long toyl and care,  
 These thrice three birds, thrice three years war declare  
 She wound about a bough, gorg'd with her rape,  
 Became a stone, that held a Serpents shape,  
 Still *Nereus* in *Aonian* surges raves,
- 25 Nor war transfers. Some think the God of waves  
 Would *Troy* preserve, and save the walls he made.  
*Thestorides* dissents, who knew and said,  
 A Virgins blood must *Dian*' reconcile.  
 Now did the publick cause the private soil.
- 30 A King a father, *Iphigenia* stood  
 Before the Altar to resign her blood.  
 The Priest then wept, so pity did subdue  
 The Goddess, who a cloud about her threw,  
 And while they prosecute her Rites, and prai'd  
 Produc't a Hind to represent a Maid.
- 35 When fitter sacrifice had dull'd her rage,  
 Her fury and the Seas, at once assuage.  
 A forewinde then their thousand Vessels bore ;  
 Who, suffering much, attain the *Phrygian* shore.  
 Amid the world, between Air, Earth, and Seas,
- 40 A place there is, the confines to all these,  
 Where all that's done, though far remov'd appear,  
 And every whisper penetrates the ear.  
 The House of *Fame*, who in the highest tower  
 Her lodging takes. To this capacious bower  
 Innumerable ways conduct, no way
- 45 Barr'd up, the doors stand open night and day.  
 All built of ringing brass, through-out resounds,  
 Things heard reports, and every word rebounds,  
 No rest within, no silence, yet the noise  
 Not loud, but like the murmuring of a voice.
- 50 Such as from far by rowling billows sent,  
 Or as *Joves* fainting thunder almost spent.  
 Hither the idle Vulgar come and go,  
 Millions of Rumors wander too and fro,
- 55 Lyes mixt with truths, in words that vary still.  
 Of these, with news unknowing ears some fill ;  
 Some carry tales, all in the telling grows,  
 And every Author adds to what he knows.  
 Here dwells rash Error, light, Credulity,
- 60 Dejected Fear, and vainly grounded Joy,

- New ras'd Sedition, secret Whisperings  
 Of unknown Authors, and of doubtful things.  
 All done in Heaven, Earth, Ocean, Fame survivours:  
 And through the ample world inquires of news.  
 She notice gave, how with a dreadful hoast
- 65 The *Grecian* Navy steered for their coast.  
 Nor unexpected came: the *Trojans* bend.  
 Their powers t'encounter, and their shores defend.  
 First thou thy life, *Protesilaus*, lost  
 By *Hector's* fatal lance; the battle cost  
 The *Greeks* much noble blood: so clearly shone  
 Their fortitudes; great *Hector* yet unknown.
- 70 Nor no small streams of blood their valours drew  
 From *Phrygian* wounds, who felt what *Greece* could do;  
 And now their mingled gores *Sigeum* stain:  
 Now *Neptunes Cyenus* had a thousand slain,  
 Now on the Foe the fierce *Achilles* flew;  
 And with his lance whole squadrons overthrew:
- 75 Seeking for *Cyenus*, or for *Hector*, round  
 About the field; at length brave *Cyenus* found:  
 (For *Seven* nine years great *Hectors* life sustains.)  
 Cheering his horses with the flaxen mains,  
 His thundring charriot drives against his foe,  
 And shakes his trembling lance: about to throw;
- 80 O youth, he said, what ere thou art, joyce:  
*Achilles* honours thee with death. His voice  
 His spear pursues: the steel no wound imprest, (breast,  
 85 Though strongly thrown. When, bounding from his  
 He said, Thou Goddess-born, Fame bruises thee such;  
 Why wondrest thou? (*Achilles* wondred much)  
 This helm with horse-hair deckt, this shield I bear,  
 90 Defend not me: for fashion these I wear.  
 So *Mars* his person arms. Should I display  
 My naked breast, thy force could finde no way.  
 The grace to be *Nereis* son is small.  
 I his, who *Nereus*, who his Nymphs, who all
- 95 The Ocean guides: Then at *Achilles* threw  
 His lance, that pierc't his plated shield, and through  
 Nine Ox-hides rusht: the tenth did it restrain.  
 The Heroe caught it, and retorts again  
 The singing steel; again it gave no wound.
- 100 The third assay no better entrance found,  
 Though *Cyenus* bar'd his bosom to the blow.  
 He rages like a Bull in *Circian* shew;

Whose



- Whose dreadful horns the skarlet, which provokes  
 His fury, tofs with still deluded strokes.  
 105 Then searches if the head were off : that on ;  
 What, is my hand, said he, so feeble grown ?  
 On one is all my vigor spent ? my power  
 Was more, when first I raz'd *Lyrnessus* tower :  
 110 When *Tenedos* *Eetian* *Thebes*, were fill'd  
 With blood of theirs, by my encounters spild.  
 The red *Caycus* slaughtred natives dyde :  
 Twice *Telephus* my javelin powerful tryde.  
 Behold these heaps of bodies ! these I slew :  
 Much could my hand have done ! as much can do,  
 This said, his former deeds almost suspects,  
 115 And at *Menetes* breast his aim directs.  
 (A *Lycian* of mean rank) the thrilling dart  
 Quite through his faithless curafs pierc't his heart :  
 Whose dying body struck the groaning ground.  
 Snatching the weapon from the reeking wound ;  
 120 This hand, he said, this now victorious lance  
 Shall urge thy fate : assist me equal chance !  
 With that, th'unerring dart at *Cycnus* flung,  
 Th'unevirated on his shoulder rung ;  
 Which like a Rock the Lance repeld again :  
 125 Yet where it hit, it left a purple stain ;  
 By vainly glad *Acides* descry'd :  
 He woundless : this *Menetes* blood had dy'd.  
 Then roaring, from his chariot leaps ; and made  
 A horrid on-set with his flaming blade :  
 130 Who breaches in his Helm and shield beheld ;  
 Yet he secure : his skin the steel repeld.  
 Now all impatient, with the Hilt his Foe's  
 Hard front invades with thick redoubled blows :  
 Prest on as he gave back, pursues, insists ;  
 135 Nor lets the astonisht breathe. He faints ; blew mists  
 Swim over his dim eyes : whose backward steps  
 A Stone withstood, On whom *Achilles* leaps  
 With all his strength, and *Cyenus* up-ward cast  
 On sounding earth : there held the Heroe fast.  
 140 Then sets his shield and knees upon his breast ;  
 And, drawing hard his helmet strings, oppress  
 His grasping jaws : the breathing path and way  
 Of life shuts up. About t'unarm his prey,  
 The body mist. To a Fowl as white as snow  
 145 By *Nep tunc* chang'd ; whom by that name we know.

This.

- This toil, this fight gave many days of rest :  
 And either part from deeds of arms surceast.  
 While on their walls the watchful *Phrygians* ward,  
 And while the watchful *Greeks* their trenches guard,  
 150 A feast was kept : wherein *Æacides*,  
 For *Cygnus* death with heifers blood did please  
 Propitious *Pallas*. When the entralls laid  
 On burning altars, to the Gods convoid  
 An acceptable smell : a part addrest  
 To sacred use ; the board receiv'd the rest.  
 155 Down lay the Heroes, fed on roasted flesh,  
 And generous wines their cares and thirst refresh.  
 Nor musick now, nor songs their ears delight ;  
 But in discourse consume the shortned night.  
 The subject, Valour : of the valour shown  
 160 By their courageous foes, and of their own.  
 Promiscuously of passed dangers tell,  
 And former enterprizes. What so well  
 Could great *Achilles* speak of? or what were  
 A fitter theme for great *Achilles* ear?  
 Then spake he of his conquest, in the fall .  
 165 Of noble *Cygnus* : wondred at by all,  
 That weapons had no power to penetrate  
 His woundless body, which could steel rebate.  
 This the *Pelægians*, this *Æacides*  
 Himself admires. When *Nestor* said to these :  
 170 *Cygnus* is he, who in your age alone  
 Contemned steel, and could be hurt by none.  
 I saw *Perrhæbian Cæneus* once indure  
 A thousand strokes ; yet he from wounds secure.  
*Perrhæbian Cæneus*, excellent in deeds,  
 On *Othrys* dwelt : and what belief exceeds,  
 175 A woman born. This prodigy begets  
 Their greater wonder. Every one entreats  
*Achilles* thus : Divinely eloquent ;  
 O thou the wisdom of our age ; consent  
 To our desires ; for all desires the same :  
 Of *Cæneus* tell ; how he a man became ;  
 180 In what contention, or what battel known ;  
 By whom, if so by any, overthrown.  
 Then He : Though age impair my memory,  
 And much beheld in youth my knowledge flye,  
 I much remember : yet, of all that are  
 Among so many acts of peace and war,

Non

- 185 None deeper is imprinted in my brain.  
 And if the length of time not spent in vain  
 Can many accidents to knowledge give;  
 Two ages Ages finish't in the third I live.  
 Not all the Virgins that *Theſſalia* bare,  
 With *Elateian Canis* could compare,  
 190 For beauty. From the Cities bordering,  
 And those, *Æacides*, which call thee King  
 (For she her birth to your *Æmonia* ought)  
 A world of lovers her affection fought.  
 And *Peleus* too perhaps had woo'd her bed;  
 But that already to thy mother wed,  
 195 Or else assur'd, *Canis* still forbore  
 All nuptial ties, As on the secret shore  
 She walkt alone, the Sea-god her dissent  
 Enforc't to Rape: for so the rumor went,  
 Rapt with the joy of loves first tasted fruit;  
 All shall, said *Neptune*, to thy wishes sute;  
 200 Wish what thou wilt, So Fame the story told.  
 My wrong, said *Canis*, makes my wishes bold:  
 That never like inforcement may befall,  
 Be I no woman; and thou giv'st me all.  
 Her latter words a deeper voice exprest,  
 Much like a mans: for now it prov'd no less.  
 205 The Sea-god had assented to her will:  
 And further adds, that steel should neither kill  
 Nor wound his person. Yong *Atracides*  
 Departs; rejoicing in such gifts as these:  
 Who great in every manly vertue grows;  
 And haunts the fields through which *Penæus* flows.  
 210 The son of bold *Ixion* now had wed  
*Hippodame*: the salvage Centaures, bred  
 Of clasped Clouds, his invitation grac't;  
 In shady bowers at sundry tables plac't.  
 There were th' *Æmonian* Princes; there was I:  
 The Palace rung with our confused joy.  
 215 They *Hymen* sing; the Altars fume with flames:  
 Forth came th' admired Bride with troops of Dames,  
 We call *Perithous* happy in his choice:  
 But scarce maintain the Omen of that voice.  
 For *Eurytus*, more heady then the rest,  
 Foul rapine harbours in his salvage brest;  
 220 Incens'd by beauty, and the heat of wine:  
 Lust and Ebriety in out-rage joyn,

- Straight, turn'd-up boords the feast prophane: the fair  
 And tender spouse now haled by the hair.  
 Fierce *Eurytus* *Hyppodame*; all took,  
 225 Their choice, or whom they could: sackt Cities look  
 With such a face, The women shreek: we rise,  
 When *Theseus* first; O *Eurytus*, unwise!  
 Dar'st thou offend *Perithous* as long  
 As *Theseus* lives? in one to suffer wrong  
 230 The great-sould *Heroe*, not to boast in vain,  
 Breaks through the throng, and from his fierce disdain  
 The Rape repris'd. He no reply affords;  
 Such facts could not be justifi'd by words:  
 But with his fists the brave redeemer prest;  
 Assails his face, and strikes his generous brest.  
 235 Nor far off stood an antique Goblet; wrought  
 With high-raisd figures: this *Egides* caught;  
 Hurl'd at the face of *Eurytus*: a flood  
 Of reeking wine, of brains, and clotted blood,  
 At once he vomits from his mouth and wound;  
 And falling backward, kicks the stained ground.  
 240 The Centaures, frantick for their brothers death,  
 Arm, arm, resound, with one exalted breath.  
 Wine courage gives. At first an uncouth flight  
 Of Flagons, Pots, and Boles, began to fight:  
 Late fit for banquets, now for blood and broyls.  
 245 First, *Amycus*, *Ophions* issue, spoils  
 The sacred places of their gifts; who ramps  
 Tears down a brazen Cresset stuck with Lamps:  
 This swings aloft, as when a white-hair'd Bull  
 The Sacrificer strikes; which crusht the skull  
 250 Of *Celadon* the *Lapithite*, and left  
 His face unknown; confusion form bereft.  
 Out start his eyes; his batter'd nose betwixt  
 His shiver'd bones flat to his pallat fixt.  
*Pellean* *Pelades*, a tressel tore  
 That propt the boord, and feld him to the flore.  
 255 He knocks his chin against his breast, and spude  
 Blood mixt with teeth. A second blow persude  
 The first; and sent his vexed soul to hell.  
 Next, *Gryneus* stood; his looks with vengeance swell:  
 Serves this, said he, for nothing? therewith rais'd  
 260 A lost a mighty altar: as it blaz'd,  
 Among the *Lapithites* his burden threw;  
 Which *Broteas*, and the bold *Orion* slew.

- Orions* mother *Mycale*, with fear  
 Could pale the Moon, and hale her from her sphear.  
 265 *Exadim* cry'd: Nor shalt thou so depart  
 Had I a weapon. Of a voted Hart  
 The Antlers from a Pine he puls; they fix  
 Their forks in *Gryneus* darkned eyes: one sticks  
 Upon the horn, the other in thick gore  
 270 Hung on his beard. A fire-brand *Rhætus* bore,  
 Snatcht from the Altar; and *Charaxus* head  
 Crackt through the skull, with yellow-tresses spred.  
 The rapid flame his blazing curls surround,  
 275 Like corn on fire; blood broyling in his wound  
 Horribly hisses: as red Steel that gloses  
 With fervent blasts, which pliant tongues dispose  
 To quenching cool-troughs, sputters, strives, con-  
 And hissing under heated water, fumes, (fumes)  
 280 The wounded from his singed tresses shakes  
 The greedy flame; and on his shoulders takes  
 A stone torn from the threshold, which alone  
 Would load a Wain, at distant *Rhætus* thrown.  
 This, falling short, *Cometes* life invades:  
 And sent his friend to everlasting shades.  
 285 When *Rhætus*, laughing may you all abound  
 In strength so try'd; and aggravates his wound  
 By blows redoubled, with his burning brand.  
 Crusht bones now sink in brains. Then turns his hand;  
 290 On *Coritus*, *Evagrus*, *Dryas* flew:  
 Who *Coritus*, a youth, too timely flew.  
 What glory can the slaughter of a Boy  
 Afford, *Avagrus* said? nor more could say:  
 For *Rhætus* e're his jaws together came.  
 295 Hid in his throat and brest the choking flame.  
 Then whisks the brand about his brows: assails  
 The valiant *Dryas*; but no more prevails:  
 For through his shoulder, who hath triumpht long  
 In daily slaughter, *Dryas* fixt his Prong.  
 300 Who groning, tugs it out with all his might:  
 And foil'd with blood, now saves himself by flight,  
 So *Lycodas* *Arneus*, *Medon* (red  
 With his own blood) *Prisenor*, *Caumus*, fled:  
 305 Wound-tardy *Mermerus*, late swift of pace;  
*Meneleus*, *Pholus*, *Abas*, us'd to chace  
 The Bore; and *Astylos*, who fates fore-knew:  
 Who vainly bad his friends that war eschue;

- And said to frighted *Nessus*, Fly not so;  
 310 Thou art reserv'd for great *Alcides* bow.  
 But yet *Eurynomus*, nor *Lycidas*,  
*Arcus*, nor *Imbrens*, unslaughtred pass:  
 All slain by *Dryas* hand. Thee *Caneus* too,  
 Though turn'd about to fly, a forewound-flue:  
 For looking back; the point between his sights,  
 315 There, where the nose joyns with the forehead, lights.  
 Unwakened with the tumult of this fray,  
 Dissolv'd in death-like sleep, *Aphidus* lay  
 Upon a Bears rough hide on *Ossa* kild:  
 Whose lazy hand a mixed goblet held,  
 320 *Phorbas* far off the vainly hurtless spy'd:  
 And to the thong his fingers fitting, cry'd,  
 Thy wine hence-forth with *Strygian* water brew.  
 This said, at slumber-bound *Aphidus* threw  
 His trembling dart: the Steele'd ash made way  
 Through's naked neck, as he supinely lay.  
 325 Death was unfelt: his full throat voids a flood:  
 The hide and goblet, drown'd and fill'd with blood,  
 I saw *Petræus* tearing from the ground  
 A well grown Oak: while he imbrac't it round  
 With his strong arms, now, this, now that way hal'd,  
 330 *Perithous* to the bole his bosom nail'd.  
 Stout *Lycus* by *Perithous*: valour fell:  
*Perithous* valour *Chromis* sunk to hell,  
 These less the glory of his acts elate  
 Then *Aelops* death, and *Diſſys* stranger fate.  
 335 His eager javelin *Helops* temples cleit:  
 Which at the right ear rush'd through the left,  
 But *Diſſys* from a broken mountain slides,  
 As he *Ixiens* furious son avoids,  
 And head-long fell: his weight asunder brake  
 340 A mighty Alb, the stumps his entrails stake,  
 In rush't revengeful *Pherens* with a stone  
 Torn from a rock: his mighty elbow-bone  
 (About to hurl) in shivers *Theſeus* crackt:  
 Nor leasure had, or further care t'exact  
 His useles life, Then nimbly vaults upon  
 345 *Byanor*'s back, before bestir'd by none,  
 His knees claps to his sides, his shaggy hair  
 His left hand hales: his eyes, that grimly stare  
 And threaten, crushes with his knotty Oak,  
 350 Dart sam'd *Lyceſſes*, and *Medimnus* stroke

- To humble earth : so *Hippasus*, whose beard  
 Reacht to his breast ; and *Ripheus*, who appear'd  
 More tall then trees ; with *Thereus*, who caught  
 Wild bears on *Otbris* heretofore, and brought  
 Th'enrag'd purchase to his home alive.
- 355 *Demoleon* frets to see *Agides* thrive.  
 With such success ; and from the center strives  
 To tear a Pine : which when he could not, rives  
 The yielding bole, and darts it as his foe.  
*Theseus* far off espi'd the deadly throw ;
- 360 Who by *Minerva's* counsel (for so he  
 Would have us think) with-drew : and yet the tree  
 Nor idle fell ; but *Crantor's* shoulder, breast,  
 And throat divides ; which tortur'd life releast  
 He was (*Acides*) thy fathers Squire ;  
 Given by subdude *Amyntor* to thy fire  
 (*Amyntor* the well-train'd *Dolopians* Guide)
- 365 In hostage for their peace, and faith affide.  
 When *Peleus* saw that spectacle of ruth ;  
 Receive, O *Crantor*, O beloved youth,  
 This sacrifice, he said : and sent a dart,  
 With all the rigor of his hand and heart,  
 At proud *Demoleon* ; which the bones that joyn
- 370 His ribs transfixt ; and quaver'd in the chine.  
 His hands from thence the headless Javelin pluck,  
 And hardly that : the head behind it stuck.  
 Anguish it self the heat of wrath improoves :  
 He rears afore, and paws him with his hooves.
- 375 Who with his shield and burganet defends  
 The sounding strokes : yet still his sword extends  
 And twixt his shoulders at one thrust doth gore  
 His double breasts. Yet had he slain before  
*Phlegæus*, *Hyles*, with his lances flight,  
*Hipbinous* and *Danis*, in close fight.
- 380 Adds *Dorylas* to these, who wore a skull  
 Of Wolf-skin tan'd, the sharp horns of a Bull,  
 Instead of other weapon, fixt before,  
 And dyde in crimson with *Lapian* gore.  
 To whom, with courage fir'd I said in scorn,  
 Behold how much our steel excels thy horn.
- 385 And threw my lance : not to be shun'd, he now  
 Claps his right hand upon his threatned brow,  
 Which both together naild. They rore : and while  
 Th'engaged with his bitter wound doth toyl,



- Thy father, who was neereſt, neerer preſt :  
 And thruſt his ſword deep in, below his breſt.  
 390 He Bounds aloſt, on th' earth his bowels trails :  
 The trailed kicks, the kickt in pieces hales ;  
 Which winding, fetter both his legs and thighes :  
 So falls ; and with a gutleſs belly dies.  
 Nor thee thy beauty, *Cyllarus*, could ſave :  
 If ſuch a two-form'd figure beauty have.  
 395 His chin began to bud with down of gold ;  
 And golden curls his ivory back inſold :  
 His looks a pleaſing vigor gract ; his breſt,  
 Hands, ſhoulders, neck, and all that man expreſt,  
 Surpaſſing arts admired images.  
 Nor were his beſtial parts a ſhame to theſe :  
 400 Add but a horſes head and creſt, he were  
 For *Caſtors* uſe ; his back ſo ſtrong to bear,  
 So largely cheſted ; blacker then the crow :  
 His tail and feet-locks, white as falling ſnow.  
 A number of that nation ſought his love ;  
 405 Whom none but fair *Hylonome* could move :  
 None for attraſting favor ſo excel,  
 Of all the half-mares that on *Othrys* dwell.  
 Shee, by ſweet words, by loving, by conſeſt  
 Affection, onely *Cyllarus* poſſeſt  
 With combs ſhe ſmooths her hair ; her perſon trims  
 With all that could be graceful to ſuch lims.  
 410 Of roſes, roſemary, and violets,  
 And oſt, of Lillies curious dreſſings pleats.  
 Twice daily waſht her face in ſprings that fall  
 From *Pegaſean* hills ; twice daily all  
 Her body bathes in cleaſing ſtreams and ware  
 The ſkins of beaſts, ſuch as were choice and rare,  
 Which flowing from her ſhoulder croſs her breſt,  
 415 Vail her left ſide. Both equal love poſſeſt :  
 Together on the ſhady mountains ſtray,  
 In woods and hollow caves together lay :  
 Then to the palace of the *Lapithire*  
 Together came ; and now together fight.  
 A javelin from the left hand flung, thy breſt  
 420 O *Cyllarus*, beneath thy neck impreſt.  
 Her heart though ſlightly hurt (the dart out-hal'd)  
 Grew forth-with cold ; and all his body pal'd.  
*Hylonome* his dying lims receives ;  
 Foments his wound, cloſe to his lips ſhe cleaves,

- 425 To stay his flying soul. But when she found  
 Lifes fire exting; with words in clamor drown'd,  
 Even on that steel, which through his bosom past,  
 She threw her own: and him in death imbrac't.  
 Me thinks I see grim *Phaocomes* yet:
- 430 Who with two Lions skins, together knit,  
 Protect's his double form. A log he took,  
 Which scarce two teams could draw; this darted,  
 The crown of *Phonolenides*; his brains (strook  
 It through his battered skulls deep crannies strains;
- 435 Which from his mouth, eyes, ears, and nostrils gush't,  
 Like curds through wickar squeas'd; or juyces crusht  
 Through draining colendars. As he the dead  
 Prepares t'unarm, my sword his bowels shred.  
 Your father saw his downfall. *Chibonius* too,
- 440 And stout *Teleboas* our fawchion flew.  
 The first a forked branch, the other bore  
 A lance; the lance this wound had given before;  
 Whereof you see the ancient scar. Then I,
- 445 Then should I have been sent t'have ruin'd Troy,  
 Then might I have restrain'd, if not o'rothrown  
 Great *Hector*. But, he either then was none,  
 Or else a child. Now spent with age, I wain.  
 What speak I of two-shapt *Pyretus* slain  
 by *Periphas*? Thy dart without a head,
- 450 Brave *Ampycus*, four-hoov'd *Oicles* sped.  
*Macartus* born by *Pelethronian* rocks,  
 Huge *Erigdupas* with a leaver knocks  
 To ecchoing earth. His dart *Cymelus* sheath'd  
 Deep in *Nesseus* groyn and life bereav'd.
- 455 Nor would you think *Ampycides* alone  
 Could fate fore-tell; a lance by *Mopsus* thrown  
*Odites* slew: this, as the Centaur rail'd,  
 His tongue t'his chin, his chin t'his bosom nail'd.  
 Five *Ceneus* flew; *Bromus*, *Antimachus*,
- 460 Ax-arm'd *Pyracmus*, *Heliuss*, *Stiphetus*.  
 Although forgetful by what wounds they fell;  
 Their names, and number, I remember well,  
 Giant-like *Latreus* lightneth to these broyls;  
 Arm'd with *Emathian* *Alesus* spoils:  
 His years, twixt youth and age; nor age impairs.
- 465 The strength of youth, though sprinkled with gray  
 A *Macedonian* spear, a sword, and shield, (hairs.  
 Confirm his pride: o'r-views the well-fought field,  
 Clashes

- Clashest his arms ; and trotting in a round,  
 Enforc'd the air with this disdainful sound.  
 470 Shall I endure thee *Cenis* ? still to me  
 Thou art a woman, and shalt *Cenis* be.  
 Thou hast forgot thy births original,  
 And for what fact rewarded ; by what fall  
 Advanc't to this man-counterfeiting shape.  
 Think of thy birth ; think of thy easie rape.  
 475 Go, take a Spindle and a Distaff ; twine  
 The carded wooll, and arms to Men resign.  
 While thus he scoffs ; and circularly ran ;  
*Ceneus* his sides gores with his lance, where Man  
 And Horse unite. He, mad with anguish, flings  
 His spear at the *Phyllian* youth, which rings  
 480 On his unwounded face ; and back recoyls,  
 As Pebbles dropt on Drums, or Hail on Tyles.  
 Then rushing on, with thrusts assays to wound  
 His hardned sides, the sword no entrance found.  
 Nor shalt thou scape ; the edge shall lanch thy throat ;  
 485 Although the point be dull. This said, and smote  
 At once, The blow, as if on marble, sounds :  
 And from his neck the broken blade rebonds.  
 When he his charmed limbs had open laid  
 Enough to wounds and wonder, *Ceneus* said :  
 490 Now will we try, if thou our sword canst feel.  
 Then 'twixt his shoulders thrust the fatal steel  
 Up to the hilts ; which to and fro he waves  
 Deep in his guts, and wounds on wounds ingraves.  
 The frighted Centaures with a horrid cry,  
 495 On him alone, with all their weapons, fly.  
 Their Darts rebated, fall, but draw no blood ;  
 For *Ceneus* still invulnerable stood.  
 This more amaz'd, Ah, *Monychus* exclaims,  
 One foils us all, to all our endless shames !  
 500 He scarce a man ! nay he the man, and we  
 Are what he was : so poor our actions be.  
 What boots our mighty limbs ? our double force ?  
 The strongest of all creatures, Man and Horse.  
 In us by Nature joyn'd ? sure we are not  
 A Goodesss birth ; nor by *Ixion* got,  
 505 Who durst the Queen of Deities imbrace ;  
 This half-man conquers his degenerate race.  
 Stons, massie Logs, whole Mountains on him roul ;  
 And with a pyle of Trees crush out his soul,

- Let woods oppress his jaws: o're-whelm with weight,  
 In stead of idle wounds. Thus he: and straight  
 510 An Oak up-rooted by the furious blasts  
 Of frantick winds, on valiant *Cæneus* casts.  
 Th' example quickly *Othris* dis-aray'd  
 Of all his trees; and *Pelion* wanted shade.  
 Preft with so huge a burden, *Cæneus* sweats:  
 515 And toth' o're-whelming Oaks his shoulders sets.  
 But now the load above his stature climbs,  
 And chokes the passage of his breath. Sometimes  
 He faints; then struggles to advance his crown  
 Above the Pile, and throw the timber down:  
 520 Sometimes the burden with his motion quakes;  
 As when an Earth-quake high-brow'd *Ida* shâkes.  
 His end was doubtful: some there be, who tell  
 How with that weight his body sunk to Hell;  
*Mopsus* dissents; who saw a fowl arise,  
 525 From thence with yellow wings, and mount the skies;  
 ('The first I ever saw) which flying round  
 About our tents, sent forth a mournful sound.  
 This he pursuing with his Soul and fight,  
 530 Cry'd, Hail thou Glory of the *Lapithæ*!  
 O *Cæneus*, late a man at arms; but now  
 An un-matcht fowl! his witness all allow.  
 Grief whets our fury; brooking ill, that one  
 By such a multitude should be o're-thrown:  
 And sorrow so long executes the fight,  
 535 Till half were slain: half sav'd by speed, and night.  
*Tlepolemus* could not his tongue debar:  
 Since in the repetition of that war,  
 Of *Hercules* he had no mention made.  
 Old man, how can you so forget (he said)  
 540 *Alcides* praise? my father oft would tell,  
 How by his hand the Cloud-born Centaurs fell.  
 To this sad *Nestor* answer'd: Why should you  
 Compel me to remember, and renew  
 My sorrow lost in time? or iterate  
 Your fathers guilt; together with my hate?  
 545 His acts transcend belief, his high repute  
 Fills all the world: which would I could refuse,  
 But not *Polydamas*, *Deiphobus*,  
 Nor valiant *Hector*, are extol'd by us.  
 For who commends his foe? *Messene's* walls  
 550 He raz'd: Fair *Elis*, *Pylus*, in their falls

- Darest his fury ; Cities which his hate  
 Had not deserv'd with them did ruinate  
 Our House with Sword and fire. Not now to tell  
 Of others, who by his stern out-rage fell ;  
 Twice six fair-fam'd *Neleidae* were we ;  
 Twice six *Alcides* slew, excepting me.  
 550 Others have been subdu'd : but more then strange  
 Was *Periclymen's* slaughter ! who could change  
 And rechange to all figures. Such a grace  
 Great *Neptune* gave ; the root of *Neleus* race.  
 He, forc'd to vary forms, at length appears  
 560 Like *Jove's* lov'd Fowl, who in her talons bears  
 Impetuous thunder ; and in his descent  
 His face with his strong beak and pounces rent,  
 At him his Bow, too sure, *Alcides* drew,  
 565 As tow'ring in the lofty clouds he flew,  
 And struck his side-join'd wing. The wound was slight ;  
 But sunder'd nerves could not sustain his flight.  
 When tumbling down, his weight the arrow smote  
 570 In at his side, and thrust it through his throat.  
 Now brave Commander of the *Rhodian* Fleet ;  
 Thinkst thou *Alcides* praise a subject meet  
 575 For my discourse ? Alone with silence we  
 Revenge our slaughtered brothers ; and love thee.  
 When *Nestor* with mellifluous eloquence  
 Had thus much utter'd ; they with speech dispense,  
 And liberal *Bacchus* quaff : then all arose,  
 And give the rest of night to soft repose.  
 580 The God, whose Trident calms the Ocean,  
 For strangled *Cygnus*, turn'd into a Swan,  
 Grieves with paternal grief. *Achilles* fate  
 He prosecutes with more then civil hate.  
 Ten years now wel-nigh laps'd in horrid fights,  
 585 This unshorn *Smintheus* his stern rage excites.  
 Of all our brothers sons to us most dear ;  
 Whose hands, with ours, *Troy's* walls in vain did rear :  
 O sigh'st thou not to see the *Asian* towers  
 So near their fall ? their own, and aiding powers  
 590 By millions slain ? the last of all their joy  
 Dead  *Hector* drag'd about his fathers *Troy* ?  
 Yet dire *Achilles*, who our labor gives  
 To utter spoil, then War more cruel, lives.  
 Came he within my reach, he then should try,  
 The vengeance of my Trident : but since I

- 595 Cannot approach to encounter with my foe ;  
 Let him thy close and mortal arrows know.  
*Delius* assents : his Uncles wrath intends ;  
 With it, his own ; and in a cloud descends  
 To th' *Ilian* host : amid the battel seeks  
 600 For *Paris*, shooting at un-noted *Grreks*.  
 Then shew'd a God, and said : Why dost thou lose  
 Thy shafts so basely ? nobler objects choose ;  
 If thou of thine at least hast any care :  
 Thy brethrens deaths revenge on *Peleus* heir.  
 Then shew'd him stern *Achilles*, as he slew  
 605 The *Trojan* troops : and, while his bow he drew,  
 Directs the deadly shaft. This only might  
 Old *Priam*, after *Hectors* death, delight.  
 Him, who with conquest cloyd the jaws of death,  
 610 A faint adulterer deprives of breath.  
 If by th'effeminate to be o'r-thrown,  
 Then should the Pollux of the *Amazon*  
 Have forc't thy fate. The *Phrygian* fear ; the fame,  
 And strong protection of the *Grecian* Name,  
 Invincible *Eacides*, now burns :  
 The God, who arm'd, his bones to ashes turns.  
 615 And of that great *Achilles* scarce remains  
 So much, as now a little Urn contains.  
 Yet still he lives ; his glory lightens forth,  
 And fills the world : this answers his full worth,  
 This, O divine *Pelides*, soars as high  
 As thy great spirit, and shall never dye.  
 620 And even his arms, to instance whose they were ;  
 Procure a war, Arms for his Arms they bear.  
*Ajax*, *Oileus*, *Deomedes*, nor  
 The less *Atrides* ; not in age and war  
 The Greater : no not any ; but the Son  
 Of old *Laertes* and bold *Telamon*,  
 625 Durst hope for such a prize. *Tantalides*,  
 To shun the burden and the hate of these,  
 The Princes bids to sit before his tent :  
 And puts the strife on their arbitrement,



# OVIDS

## METAMORPHOSIS.

The Thirteenth Book.

### THE ARGUMENT.

**T**hose purple flowers which Ajax name display,  
His blood produce. Enraged Hecuba  
Becomes a Bitch. From Memnons cinders rise  
Self-slaught'ring Fowl : a yearly sacrifice.  
What ever Anius daughters handle proves  
Corn, Wine, or Oyl : themselves transform'd to Doves.  
From honour'd Virgins ashes Sons ascend,  
Th' Ambracian fudge a Stone. Light wings defend  
Molossus royal issue. Scilla grows  
A horrid Monster. Murder'd Acys flows  
With speedy streams. The kind Nereides  
For Glaucus sue : int'ron'd in sacred Seas.

**T**He Princes sat ; the souldier crowns the field :  
Up rose the Master of the seven-fold Shield.  
With wrath impatient, his stern eyes survey  
Sigeum, and the Navy which there lay.  
5 Then throwing up his hands, O Jove, he said ;  
Before the Fleet must we our title plead ?  
And am I rivald by Ulysses clame ?  
Who made no doubt to fly from Hectors flame.  
This, I sustain'd ; from this that Navy freed,  
'Tis safer to contend in word then deed.  
10 I cannot talk, nor can he fight : as far  
His tongue excels, as I exceed in war.



- Nor need I to rehearse what you have seen  
 In a&, renowned *Greeks*: what his hath been  
 Let *Ithacus* declare; perform'd by fight,  
 15 Without a witness, onely known to Night.  
 Great is th' affected prize, I must confess:  
 But such a Rival makes the value less.  
 For me, 'tis no ambition to obtain,  
 (Though great) what ever he could hope to gain.  
 Who now in this is honor'd, that can boast  
 20 He strove with me, when he the palm hath lost.  
 But were my valor question'd, I might on  
 My birth insist; begot by *Telamon*,  
 Who under *Hercules* *Troy's* bulwarks scal'd:  
 In *Pagasean* kell to *Colchis* sail'd.  
 25 His father, *Aacus*; the Judg of Souls,  
 Where *Sisyphus* his restless torment rould.  
 High *Jupiter* upon a mortal Love  
 Got *Aacus*: I *Ajax*, third from *Jove*.  
 Nor let this pedigree assist my claim,  
 30 If great *Achilles* join'd not in the same.  
 He was my brother, his I ask. Why thus  
 Shouldst thou, thou son of damned *Sisyphus*,  
 Alike in theft and fraud, a stranger to  
*Achilles* race, the right of this pursue?  
 Because I first assumed arms, descry'd  
 35 By no detector, are these arms deny'd?  
 Or rather for the last in field design'd;  
 Who with feign'd lunacy the war declin'd:  
 Till *Palamed* more politick, though more  
 Unhappy, did his coward-guile explore,  
 And drew him to avoided arms? Must he  
 40 Now wear the best, who all eschew'd? and we  
 Unhonor'd, robbed of a Kinsmans right,  
 Because we at the first appear'd in fight?  
 And would to *Jove* he had been truly mad;  
 Or still so thought: nor this companion had,  
 This tempter to foul actions, ever seen  
 The *Phrygian* tow'rs. Then shouldst not thou have been  
 45 O *Peans* son, expos'd by our crime  
 To *Lemnian* Rocks: where thou consum'st thy time  
 In lonely Caves obscur'd with woods, the stones  
 Provok'd to pity with thy daily groans,  
 And wishest him, what he deserves, thy pain,  
 If Gods there be, thou wishest not in vain.

Now

- 50 Now our Confederate (a Prince of brave  
Command) to whom his shafts *Alcides* gave;  
Broken with pain and famine, doth employ  
Those arrows, that import the fate of *Troy*,  
For food and clothing: yet he lives the while,
- 55 In that removed from *Ulysses* guile.  
And *Palamed* might wish: have been so left:  
Then had he liv'd, or been of life bereft:  
Nor by our crime. He hellishly inclin'd,  
Bears his convicted madness in his mind;  
And falsly him accus'd to have betray'd  
Th' *Achaian* host; confirming what he said
- 60 By shewing sums of gold, which in his tent  
Himself had hid. Thus he by banishment  
Or death, our strength impairs; for this prefer'd:  
So fights, so is *Ulysses* to be fear'd.  
Though faithful *Nestor*, he in eloquence,  
Surpass; his leaving *Nestor*, no defence  
Of words can salve: who slow, through his hurt horse,
- 65 And clog'd with age, implor'd *Ulysses* force  
To fetch him off; who left to odds of foes  
His old acquaintance. This *Tydid* knows  
For no forg'd crime; who vainly call'd, to stay:  
His trembling friend, reviling his dismay.
- 70 The Gods with justice view our humane deeds.  
Who would not late assist, assistance needs:  
And now to be forsaken by the Law  
Himself prescrib'd. He cry'd, I came, and saw  
The coward quaking, pale, about to yield
- 75 His ghost for fear. I interpos'd my shield;  
Bestrid him as he lay; and from that strife  
Redeem'd (my least of praise) his coward life.  
But if thou wilt contend, rejoin we there;  
Revoke the foe, thy wounds, and usual fear;  
Behind my target sculk: then plead. This man,
- 80 Who reel'd with wounds; freed, as unwounded ran,  
Now *Hector* came, and brought the Gods along;  
Rusht on all parts: not thou alone, the strong  
And best-resolved shrink: so great a dread  
He drew on all. Him, as he conquest led
- 85 Through blood and slaughter, with a mighty stone  
I struck to earth: Him I sustain'd alone,  
When he to all so bold a challenge made;  
When for my lot you all devoutly pray'd.

- Nor pray'd in vain: if you enquire the sum  
 90 Of this our fight, I was not overcome.  
 With bloody weapons, flames, and *Jove*, the men  
 Of *Troy* invade our navy: where was then  
 Your eloquent *Ulysses*? I, even I  
 A thousand ships preserv'd; wheron relye  
 The hope of your return. These arms for all  
 95 Your Fleet afford. The meed more honour shall  
 Receive then give: our glories justly please;  
 These arms do *Ajax* seek, not *Ajax* these,  
*Rhesus* surprise, with ours let him compare,  
 That poor Spy *Dolon's*, *Hellenus* despair;  
 100 The rapt *Palladium*: nothing done by day;  
 He of no worth, take *Diomed* away.  
 If to such mean deserts these arms accrue;  
 Divide them: to *Tydid*es most is due.  
 Why would he these? who still unarmed goes,  
 Conceal'd; and cunningly intraps his foes?  
 105 This radiant Cask that shines with burnisht gold,  
 Will his deceit, and lurking steps unfold.  
 His neck can scarce *Achilles* helmet bear;  
 Nor can his feeble arm employ this spear:  
 110 His shield, whose orb the figured world adorns;  
 A cowards arm, inur'd to thieving, scorns.  
 O fool, that thus thy own undoing seeks!  
 If giving thee by th' error of the *Greeks*,  
 It will not make thee dreadful to thy foe;  
 But give occasion of thy overthrow,  
 115 And flight, wherein thou only dost exceed,  
 Clog'd with so huge a weight, will fail thy need.  
 Besides, thy shield in battle rarely born,  
 Is yet entire: but mine, all hackt and torn  
 With storms of blows, a new successor needs.  
 120 What boots so many words? behold our deeds.  
 These arms deliver to the foes defence:  
 And let him keep, that takes the prize from thence.  
 Here *Ajax* ends. The Souldiers in the close  
 A murmur rais'd, till *Ithacus* arose:  
 125 Who having fix'd on the earth a space  
 His eyes, unto the Prince rais'd his face;  
 And now expected, spake unto this sense;  
 With all the grace of winning eloquence.  
*Grecians*; if heaven with yours, had heard my prayer;  
 What now we seek had found no doubtful Heir;  
 Thhad

- 130 Th'hadst kept thy arms, *Achilles*, and we thee.  
 But since stern Fate, averse to you and me,  
 So coveted an happiness denies,  
 (With that appears to weep, and wipes his eyes)  
 Who great *Achilles* with more right succeeds,  
 Then he, who gave you great *Achilles* deeds?
- 135 Favor not him because he seem to be,  
 And is a sot: nor blame this wit in me,  
 So blest in your affairs: or take offence  
 That for my self I arm my eloquence;  
 (If I have any) oft for you imploid.  
 Let none the glory of his own avoid.
- 140 For Ancestors, divine original,  
 And deeds by us not done, we ours mis-call.  
 Yet in that *Ajax* vants himself to be  
 Great-Granchild unto *Jove*; no less are we.  
*Laertes* was my Sire, *Arcefius* his;  
 His, *Jupiter*: in this descent none is
- 145 Condemn'd, nor banisht. By the mother I  
 From *Hermes* spring: in both a Deity.  
 Not that more noble by the Mothers side,  
 Nor that my father had his hands undide  
 In brothers blood, do I enforce this clame:
- 150 Weigh but our worths; and censure by the same,  
 That *Telamon* and *Peleus* brethren were.  
 In *Ajax* is no merit. Not the neer  
 In birth, but Great in act, deserve this grace:  
 Or if proximity in blood have place,
- 155 *Peleus* his father, *Pyrrhus* is his son:  
 What right remains for *Ajax Telamon*?  
 To *Phibia* then, or *Seyros* carry these.  
*Teucer* is cozen to *Acides*  
 As well as he; yet stirs not he herein:  
 Or if he should, should he the honor win?  
 Then since our actions must our suit advance;
- 160 Although my deeds surmount my utterance,  
 Their abstract yet in order to relate:  
*Thetis*, fore-knowing great *Achilles* fate,  
 Disguis'd her son: so like a Virgin drest,  
 That all mistook, and *Ajax* with the rest.  
 When arms, with womens trifles, that might blind  
 Suspect, I brought to tempt a manly mind.
- 165 Yet was the Heroe virgin like arraid,  
 Who taking up the spear and shield, I said:

- O Goddess-born, for thee the fate of *Troy*  
 Her fall reserves: why doubts thou to destroy  
 Great *Pergamus*? then made him leave those weeds:  
 170 And sent the Mighty unto mighty deeds.  
 His acts are therefore ours. We *Telephus*  
 Foild by our lance; the suppliant cur'd by us.  
 Strong *Thebes* we sackt: sackt *Lesbos* us renowns.  
*Chrysa* and *Tenedos* (*Apollo's* towns)  
 175 *Cilla*, and Sea-girt *Syros*, in their falls  
 Our fame advance: we raz'd *Lernessus* walls.  
 To pass the rest; I gave, who could subdue.  
 The brave *Priamides*: I *Hector* slew.  
 For th' arms that found *Achilles* these I crave:  
 180 He dead, I ask but what, alive, I gave.  
 The grief of one, with all the *Greeks* prevails:  
*Eubæan Aulis* held a thousand sails.  
 The long-expected winds opposed stand,  
 Or sleep in calms. When cruel Fates command  
 Afflicted *Agamemnon* to assuage  
 185 With *Iphigenia's* death, *Diana's* rage.  
 But he dissents; the Gods themselves reproves;  
 And in a King a fathers passion moves.  
 His noble disposition ne're-the-less  
 I to the publick won: and must confess  
 (*Atrides* pardon;) we did prosecute  
 190 Before a partial judg, an hateful suit.  
 Yet him his brother, Scepter, publick good  
 Perswade to purchase endless praise with blood.  
 Then went I to the mother for her child:  
 Now not to be exhorted, but beguil'd.  
 Had *Ajax* thither gone, our flagging sails  
 195 Not yet had swell'd with still-expected gales:  
 Then on a bold embassy I was sent  
 To haughty *Troy*: to th' *Ilian* Court I went  
 Yersfull of men: and fearless, urg'd at large  
 The common cause committed to my charge.  
 200 False *Paris* I accuse: rap'd *Helena*  
 I re-demand, with all they bore away.  
 Old *Priam* and *Antenor* just appear,  
 But *Paris*, with his brethren, and who were  
 His followers in that stealth, from wicked blows  
 Could scarce refrain. This *Menelaus* knows  
 The first of dangers, wherein you and I  
 205 Together join'd, But what my policy

- And force perform'd behoofful to this State,  
 In that long war, too long is to relate ;  
 The first great battel fought, our wary foes  
 Long live immur'd : nor durst their powers expose,  
 Nine years expir'd, wars all the fields affright.  
 210 Mean-while what didst thou, onely fit to fight ?  
 What use of thee ? inquire my actions ; I  
 The foe intrap, our trenches fortifie,  
 Encouraging the weary Soldier  
 To brook the tediousness of lingring war  
 With fair expectance : teach them ways to feed,  
 215 The use of arms : imploy'd at every need.  
 The King deluded in his sleep by *Jove*,  
 Bids us the care of future war remove.  
 The author was his strong apology.  
*Ajax* should have with-stood ; the sack of *Troy*  
 He should have urg'd ; done what he could, have fought.  
 220 Why was the nobler siege by him unfought ?  
 Why arm'd he not ? a speech he might have made,  
 That would the wavering multitude have stay'd :  
 To him not difficult, who looks so high,  
 And speaks so big. What, if himself did fly ?  
 I saw, and sham'd to see thee turn thy back,  
 To hoise thy sails unto thy honors wrack,  
 225 What do you ? O what madness, mates, said I,  
 Provokes you to abandon yielding *Troy* ?  
 Ten years nigh spent, what will you bear away  
 But infamy ? I this and more did say ;  
 Wherein my sorrow made me eloquent :  
 They thus perswaded, alter'd their intent.  
 230 The King a Councel calls ; distrusts afford  
 No sound advice : durst *Ajax* speak a word ?  
 When base *Thersites* durst the King provoke  
 With bitter words : who felt my scepters stroke,  
 Their doubts with hope of conquest I inspire :  
 235 And set their fainting courages on fire :  
 Since when, what he hath nobly done, by right  
 To me belongs, that thus restrain'd his flight.  
 Besides, what one of all the wiser *Greeks*  
 Makes choice of thee ; or thine assistance seeks ?  
*Tydid* us approves, builds on our will ;  
 240 Is confident in his *Ulysses* still.  
 Among so many, 'tis a grace for me  
 To be his consort ; and the choice so free.

- The danger of the foe, and night despis'd ;  
 I *Delon*, then a counter-scout, surpriz'd :  
 245 Nor him, till I had searcht his bosom, slew ;  
 Informed what perfidious *Troy* would do.  
 All known, and nothing let to be enquir'd ;  
 I now with praise enough might have retir'd.  
 Yet not so satisfy'd, I forward went ;  
 250 And *Rhesus* slew, with his, in his own tent ;  
 When, like a Victor, on his chariot I  
 Return'd in triumph. Can you then deny  
*Achilles* arms, whose horses were assign'd  
 For one nights hazard ? *Ajax* is more kind :  
 255 What should I of *Sarpedons* forces tell,  
 O're-thrown by us ? by us *Ceranos* fell,  
*Iphitides*, *Alastor*, *Chromius*,  
*Alcander*, *Prytanis*, *Noemonus*,  
*Halius*, stout *Thoon*, bold *Pheridamas*,  
 260 With *Charopes Eunomus* fatal Pass  
 Sign'd by my lance : and many more in view  
 Of hostile *Troy*, of meaner rank, I slew.  
 And I, O Country-men, have honor'd wounds,  
 Fair in their scars ; nor trust to empty sounds :  
 Behold (said he, with that his bosom bares)  
 265 This breast, still exercis'd in your affairs.  
 No blood for *Greece* in all these lengthful wars  
 Hath *Ajax* shed : let him produce his scars.  
 What boots it, though his deeds his brags approve ;  
 That for our Fleet he fought with *Troy* and *Jove* ?  
 270 I grant, he did so : nor will we detract  
 With hated envy from a noble act.  
 So he ingross not to himself alone  
 A common praise, but render us our own.  
*Astorides* (for great *Achilles* held)  
*Troy's* flames and Fautor from our ships repel'd.  
 He vainly glories that himself alone  
 275 Could answer *Hectors* opposition :  
 The King, his brother, and my self forgot :  
 Of nine the last, and but prefer'd by lot.  
 But what event, O great in valor, crown'd  
 Your famous combat ? *Hector* had no wound.  
 280 Wo's me ! with what a tide of grief I call  
 That time to mind ; wherein the *Grecian* Wall,  
*Achilles*, fell ! tears, fears, nor sorrow stay'd  
 My forward zeal ; his rais'd corps I laid



- Upon these shoulders : these, even these did bear  
 285 Him, and his arms ; which now I hope to wear.  
 Our strength can such a weight with ease sustain :  
 Our knowledg can your honor'd gift explain.  
 Was *Thetis* so ambitious for her son,  
 That such a brainless Soldier should put on  
 290 This heavenly gift, of so divine a frame ?  
 Whose figured shield his ignorance would shame.  
 Wherein, the Ocean ; Earth with Cities crown'd ;  
 Skies deckt with Stars ; cold *Arctos* never drown'd,  
 Sword-girt *Orion*, sad *Pleiades*,  
 295 The rainy *Kids*. He seeks, yet knows not, these.  
 Upbraids he me, that I this war did shun,  
 And time defer'd till other had begun ?  
 Nor can consider, how he wounds in me  
*Achilles* honor, If a crime it be  
 To counterfeit ; we join in that defame :  
 300 If, in that tardy ; I before him came.  
 Me, my kind wife, his mother him with-drew :  
 Our flow'r to them we gave, the fruit to you,  
 Nor fear I, should I quit my own defence,  
 To suffer with so clear an excellence.  
 Nor was it *Ajax* found out me : and yet  
 305 *Achilles* was discover'd by my wit.  
 Left I should wonder why his foolish tongue  
 Should slander me, he you upbraids with wrong.  
 If *Palimedes* was accus'd by me  
 Without just cause, must not his judgment be  
 310 To you reproachful ? neither *Nauplius* Seed  
 Could justify so evident a deed :  
 Nor heard you onely of his treacheries,  
 The hire of treason laid before your eyes,  
*Pæantius* in *Lemnos* left, was none  
 Of my offence, do you defend your own :  
 315 You to his stay consented. Yet again  
 I must confess, I advis'd him to abstain  
 From travel, toils of war : and to appease  
 The anguish of his bitter wound with ease.  
 He did : he lives. Th' advice was good : success  
 As fortunate approves it for no less.  
 320 Since Fate designs him for the fall of Troy :  
 Spare me, and *Ajax* industry employ.  
 His tongue the mad with wrath and anguish will  
 Appease : he'll fetch him with some reach of skill.

- First *Simois* shall retire, *Ide* want a shade;  
 325 *Achaia* promise to the *Trojans* aid;  
 E're my endeavors in your service fail,  
 And sottish *Ajax* with his wit prevail,  
 And *Philottetes*, though-obdure, thou be  
 Incens'd against the King, these Lords, and me;  
 330 Though curses lighten from thy lips, though still  
 Thou covet my access, my blood to spill;  
 Yet I'll attempt thee; and will bring thee back;  
 That neither may, what we so wish for, lack.  
 Thy shafts I must possess (so favor Fate)  
 335 As I possess the *Dardan* prophet late;  
 As I unknit the *Trojan* destiny,  
 And doubtful answer of the Gods; as I,  
 Amid a world of foes, the fatal Sign  
 Of *Phrygian Pallas* ravish'd from her shrine,  
 Compare with me will *Ajax*? this unta'ne,  
*Troy's* hop'd-for expugnation had been vain.  
 340 Where was strong *Ajax*? where the glorious boast  
 Of that great Soldier? why in terror lost?  
 How durst *Ulysses* trust himself to night, (slight?  
 Pass through the watch, their threat'ning weapons  
 The walls not onely, but the highest tower  
 Of *Ilium* scale: and from her Fane the Power  
 345 That bears their fate in force: and with this prey,  
 Repass the dangers of that horrid way?  
 Which, had not I achiev'd, yet in field  
 Had *Ajax* vainly born his seven-fold shield.  
 That night *Troy* fell before *Laertes* son:  
 Won, when I made it that it might be won.  
 350 Why dost thou flee on my *Tydides* so:  
 And nodst at me? our praises jointly grow.  
 Not for our Navy didst thou fight alone:  
 Thou by an host assisted, I by one.  
 Who knew that wisdom valor should command;  
 355 That these belong'd not to a strenuous hand:  
 Else he himself had join'd in this debate;  
 Or th' other *Ajax*, far more moderate;  
 Brave *Thoas*, fierce *Euripylus*; with these  
*Idomeneus* and *Meriones*  
 Of *Crete*; or *Menelaus*. For they are,  
 360 As strong, nor second unto thee in war:  
 Yet yield to our advice. Thou fit for fight,  
 Dost need my reason to direct thy might:

Thy

- Thy valor wants fore-cast ; my care is set  
 Upon the future : thou canst fight ; and yet  
 The time and place must be by us assign'd :
- 365 Thou onely strong in body ; I in mind.  
 As skilful Pilots those surpass, who row ;  
 As wise Commanders, common Soldiers ; so  
 I thee excel. Our vigor is less great  
 In bones and sinews, yet my soul compleat.
- 370 Then O remunerate my vigilance :  
 And, Princes, for so many years expence  
 In anxious cares, this dignity extend  
 To my deserts. Our work is at an end :  
 With-standing fates remov'd : I, in that I  
 Have made it feasible, have taken *Troy*.
- 375 Now by our mutual hopes, *Troy's* overthrow,  
 Those Gods which late I ravish'd from the foe ;  
 If ought remain to be discreetly done,  
 That courage craves, through danger to be won ;  
 If in the *Ilian* destiny there be  
 A knot yet to unknit ; remember me :
- 380 Or if you can forget ; these arms resign  
 To this : and shew *Minerva's* fatal Sign. (charms:  
 The Chiefs were mov'd. Here words approv'd their  
 And Eloquence from Valor wins those arms.  
 He who alone, *Jove*, *Hector*, Sword and Fire
- 385 So oft sustain'd ; yields to one stroke of ire.  
 Th' unconquer'd sorrow conquers ; Then his blade  
 In haste unsheath'd : Sure thou art mine, he said ;  
 Or seeks *Ulysses* this ? this shall conclude  
 All sense of wrong. And thee, so oft imbrued  
 In *Phrygian* blood, thy Lords must now imbrue :
- 390 That none but *Ajax Ajax* may subdue.  
 This said ; his breast, till then with wounds ungor'd ;  
 The deadly sword, where it could enter, bor'd.  
 Nor could draw back the steel with all his strength ;  
 Expel'd by gushing gore. The blood at length,
- 395 A purple flower ingendred on the ground :  
 Created first by *Hyacinthus* wound.  
 The tender leaves indifferent letters paint :  
 Both of his name, and of the Gods complaint.  
 The Conqueror, now hoisting sails, doth stand  
 For mild *Hysephe's* and *Thoas* land ;
- 400 (Defam'd by womens cursed violence)  
 To fetch the shafts of *Hercules* from thence.

These

These, with their owner, to the camp convey'd,  
On that so long a war an end they made.

405 Now *Troy* and *Priamus* together fall.

Th' unhappy wife of *Priam* after all,  
Her humane figure lost : whose raving Spright  
And uncouth howling foreign fields affright.  
The flames of *Ilium* stretch their hungry fire  
To narrow *Hellepont* ; nor there expire.

410 That little blood which *Priams* age could shed,

*Jove's* altar drinks, By her anointed head  
*Apo'llo's* Priest they drag, her hands in vain

415 To heaven upheld. The Victor *Greeks* constrain

The *Dardan* Dames ; a deadly-hating prey :  
Who imbrace their Country Gods ; & while they may,  
Behold their burning Fanes. Dire violence

*Astyanax* threw from that tower ; from whence  
He had seen his father, by his mother shown,

Fight for his Kingdoms safety, and his own.  
North-winds to Seas invite, and prosperous gales

420 Sing in their shrowds : they hast to trim their Sails.

The *Trojan* Ladies cry, Dear Soil farewell !

We are hal'd to loth'd captivity ! then fell  
On earth now kist : and leave, with much delay,  
Their Countries smoking ruines. *Hecuba*

Her sad departure to the last defers :

Now found among her childrens sepulchers,

425 (A sight of ruth !) spread on their tombs ; bewails,

Their cold bones kissing : whom *Ulysses* hales

From that sad comfort. Some of *Hectors* dust,  
Up-snatcht, delivers to her bosoms trust.

Upon his tomb she left her hoary hairs

(A poor oblation !) mingled with her tears.

430 Oppos'd to *Ilium's* ruines lies a land,

Till'd by the *Bistones* ; in the Command

Of *Polymnestor*. Danger to prevent,

To him his father *Polydorus* sent :

And wisely ; had he not withal consign'd

435 A mass of gold, to tempt his greedy mind.

His foster-child, when lingring *Ilium* drew

To her last date, the *Thracian* Tyrant flew.

Whom, as if he his murder with the slain

Could cast away, he casts into the Main.

440 Now rode *Atrides* at the *Thracian* shoar ;

Till winds forbore to storm ; and Seas to roar.

When

- When from the yawning earth *Achilles* rose ;  
 Like mighty as in life : whose looks disclose  
 As stern a wrath, as when his lawless blade  
 445 Was on *Atrides* drawn, and frowning, said :  
*Achaïans*, O ingrateful ! can you thus  
 Depart ? are our deserts intomb'd with us ?  
 Now honor me with what I covet most :  
 Let slain *Polixena* appease my Ghost.
- 450 Then vanish. They th' ungentle Ghost obey'd ;  
 And from her Mothers bosom drew the Maid,  
 (High-soul'd, unhappy, more then feminine,)  
 To his resembled tomb ; life to resign  
 With Rites infernal. Of her birth she thought :  
 And now unto the bloody altar brought ;
- 455 Seeing her self the sacrifice prepar'd,  
 And that *Neoptolemus* upon her star'd  
 With Sword advanc'd, she said ; untoucht with dread ;  
 Our generous blood to your intentions shed,  
 Dispatcht ; in throat or breast (I am prepar'd)
- 460 Your weapon sheath. (With that her bosom bar'd)  
*Polixena* doth servitude despise :  
 And yet no God affects such sacrifice,  
 I onely wish my death might be unknown  
 To my afflicted mother. She alone  
 Disturbs the joys of death : though *Priams* wife
- 465 My death should less bewail, then her own life.  
 Nor let the touch of man pollute a maid :  
 That my free Soul may to the *Stygian* shade  
 Untainted pass. If this be just, remove  
 Your hand, I shall more acceptable prove  
 Unto that God or Ghost, what e're he be,  
 To whom I am offer'd, if my blood be free.
- 470 And if a dying tongue prevail at all ;  
 I, late great *Priams* daughter, now a thrall,  
 Sollicit that my corps may not be sold ;  
 But given my mother : nor exchange for gold  
 Sad rites of sepulture. In former years  
 Sh' had gold to give, now poor, accept her tears.
- 475 This having said, for her, that would not weep,  
 The people wept : the Priest could hardly keep  
 His eyes from tears, yet did what he abhor'd,  
 And in her proffered bosom thrust his sword.  
 On doubling knees she sinks, with silent breath,  
 And cheerfully imbraceth smil'd-on Death.

Then

- 480 Then when she fell, she had a care to hide  
 What should be hid; and chastly-decent dy'd.  
 Her corps was carried by the *Trojan* dames:  
 Who in a funeral song repeat the names  
 Of *Priams* mourn'd-for Seed; what streams of gore  
 One House had spent. Thee, Virgin, they deplore:  
 And thee, O royal Wife, entitled late
- 485 The mother-Queen, and Glory of that State:  
 A Captive now, cast by a scorned lot  
 On conquering *Ithacus*; refus'd, if not  
 For bearing *Hector*, *Hector*, so renown'd,  
 A master hardly for his mother found.  
 She hugs the corps that such a spirit kept:
- 490 Who for her country, children, husband, wept  
 So oft; now weeps for her: her lips she prest,  
 Her wounds fills with her tears. Then beats her breast:  
 Her hoary hair besmear'd with clotted gore,  
 And bosom torn, this spake she; and much more.
- 495 Poor daughter, our last sorrow: (what is left  
 For fortunes spite!) by bloody death bereft  
 On thee I see my wounds. That of my seed  
 None may unwounded die, even thou must bleed;  
 In that a woman, thee I held secur'd:  
 But thou, a woman, suffer'd by the sword.  
 This bane of *Troy*, our utter ruine, who
- 500 So many of thy princely brothers slew;  
 Hath slain thee also. When he a corse was made  
 By *Paris* and *Apollo's* shafts, I said,  
 Now is *Achilles* to be fear'd no more.  
 Now dead, to us as dreadful as before.
- 505 Against my race his ashes rise: his tomb  
 Presents a foe. O my unhappy womb!  
 T' his fury fruitful! Ruin'd *Troy* descends:  
 And sad success the publick sorrow ends:  
 Yet they are ended. *Ilium* alone  
 To us remains: our sorrows freshly groan.  
 I, late so potent, and so fortunate
- 510 In husband, sons, and height of humane State;  
 To exile now am hal'd: despis'd, and torn  
 From my own sepulchers, from *Phrygia* born  
 To serve *Penelope*, that while I sew  
 Or spin at her commandment, she may shew  
 Her slave to *Ithacensian* dames, and say,  
 Lo, *Hector's* mother, *Priam's* *Hecuba*.

- 515 My sorrows sole relief, so many lost,  
Is offer'd to appease an hostile Ghost.  
Infernal sacrifices to the dead,  
Even to my foe, my cursed womb hath bred.  
Hard heart, why breakst thou not? What hopes engage  
Thine expectation? Mischievous Old-age,  
For what reserv'st thou me? You cruel Powers,
- 520 Why lengthen you a poor old womans hours  
To see new Funerals? O Priam, I  
May call thee happy, after ruin'd Troy.  
Happy in death. Thou seest not this sad fate:  
Thou lost thy life together with thy state.  
Rich Funerals attend thee, royal Maid:
- 525 And by thine Ancestors thou shalt be laid.  
O no! thy mothers tears, an heap of sand,  
Must now content thee in a foreign land.  
All, all is lost! Yet lives a little Boy
- 530 My last and youngest joy, when I could joy;  
For whom I condescend to live a space,  
Here foster'd by the courteous King of Thrace.  
Mean-while why stay we with the cleansing flood  
To wash these wounds, & look besmear'd with blood?  
Then with an aged pace, her hoary hairs
- 535 All torn and scattred, to the Sea repairs,  
And while the wretched said; You Troades,  
A Pitcher bring to draw the brinish Seas:  
She saw the cast-up corps of Polydor  
Stuck full of wounds upon the beachy shoar.  
The Ladies shriek; she dumb with sorrow stood:
- 540 Whilst inward grief, her voice, her tears, her blood,  
At once devour'd. And now, as if intranc'd,  
Stares on the earth; sometimes to heaven advanc'd  
His scouling brows: oft on his visage gaz'd;  
But oftner on his wounds. By anger rais'd,
- 545 Arm'd, and instructed, all on vengeance bent,  
Still Queen-like, destines his punishment.  
And as a Lioness, robb'd of her young,  
Pursues the unseen-hunters steps: so, stung  
With fury, when her sorrow with her rage
- 550 Had join'd their powers; unmindful of her age,  
But not of former greatness, ran with speed  
To Polymnestor, author of this deed.  
And craving conference, the Tyrant told  
How she would shew him sums of hidden gold



- To give her *Polydor*. This held for true ;  
 He thirsty of his prey, with her with-drew.  
 555 And flattering her thus craftily begun :  
 Delay not, *Hecuba*, t' enrich thy son :  
 By all the Gods, we justly will restore  
 What thou shalt give, and what thou gav'st before.  
 She with a truculent aspect beheld  
 560 The falsely swearing King ; with anger swell'd.  
 Then calls the captive dames, upon him flies ;  
 Who hides her fingers in his perjur'd eyes,  
 Extra&s his eye-balls : more then usual strong  
 With thirsty vengeance, and the sense of wrong,  
 565 Her hand drowns in his skull ; the roots up-tore  
 Of his lost sight, imbrud with guilty gore.  
 The men of *Thrace* incens'd for their King,  
 Weapons and stones at *Hecuba* now fling.  
 She, gnarling, bites the follow'd flints, her chaps,  
 570 For speech extended, bark. Of whose mis-haps,  
 That place is nam'd. She, mindful of her old  
 Mis-fortunes, in *Sithonian* desarts howld.  
 The *Trojans*, *Grecians*, those who love or hate ;  
 Yea, all the Gods commiserate her fate,  
 575 Even spiteful *Juno* did to this descend ;  
 That *Hecuba* deserv'd not such an end.  
*Aurora* had no leasure to lament  
 (Although those arms she favor'd) the event  
 Of *Troy* or *Hecuba*. Domestical  
 And nearer grief afflicts her, for the fall  
 580 Of *Memnen* ; whose life-blood the lance imbrud  
 Of stern *Achilles*. This when first she view'd,  
 The rose dye, that deckt the Morns up-rise,  
 Grew forth-with pale, and clouds immur'd the skies.  
 Nor could indure to see his body laid  
 585 On funeral flames : but with her hair display'd,  
 As in that season, to high *Jove* repairs ;  
 And kneeling thus with tears, unfolds her cares.  
 To all inferior, whom the sky sustains  
 (For mortals rarely honor me with Fanes)  
 590 A Goddess yet, I come : not to desire  
 Shrines, Festivals, nor Altars bright with fire ;  
 Yet should you weigh what I, a woman, do,  
 The night confine, and sacred day renew,  
 I merit such : such suit not now our state ;  
 595 Nor such desires affect the desolate.

- Of *Memnon* rob'd, who glorious arms in vain  
 Bare for his uncle, by *Achilles* slain  
 In flower of youth (so would you Gods) come I,  
 600 O chief of Pow'rs, a mothers sorrow, by  
 Some honor given him, lessen: death with fame  
 Recomfort! *Jove* assents. When greedy flame  
 Devour'd the funeral Pile; and curling fumes  
 Day over-cast: as when bright *Sol* assumes  
 From streams thick vapors, nor is seen below.  
 605 The flying sparkles dying jointly grow  
 Into one body. Color, form, life, spring  
 To it from fire, which lightness now doth wing.  
 First like a fowl, forth-with a towl indeed:  
 610 Innumerable sisters of that breed:  
 Together whisk their feathers. Thrice they round  
 The funeral Pile; thrice raise a mournful sound,  
 In two battalions then divide their flight;  
 And like two strenuous nations fiercely fight:  
 Their opposite with beak and talons rend;  
 615 Cuff with their wings; in sacrifice descend,  
 Now dying, on the ashes of the dead:  
 Remembring they were of the Valiant bred.  
 These now sprung fowl, men of their author call  
*Memnonides*. No sooner *Sol* through all  
 The Signs returns; but re-inforc'd again  
 620 In civil war they die upon the slain.  
 While others therefore do commiserate  
 Poor barking *Hecuba* in her chang'd fate:  
*Aurora* her own grief intends; renews  
 Her pious tears which fall on earth in dew.  
 625 Yet fates resist that all the hopes of *Troy*  
 Should perish with her towers. The Son and Joy  
 Of *Cytherea*, with his household Gods,  
 And aged Sire, his pious shoulders loads.  
 Of so great wealth he onely chose that prize,  
 And his *Ascanius*: from *Antandros* flies  
 By Seas, and shuns the wicked *Thracian* shoar,  
 630 Defil'd with blood of mured *Polydore*:  
 With prosperous winds arriving with his train  
 At *Phæbus* town, where *Anius* then did reign,  
*Apollo's* holy Priest; who, with the rest,  
 Into the Temple leads his honor'd Guest:  
 635 The City, with the sacred places, shows,  
 And trees held by *Latona* in her throes,

Incense

- Incense on flames, and wine on incense pour'd;  
 Intrals of slaughter'd beeves by fire devour'd;  
 His Guests conducts to Court: on carpet spread  
 640 With *Ceres* and *Lyæus* bounty fed.  
 When thus *Auchises*: O to *Phæbus* dear!  
 I am deceiv'd, or, when I first was here,  
 Four daughters and a son thy solace crown'd.  
 He shook his head, with sacred fillets bound;  
 645 And sighing said, O most renown'd of men,  
 I was the father of five children then,  
 Whom now (such is the change of things!) you see  
 Half childless: for my absent son to me  
 Is of small comfort; who, my Vice-roy, reigns  
 650 In Sea-girt *Andros*, which his name retains.  
 Him *Delius* with prophetick skill inspir'd,  
 A gift past credit, still to be admir'd,  
 My daughters *Bacchus* gave; above their fate:  
 That all they touch should presently transmute  
 To wine, to corn, and to *Minerva's* oil.  
 655 Rich in the use, To purchase such a spoil,  
 Great *Troy's* Depopulator, *Atreus* Heir.  
 (Left you should think we have not born a share  
 In your mis-haps) with armed violence  
 Enforc'd them from me: charged to dispense  
 660 That heavenly gift unto th' *Argolian* Host.  
 They scape by flight: two to *Eubæa* cross;  
 Two fled to *Andros*: these the Soldier  
 Pursu'd, and threatned (if unrender'd) war.  
 Fear nature now subdu'd: his sisters were  
 665 By him resign'd; forgive a brothers fear.  
 Not *Hector*, not *Aeneas* then were by  
 To guard his town, who so long guarded *Troy*:  
 About to bind their captive arms in bands;  
 Rearing to heaven their yet unchained hands,  
 670 O father *Bacchus* help! While thus they pray'd,  
 The Author of that gift presents his aid.  
 (If such a loss may be accounted so)  
 Yet how they lost their shap'es I could not know;  
 Nor yet can tell, It self the sequel proves;  
 675 Converted to thy Wives white-feather'd Doves.  
 With such discourse they entertain the feast:  
 That ta'en away, dispose themselves to rest.  
 With day they rose; the Oracle exquire:  
 Who bids them to their ancient Nurse retire,

And

- And kindred Thoars. Now ready to depart  
 680 The King presents rich gifts, wrought with rare art ;  
 A Scepter to *Anchises* gives : a brave  
 Robe, and a quiver, to *Ascanius* gave :  
 A cup to *Aeneas*, which surpass the rest ;  
 By *Theban Therses* sent him once his Guest.  
*Mylean Alcon* made what *Therses* sent ;  
 685 And carv'd thereon this ample argument.  
 A City with seven gates of equal grace ;  
 These serve for names to character the place.  
 Before it, exequies, tombs, piles, bright fires,  
 Dames with spread hair, bare breasts, and torn attires,  
 690 Decipher mourning : Nymphs appear to weep  
 For their dry Springs : sap-fearing Cankers creep  
 On naked trees : Goats lick the foodless ground.  
 In midst of *Thebes*, *Orion's* daughters crown'd  
 With fillers stand : This proffers to the Sword  
 695 Her manly breast ; her hands her death afford,  
 For common safety. All the people mourn ;  
 And with due funerals their bodies burn,  
 Yet lest the world should such a lineage lose,  
 Two youths out of their virgin-ashes rose.  
 These Orphans wandring Fame *Corona* calls :  
 700 Who celebrate their mothers funerals.  
 The antic brags with burnisht figures shin'd :  
 Whose brim neat wreaths of gilt *Acanthus* bind.  
 Nor were the *Trojan* gifts of less expence :  
 Who gave a *Censer* for sweet Frankincense,  
 An ample *Chalice* of a curious mold ;  
 705 With these a crown, that shone with gems and gold.  
 In that the *Teucrans* sprung from *Teucers* blood,  
 They sail to *Creet* : but *Jove* their stay with-stood.  
 Leaving those hundred Cities, now they stand  
 For wisht *Ausonia's* destinated strand.  
 710 Toft by rough Winter, and the wrath of Seas,  
 They anchor at the faithless *Strophades*.  
 Thence frighted by *Aello* ; sail away  
 By steep *Dulichium*, stony *Ithaca*,  
*Samus*, high *Neritus* clasp'd by the Main ;  
 All subje& to the slie *Ulysses* reign.  
 Then at *Ambracia* touch, the strife and grudge  
 Of angry Gods ; the image of the Judg  
 715 Behold, by them converted into stone :  
 Now by *Asiatican Apollo* known.

- Then the *Dodonian* speaking Oak they view ;  
*Chaonia*, where *Molossus* children flew  
 With aiding feathers from the impious flame ;  
 720 Next to *Pheacia*, rich in Orchards came ;  
 Then to *Epirus* : at *Butrotos* stay'd,  
 Whose Scepter now the *Phrygian* Prophet sway'd ;  
 And see resembled *Troy*. Fore-told of all  
 By *Priams Helenus*, that would befall :  
 725 They reach *Sicania*. This three tongues extends  
 Into circumfluent Seas. *Pachinus* bends  
 To showry *Auster* ; flowry *Zepher* blows  
 On *Lilybaeus* brows ; *Pelorus* shows  
 His Cliffs to *Boreas*, and the frozen Bear  
 That shuns the *Ocean*. Under this they fear  
 And stretch their oars ; who favored by the tide,  
 730 That night in *Zancle's* crooked harbor ride.  
 The right-side dangerous *Scylla*, turbulent  
*Charybdis* keeps the left ; on ruine bent.  
 She belches swallowed ships from her profound :  
 Her sable womb, dogs, ever rav'ning round ;  
 Yet bears a virgins face : if all be true  
 735 That Poets sing, she was a virgin too.  
 By many sought, as many she despis'd :  
 To Nymphs of Seas, of Sea-Nymphs highly priz'd,  
 She bears her visers ; and to them discovers  
 The history of her deluded lovers :  
 740 To whom thus *Galatea*, sighing, said ;  
 While *Scylla* comb'd her hair : You, lovely Maid,  
 Are lov'd of generous-minded men, whom you  
 With safety may refuse, as now you do.  
 But I, great *Nereus* and blue *Doris* Seed,  
 Great in so many sisters of that breed ;  
 745 By shunning of the *Cyclops* love, provok'd  
 A sad revenge. Here tears her utterance chok'd.  
 These cleansed by the marble-finger'd maid ;  
 Who, having comforted the Goddess, said :  
 Relate, O most ador'd, nor from me keep  
 The wretched cause that makes a Goddess weep ;  
 For I am faithful, *Nereis* consents,  
 750 And thus her grief to *Cratis* daughter vents.  
 The Nymph *Simethis* bore a lovely Boy  
 To *Faunus*, *Actis* call'd ; to them a joy ;  
 To us a greater. For the sweetly-Fair  
 To me an innocent affection bare,

- His blooming youth twice-told eight birthdays crown,  
 755 And cloath his cheeks with scarce-appearing down,  
 As I the gentle boy, so *Polypheme*  
 My love pursu'd; our loves a like extream.  
 Whether my love to *Acis*, or my hate  
 To him were more, I hardly can relate.  
 Both infinite! O *Venus*, what a power  
 760 Hath thy command! He, still austere and fowr.  
 A terror to the woods, from whom no guest  
 With life escapes accustomed to feast  
 On humane flesh; who all the Gods above,  
 With them *Olympus* scorn'd; now stoops to love.  
 Forgetful of his flocks and caves, a fire  
 Feeds in his breast, inflamed with desire.  
 765 His feature now intends, now bends his care  
 To please: with rakes he combs his stubborn hair;  
 His bristles barbs with scithes: and by the brooks  
 Unsolid mirror calms his dreadful looks:  
 His thirst of blood and love of slaughter cease;  
 770 Less cruel now: ships come and go in peace.  
 When *Telemus* came from *Sicilian* Seas,  
 The Augur *Telemus Eurymides*,  
 And said to *Polypheme*, thy brows large sight  
 Shall by *Ulysses* be depriv'd of light.  
 775 O fool, he laughing said, thou tell'st a lye;  
 A female hath already stoln that eye.  
 Thus flouts the Prophets true prediction:  
 And with extended paces stalks upon  
 The burd'ned shoar; or weary, from the wave,  
 Beat beach retireth to his gloomy cave:  
 A promontory thrusts into the main;  
 780 Whose clifflie sides the breaking Seas restrain:  
 The *Cyclop* this ascends; whose fleecy flock  
 Unforced follow. Seated on a rock;  
 His staff, a well-grown Pine, before him cast,  
 Sufficient for a yard-supporting mast:  
 785 He blows his hundred reeds; whose squeaking fills  
 The far-resounding Seas, and ecchoing hills.  
 Hid in an hollow rock, and laid along  
 By *Acis* side, I heard him sing this song.  
 790 O *Galatea* more then lilly-white,  
 More fresh then flowry meads, then glass more bright,  
 Higher then Alder-trees, then kids more blithe,  
 Smoother then shells whereon the surges drive,

- More wisht then Winters Sun, or Summers air,  
 795 More sweet then Grapes, then Apples far more rare,  
 Clearer then Ice, more seemly then tall Planes,  
 Softer then tender curds, or down of Swans,  
 More fair, if fixt, then gardens by the fall  
 Of Springs inchas'd. Though thus, thou art withal  
 More fierce then salvage Bulls, who know no yoke,  
 800 Then waves more giddy, harder then the Oak,  
 Then Vines or Willow twigs more eas'ly bent,  
 More stiff then rocks, then streams more violent,  
 Prouder then Peacocks prais'd, more rash then fire,  
 Then Bears more cruel, sharper then the Brier,  
 805 Deafer then Seas, more fell then trod-on Snake ;  
 And, if could, what I would from thee take,  
 More speedy then the hound-pursued Hind,  
 Or chased clouds, or then the flying wind.  
 If known to thee, thou wouldst thy sight repent ;  
 810 Curse thy delay, and labor my content,  
 For I have caves within the living stone ;  
 To Summers heat, and Winters cold unknown :  
 Trees charg'd with Apples ; spreading Vines that hold  
 A purple Grape, and Grapes resembling Gold.  
 815 For thee I these preserve, affected Maid,  
 Thou Strawberries shalt gather in the shade,  
 Autumnal Cornels, Plums with azure rind,  
 And wax-like yellow of a generous kind ;  
 820 Nor shalt thou Chest-nuts want, if mine thou be,  
 Nor scalded Wildings : serv'd by every tree.  
 These flocks are ours : in valleys many stray,  
 Woods many shade, at home as many stay.  
 Nor can I, should you ask, their number tell :  
 825 Who numbers theirs, are poor. How these excel,  
 Believe not me, but credit your own eyes :  
 See how their udders part their stradling thighs.  
 I in my sheep-coats have new-weaned Lambs ;  
 And frisking Kids late taken from their dams.  
 830 New milk, fresh curds and cream, with cheese well  
 Are never wanting for thy pallats feast, (prest,  
 Nor will we gifts for thy delight prepare  
 Of easie purchase, or what are not rare :  
 Deer, red and fallow, Roes, light-footed Hares,  
 Nests, scal'd from cliffs, and Doves produc'd by pairs.  
 835 A rugged Bears rough twins I found upon  
 The mountain late, scarce from each other known,  
 For



- For thee to play with : finding these, I said,  
 My Mistress you shall serve. Come lovely Maid,  
 Come *Galatea*, from the surges rise,  
 840 Bright as the morning ; nor our gifts despise.  
 I know my self ; mine image in the brook  
 I lately saw, and therein pleasure took.  
 Behold, how great ! nor *Jupiter* above  
 (For much you talk I know not of what *Jove*)  
 845 Is larger siz'd : curls, on my brows display'd,  
 Affright ; and like a Grove my shoulders shade.  
 Nor let it your esteem of me impair,  
 That all my body bristles with thick hair.  
 Trees without leaves, and Horses without manes,  
 Are sights unseemly ; grass adorns the Plains,  
 850 Wool sheep, and feathers fowl. A manly face  
 A beard becomes : the skin rough bristles grace.  
 Amid my fore-head shines one onely light ;  
 Round, like a mighty shield, and clear of sight.  
 The Sun all objects sees beneath the sky :  
 And yet behold, the Sun hath but one eye.  
 855 Besides your Seas obey my fathers throne :  
 I give you him for yours. Do you alone  
 Vouchsafe me pity, and your suppliant hear :  
 To you I onely bow ; you onely fear.  
 Heaven, *Jupiter*, his lightning I despise :  
 More dread the lightning of thy angry eyes.  
 860 And yet your scorn my patience less would move,  
 Were all condemn'd. Why should you *Acis* love,  
 And slight the *Cyclop* ? why to him more free ?  
 Although himself he please ; and pleaseth thee,  
 (Which frets me most) could I your darling get,  
 865 He then should find my strength and me like great.  
 His guts I could extract, squeez out his brains,  
 Throw his dissevered limbs about the plains :  
 And if with thee he mingle, mix thy wave  
 With his hot blood ; and make thy deep his grave :  
 For O, I fry ! despis'd affection burns  
 With greater rage : my bulk to *Aetna* turns,  
 And all her flames are in my bosom pent :  
 870 Yet *Galatea*, wilt not thou relent ?  
 This said, he rose ; (for I beheld him well :)  
 Nor could stand still ; but terrible and fell,  
 Hurries about the woods and well-known coast ;  
 Much like a Bull that hath his Heifer lost.

- 875 Who me and *Acis*, too secure, esp'y'd,  
 And with a voice that suits a *Cyclop*, cry'd,  
 This hour shall be the last of all your joys;  
 Affrighted *Lina* roared with the noise,  
 880 I under water div'd: he flying said;  
 Help *Galatea*! you, O parents, aid  
 The utterly undone; and entertain  
 Your issue in the Empire where you reign.  
 A torn-off rock the following *Cyclop* threw:  
 885 Whose corner over-whelmed *Acis* flew.  
 We did, what could be licens'd by Fate:  
 Refuming *Acis* to his Grand-fires state:  
 The purple blood from his crush'd body fled;  
 Which presently forsook the native red:  
 890 First like a rain-discolored stream appears;  
 Then crystalline. The rock in sunder-teers:  
 Whose crannies with up-starting reeds abound;  
 And in the breach insulting waves resound:  
 From whence a youth arose above the wast;  
 895 His horned brows with quivering reeds imbract.  
 'Twas wondrous strange: but that his looks appear  
 More blue, and he more great, it *Acis* were.  
 And so it was: although he now became  
 A living stream, which still preserves his name.  
 Here *Galatea* ends; th' assembly brake:  
 900 To smiling Seas the Nymphs themselves betake  
*Scylla* returning, dares not trust the Deepes;  
 But naked, nigh the thirsty gravel keeps;  
 Or weary, in the more-sequestred waves  
 Her comly limbs in cooling water bathes.  
 905 Lo, *Glaucus* in the Sea but lately known,  
 Transformed near *Eubean Anthedon*,  
 Through yielding waves arrives: rapt with her sight;  
 By gentle words attempts to stay her flight.  
 She faster fled: who swift with fear ascends  
 910 A lofty hill, which near the shoar extends:  
 Whose round congested summit, crown'd with wood,  
 Did over-peer the under-swelling flood.  
 There stays, secured by the place; nor knew  
 If Gods, or Monster: much admires his hue,  
 915 His spreading locks, which all his shoulders vail;  
 And hinder-parts, that bear a fishes tail:  
 Perceived; leaning on a rock, he said:  
 I am no beast, nor prodigy, fair Maid:

- 920 Nor *Proteus*, *Triton* *Ashamantides*,  
 Are greater Gods; or more command in Seas,  
 Yet once a mortal; and did then frequent  
 Th' affected Seas. On those my labor spent,  
 Sometimes with nets I fishes hale to land:  
 Sometimes the line directed with my wand.  
 925 The shoar a meadow bounds; whereof one side  
 Is fring'd with weeds, the other with the tide.  
 On this nor horned cattel ever fed,  
 Nor harmless sheep, nor goats on mountains bred,  
 No Bees from hence their thighs with honey lade;  
 930 Those flowers no marriage-garlands ever made:  
 That grass ne're cut with sithes. Of mortals I  
 First thither came; my nets hung up to dry.  
 While I expos'd the fishes which I took;  
 935 By their credulity hung on my hook,  
 Or masht in nets; (what would a lye behove?  
 Yet such it seems) my prey began to move,  
 Display their fins, and swim as on the flood.  
 While I neglect their stay, and wondring stood;  
 They all by flight avoiding my command,  
 940 Together left their owner and the land.  
 Amaz'd, and doubting long; the cause I sought,  
 If either God, or Herb, this wonder wrought.  
 What herb, said I, hath such a power? in hast  
 An herb I pull'd, and gave it to my tast.  
 945 No sooner swallowed, but my intrails shook:  
 When forthwith I another nature took:  
 Nor could refrain; but said, O Earth, my last  
 Farewel receive! in Seas my self I cast.  
 950 The Sea-gods now vouchsafing my receipt  
 Into their sacred fellowships, intreat  
 Both *Tethys* and *Oceanus*, that they  
 Would take, what ever mortal was, away.  
 Whom now they hallow, and with charms nine times  
 Repeated, purge me from my humane crimes;  
 And bad me dive beneath an hundred streams.  
 955 Forth-with the rivers rusht from sundry Realms;  
 And Sea-raisd Surges roll above my crown.  
 As soon as streams retire, and Seas were down,  
 Another body, and another mind;  
 Unlike the former, they to me assign'd.  
 960 Thus much of Wonder I remember well,  
 Thenceforth insensible of what befel,

Then first of all this Sea-green beard I saw,  
 These dangling locks, which through the deep I draw;  
 Broad shoulder-blades, blue arms of greater might;  
 And thighs which in a fishes tail unite.

965 What boots this form? my grace with Gods of Seas?  
 Or that a God? If thou affect not these?

While this he spake, and would have uttered more,  
 Coy *Scylla* flies. He with impatience bore  
 His loves repulse: whom strong desires transport  
 To great *Titanian* *Circes* horrid Court.

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OVIDS

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# OVIDS

## METAMORPHOSIS.

The Fourteenth Book.

### THE ARGUMENT.

**I**Nchanted Scylla, hem'd with horrid shapes,  
 Becomes a Rock; Cercopeans turn'd to Ajes;  
 Sibylla wears i' a Voice. Ulysses men  
 Transform'd to Swine, are re-transform'd agen;  
 Picus a Bird: his Followers Beasts. Despair  
 Resolves sad-singing Canens into Air.  
 The Mates of Diomed unreconcil'd  
 Idalia turns to Fowl. An Olive wild  
 Rude Apulus deciphers. Turnus burns  
 Æneas ships: these Berecynthia turns  
 To Sea-Nymphs; who Alcynous ship with joy  
 Behold a Rock. The Trojan flames destroy  
 Besieged Ardea; from whose ashes springs  
 A meager Hern, that bears them on her wings.  
 Æneas, Deify'd. Verrumnus tries  
 All shapes. Rhamnusia, for her cruelties,  
 Congeals proud Anaxarete to Stone.  
 Cold Fountains boil with heat. T' an heav'nly throne  
 Mars Romulus assumes. Herfilia  
 Like grace receives: who join in equal sway.

**N**OW Glaucus, thron'd in tumid floods, had past  
 High Ætna, on the jaws of Typhon cast;  
 Cyclopiæ fields, where never Oxen drew  
 The furrowing plough, nor ever tillage knew;  
 M 5 Crook

- 5 Crookt Zancle ; *Rhegium* on the other side ;  
 The wrackful Straits, whose double bounds divide  
*Sicilia* from *Aufonia* : forward drives  
 Through spacious *Tyrrhen*, at length arrives  
 At herby Hills, *Phæbean* *Circes* seat,
- 10 With sundry forms of monstrous beast repleat.  
 When, mutually saluting, *Glancus* said :  
 A God, O Goddess, pity : on your aid  
 Alone relies (if my desert might move  
 So dear a grace) th' asswagement of my Love.  
 For none then I, *Titania*, better knows
- 15 The power of herbs, that was transform'd by those.  
 T' inform you better, in *Italia*  
 Against *Massena*, on a sandy Bay,  
 I *Scylla* saw : it shames me to recite  
 My flighted Courtship, answered by her flight.
- 20 Do thou, if charms avail, in charms untie  
 Thy sacred tongue : or sovereign Herbs apply,  
 If of more power. Yet I affect no cure,  
 Nor end of Love : like heat let her endure.
- 25 But *Circe* (none to such desires more prone,  
 Or that the cause is in her self alone ;  
 Or stung by *Venus* angry influence,  
 In that her Father publisht her offence)  
 Reply'd : The willing with more ease pursue ;  
 Who wish the same, whom equal flames subdue,
- 30 For Thou O well deserv'st to be pursu'd :  
 Give hope, and, credit me, thou shalt be woo'd.  
 Rest therefore of thy beauty confident ;  
 Lo, I, a Goddess, radiant *Sols* descent :  
 In herbs so potent, and no less in charms ;  
 Proffer my self, and pleasures to thy arms.
- 35 Scorn her that scorns thee ; her, that seeks, pursue :  
 And so at once be thou reveng'd of two.  
*Glancus* reply'd to her who sought him so :  
 First shady groves shall on the billows grow,  
 And Sea-weeds to the mountain tops remove :  
 Ere I (and *Scylla* living) change my love.
- 40 The Goddess frets : who since she neither could  
 Destroy a Deity, nor, loving, would ;  
 On her, prefer'd before her, bends her ire :  
 And high-incens'd with repulst desire,  
 Forth with infectious drugs of dire effects  
 Together grinds, and *Hecal's* charms injects :

- 45 A Sea-green robe puts on, the Court forsakes  
 Through throngs of fawning beasts; her journey takes  
 To *Rhegium* opposite to *Zancle's* shoar;  
 And treads the troubled waves that loudly roar,  
 50 Running with unwet feet on that Profound;  
 As if sh<sup>e</sup> had trod upon the solid ground.  
 A little Bay, by *Scylla* haunted, lies  
 Bent like a Bow; fconft from the Seas and Skies.  
 Distemper, when the high-pitcht Sun invades  
 The world with hottest beams, and shortest shades  
 55 This with portentous poisons she pollutes;  
 Besprinkled with the juice of wicked roots:  
 In words dark and perplexed nine-times thrice  
 Inchantments mutters with her magick voice,  
 Now *Scylla* came; and, wading to the wast,  
 60 Beheld her hips with barking dogs imbrac't,  
 Starts back: at first not thinking that they were  
 Part of her self, but rates them, and doth fear  
 Their threatning jaws: but those, from whom she flies,  
 She with her haies. Then looking for her thighs,  
 Her legs, and feet; in stead of then she found  
 65 The mouths of *Cerberus* inviron'd round  
 With rav'ning Currs; the backs of salyage beasts  
 Support her groin; whereon her belly rests.  
 Kind *Glaucus* wept; and *Circe's* bed refus'd:  
 Who had so cruelly her Art abus'd,  
 70 But *Scyllas*, still remaining, *Circe* hates;  
 Who for that cause destroy'd *Ulysses* mates,  
 And had the *Trojan* navy drown'd of late,  
 If not before transform'd by powerful Fate,  
 Into a Rock: the stony Prodigy  
 Yet eminent, from which the Sea-men fly.  
 75 This, and *Charybdis* past with stretched oars;  
 The *Trojan* fleet now near th' *Ausonian* shoars,  
 Cross winds, and violent, to *Libya* drave.  
 There, in her heart, and palace, *Dido* gave  
*Aeneas* harbor: with impatience bears  
 Her husbands flight: forth with a Pile she rears,  
 80 Pretending sacrifice; and then doth fall  
 Upon his Sword: deceiv'd, deceiving all.  
 Flying from *Carthage*, *Eryx* he re-gain'd;  
 There where his faithful friend *Acestes* reign'd.  
 His fathers funerals he re-solemniz'd,  
 He puts to Sea, with ships wel-nigh surpriz'd

By:



- By *Iris* flames, *Hippotades*, Command,  
 The Sulphur-fuming Isles, the rocky Strand  
 Of *Acheloian Syrens* leaving, lost  
 His Pilot: to *Inarime* then crost,  
 To *Prochyta*, and *Pithecusa*, wall'd  
 90 With barren hills; so of her people call'd.  
 For *Jupiter*, detesting much the lie  
 And fraudulent *Cercopæans* perjury,  
 Into deformed beasts transform'd them then;  
 Although unlike, appearing like to men:  
 95 Contracts their limbs, their noses from their brows  
 He flats, their faces with old wrinkles plows;  
 And, covering them with yellow hair, affords  
 This dwelling; first depriving them of words,  
 So much abus'd to perjury and wrongs:  
 100 Who jabber, and complain with stammering tongues.  
 Then on the right-hand left *Parthenope*,  
*Misenus* on the left, far-stretcht in Sea,  
 So named of his Trumpeter: thence, past  
 By slimy Marishes, and anchor cast  
 At *Cuma*; entring long-lov'd *Sibyls* Caves,  
 105 A passage through obscure *Avernus* craves  
 T' his Fathers *Manes*. She erects his eyes,  
 Long fixt on earth; and with the Deities  
 Reception fill'd, in sacred rage reply'd:  
 Great things thou seek'st, O thou so magnify'd  
 For mighty deeds! thy piety through flame,  
 Thy arm through Armies consecrate thy name.  
 110 Yet fear not, *Trojan*, thy desires enjoy:  
 T' *Elysian* Fields, th' infernal Monarchy,  
 And Fathers shade, I will thy person guide:  
 No way to noble Vertue is deny'd.  
 Then to a Golden bough directs his view,  
 Which in *Avernian Juno's* Hort-yard grew:  
 115 And bad him pull it from the sacred tree.  
*Æneas* her obeys: and now doth see  
 The Spoils of dreadful Hell; his Grand-fires, lost  
 In death, and great *Anchises* aged Ghost:  
 There knows the customs of the *Latian* State,  
 The toil of future war, and following fate.  
 120 Then, in retreat, his weary steps apply'd:  
 And by discourse with his *Cumean* Guide  
 His toil beguiles; as in that horrid way,  
 Through gloomy twi-light, he remounts to Day.

Whether

- Whether, said he, thou bee'st a Deity,  
 Or of the Gods belov'd; for ever I  
 Will serve thee as a Goddess: and confess  
 125 That by thy favour I have won access  
 Unto th' abodes of death; that by thee I  
 Escape from this infernal Mornarchy.  
 And therefore will, when I to day return,  
 A Temple build, and incense to thee burn.  
 The Prophetess on him reverts her eye;  
 130 And sighing, said; I am no Deity:  
 To mortals offer no immortal Dues;  
 Lest ignorance thy gratitude abuse.  
 Yet had been free from deaths impetuous power,  
 Had I to *Phæbus* given my virgin flower.  
 While hopeful; tempting me with gifts, he said,  
 135 Ask what thou wilt, my fair *Cumæan* Maid,  
 And take thy wish: I shew'd a heap of sand,  
 And wisht as many birth-days as my hand,  
 Contained grains: forgot to add the prime  
 Of youthful years, which should have crown'd my  
 140 Who this had granted also, if my bed (time.  
 He could have won. His gifts despis'd, I led:  
 A single life, those happy times are gone;  
 And crasie age with trembling steps comes on  
 Seven ages have I liv'd and live I must  
 145 Till years have equalled those graines of dust.  
 Three hundred Harvests consummate the sum,  
 The hundred Vintages. The time will come,  
 When length of daies my body shall abate,  
 And little leave in quantity or weight.  
 None then will think that I belov'd had been.  
 150 Or pleas'd a God. He, by whom all is seen,  
 (Such change shall I endure) or will not know,  
 Or else deny, that he had lov'd me so.  
 No eye shall see me: yet a voice alone  
 Fate will afford, by which I shall be known.  
 Thus *Sibyl*, as they climb'd that steep ascent,  
 155 Pious *Eneas* through this *Syagian* vent  
 At *Cuma* rose: and sacrificing came  
 To shores since called of his Nurses name,  
*Neritiun Macarcus*, the friend  
 Of *Ithacus* did here his travels end.  
 Who knowing *Achæmenides*, of late  
 160 On *Ætna* left, admires to see his mate

Long given for dead. What chance, or God, said he  
 O *Achæmenides* : hath set thee free ?  
 How comes a *Græcian* souldier to be found :  
 In *Trojan* vessel ? for what Country bound ?

165 When *Achæmenides* : (not now forlorn,  
 Now like himself, his rags not pind with thorn)  
 May I fell *Poliphem* behold again,  
 Whose jaws ore-flow with blood of strangers slain ;  
 If I this home prefer not far above  
*Ulysses* ship, or less *Aeneas* love

170 Then my own father, could I render more  
 Then all my All, the recompence were poor.  
 That now I speak, I breath, Heaven, Sun-shine see  
 (can I unmindful or ungrateful (be  
 Is by his bounty: that the *Cyclops* fowl  
 And hungry maw had not devour'd my soul :

175 That now I may be buried when I dye ;  
 Or at the least, not in his entrails lye.  
 O what a heart had I ! with fear bereft  
 Of soul and sense ! when I behind was left,  
 And saw your flight ! I had an Out-cry made,

180 But that afeard to have my self betrayd.  
 Yours, almost had *Ulysses* ship destroyd :  
 I saw him rive out of the mountains side  
 A solid rock, and dart it on the Main :  
 I saw the furious Giant once again,  
 When mighty stones with monstrous strength he flung:  
 Like quarries by a warlike engine flung.

185 Least ship should sink with waves and stones I fear :  
 Not then remembring, that I was not there.  
 He, when your flight had rescu'd you from death,  
 O're *Ætna* paces ; sighing clouds of breath :  
 And groping in the woods, bereft of sight,  
 Encounters justling rocks : mad with despight

190 Extends his bloody arms to under waves,  
 The *Greeks* pursues with curses ; and thus raves,  
 O would some God *Ulysses* would ingage,  
 Or some of his, to my insatiate rage !

I'd gnaw his heart, his living members rend,  
 195 Gulp down his blood till it again ascend,  
 And crash his panting sinews. O, how light  
 A loss, or none, were then my loss of sight !

This spake, and more, My joynts pale horror shook,  
 To see his grim, and slaughter-smear'd look,

His

- 200 His bloody hands, his eyes deferred feat,  
 Vast limbs, and beard with humane gore concreat,  
 Death stood before mine eyes (my least dismay :)  
 Now thought my self surpriz'd ; now, that I lay  
 Drown'd in his paunch. That time presents my view,
- 205 When two of ours on dashing stones he threw :  
 Then on them like a shagged Lyon lies ;  
 Their entrails, flesh, yet moving arteries,  
 White marrow, with crasht bones, at once devoures,
- 210 I, sad, and bloodless stood : fear chil'd my powers,  
 Seeing him eat, and cast the horrid food ;  
 Raw lumps of flesh, wine mixt with clotred blood.  
 Even such a fate my wretched thoughts propound,  
 Long lying hid, afraid of every sound,
- 215 Abhorring death, yet coveting to dye ;  
 With mast, and hearbs repelling famine ; I,  
 Forlorn, to death and torment left, at last  
 This ship espy'd : and wasting it, in haste  
 Ran to the shore, nor safety vainly seek :
- 220 A Trojan vessel entertain'd a Greek.  
 Now, worthy friend, your own adventures tell ;  
 And what, since first you put to sea, befel.  
 He told how *Aeolus* reign'd in *Thuscan* Seas,  
 Storm-fettering *Acolus Hippotades*,  
 Who nobly gave to their *Dulichian* Guide
- 225 A wind, enclosed in an Oxes hide.  
 Nine days they sailed with successful gales ;  
 Sought shores descry'd : the tenth had blancht their  
 When greedy Sailers, thinking to have found (sailes
- 230 A mass of envi'd gold, the wind unbound.  
 This through rough seas the Navy backward drives,  
 Which at th' *Aolian* port again arrives  
 To *Lestrigonian Lamus* ancient town  
 From thence, said he, we came, That countries crown
- 235 *Antiphates* then wore, Three thither sent,  
 Two of us scarce by flight our death prevent :  
 The third the *Lestrigonians* teeth embrude  
 With his hot gore. *Antiphates* pursue  
 Our flights ; incites his troops ; who tumbling down
- 240 Huge stones and trees, our men and vessels drown :  
 One scap't ; which us, and sad *Ulysses* bore.  
 Joyntly our lost companions we deplore ;  
 And grieving reach that Sea-environ'd land,  
 Which far from hence you see : Still may it stand

- 245 Far from my sight ! beware thou Goddess Son,  
 Just Trojan Prince, for now the wars are done,  
 With them for ever end our enmity)  
 From Circes Mansion, O *Aeneas* flee.  
 There anchoring ; mindful of the *Cyclops* strand,  
 250 And fell *Antiphatas*, we fear to land.  
 But casting lots, the lot elected us,  
 Faithful *Pollux*, sage *Eurylochus*,  
*Elpenor* prone to wine, and eighteen more.  
 To visit *Circe* on that unknown shore.  
 Approaching, we before the Portal staid,  
 255 A thousand Lions, Bears, and Wolves invade  
 Our hearts with fear, which needed not, for they  
 Instead of teeth their flattering tails display,  
 And fawning follow ; till their hand-maids came.  
 260 And led us through that Marble-cover'd frame  
 Unto their Mistress. On a throne of State,  
 She in a sumptuous inward chamber sat :  
 With gold her under garment richly shone ;  
 And over it a purple Mantle thrown,  
*Nereides*, and Nymphs, nor carded wooll,  
 265 Nor following twine with busie fingers pull :  
 But weeds dispose in order ; mingled flowers  
 Select in maunds, and herbs of different powers,  
 At her direction : who the vertue knew  
 Of every simple, of their compounds too ;  
 270 And gives them their due weight. Saluted, she  
 Salutes again ; her chearful looks as free,  
 As her full bounty to supply our need.  
 Who bids her ready damsels mix with speed  
 The pulp of Barley, Honey, Curds, strong wines ;  
 275 And to this sweet receipt hid juyces joyns.  
 Then gave the cup with her own sacred hand ;  
 Which thirstily we drunk, while with her wand  
 The direful Goddess strokes our crowns, I shame  
 To tell ; yet tell : I presently became  
 With bristles rough : thinking as I was wont,  
 280 T'have spoke, and shew'd my grief in words, I grunt.  
 My look hung down, my mouth extends t'a snout,  
 My stiffer neck with swelling brawns sticks out ;  
 And goupon those hands, wherewith of late  
 I took the cup. With those whom frightful fate  
 285 Had thus un-man'd (so great a potency  
 In potions lurks) Included in a Sty.

Alone

- Alone *Eurylochos* the shape of Swine  
 Avoids : alone refus'd the proffered wine,  
 Which had not he rejected, with the rest  
 Himself had been a bristle-bearing Beast,  
 Nor should *Ulysses* our mis-haps have known :  
 290 Or forced *Circe* to restore his own,  
 Peace-bearing *Hermes* gave him a white flower ;  
 Call'd *Moly* by the Gods ; of wonderous power,  
 Sprung from a Sable root : inform'd withal  
 By heavenly counsel, enters *Circe's* Hall.  
 295 Proffering th'insidious Cup, her magick wand  
 About to raise he thrust her from her stand ;  
 And with drawn sword the trembling Goddess frights,  
 When vowed faith with her fair hands the plights ;  
 And grac't him with her nuptial bed : who then  
 Demands in dowry his transfigur'd men  
 Sprinkled with better juice, her wand revert,  
 300 Above our crowns, and charms with charms dispers't ;  
 The more she sings, we grow the more upright,  
 Our bristles shed, our cloven feet unite,  
 Shoulders and arms possess their former grace.  
 305 With tears our weeping General we embrace  
 And hang about his neck : nor scarce a word  
 Breathes through our lips, but such as thanks afford.  
 From hence our Pass was for a year deferr'd ;  
 In that long time much saw I, and much heard :  
 310 Of which, a Maid (one of the four, prepar'd  
 For sacred service) closely this declar'd,  
 For while my Chief with *Circe* sports alone,  
 She shew'd a young-mans Image of white stone  
 315 Clos'd in a shrine, with crowns imbellish'd ;  
 Who bore a Wood-pecker upon his head,  
 Demanding whose it was, why placed there,  
 Why he that Bird upon his summit bare ?  
 I will, reply'd she, O *Macareus*, tell  
 In this my Mistress power : observe me well.  
 320 *Saturnian Picus* in *Ausonia* rain'd,  
 Who generous horses for the battle train'd.  
 His form, such as you see : whom had you known,  
 You would have thought this feature were his own.  
 His mind as beautiful. Nor yet could he  
 325 Four *Græcian* wrastring in th' *Olympicks* see.  
 The *Dryades*, in *Latian* mountains born,  
 His looks attract : nor Nymphs of fountains scorn

- To sue for pity. Those whom *Albula*,  
*Numicus*, *Anio*, *Almo* thort of way,  
 330 And heady *Nar* sustain ; the shady Flood  
 Of *Farfars*, the *Scythian Cynbrias* wood.  
 Environ'd marishes, and neighbouring lakes.  
 Yet for one only Nymph the rest forsakes :  
 Whom whilome on Mount *Palatine*, the fair  
*Venilia* to the two fac'd *Janus* bare.  
 335 The Maid, now marriageable, honoured  
*Laurentian Picus* with her nuptial bed,  
 Her beauty admirable : yet more fam'd  
 For artful songs ; and there of *Canens* nam'd,  
 Her voice the woods and rocks to passion moves ;  
 Tames salvage beast, the troubled Rivers smooths,  
 Detains their hasty course, and, when she sings,  
 340 The birds neglect the labour of their wings,  
 While her sweet voice celestial musick yields,  
 Young *Picus* follows in *Laurentian* Fields,  
 The salvage Bore, upon a fiery Steed ;  
 Arm'd with two darts : clad in a *Tyrian* weed  
 345 With gold close-buckl'd. Thither also came  
 The Daughter of the Sun ; who lest her name  
 Retaining fields, and on those fruitful hills  
 Her sacred lap with dewy *Simples* fills.  
 Seeing unseen, his sight her sense amaz'd :  
 350 The gathered hearbs fell from her as she gaz'd :  
 Whole bones a marrow-melting flame enclos'd :  
 But when she her distraction had compos'd,  
 About to impart her wish, the following press,  
 And swiftness of his horse, forbid access.  
 355 Thou shalt not so escape said she, although  
 The winds should wing thee ; if my self I know,  
 If hearbs retains their power, if charms at least  
 My trust deceive not. Then creates a Beast  
 Without a body, bid to run before  
 360 The Kings pursuit ; and made the airy Bore  
 To take a thicket, where no horse could force  
 His barr'd access. He leaves his foming horse  
 On foot to follow a deceitful Shade,  
 With equal hopes : and through the Forrest straid,  
 365 New Vowes she straight conceiveth, aid implores :  
 And Gods unknown with unknown charms adores.  
 Wherewith inur'd to eclipse the pale-fac't Moon :  
 And cloud her Fathers splendor at high Noon,



- And now with pitchy fogs obscures the day,  
 370 From earth exhal'd. His Guard mistake their way,  
 In that deceitful Night, and from him stray'd.  
 When she, the time and place besitting, said :  
 By those fair eyes, which have intrall'd mine ;  
 And by that all-alluring face of thine,  
 Which makes a Goddess sue ; assuage the fire  
 By thee incens'd ; and take unto thy Sire  
 375 The all-illuminating Sun : nor prove  
 Hard-hearted to *Titanian* *Circes* love.  
 Her, and her prayers, despis'd, What e're thou art,  
 I am not thine, said he, my captive heart  
 Another holds ; and may she hold it long.  
 380 Nor with a stranger will I ever wrong  
 Our nuptial faith, so long as Nature gives  
 Life to my veins, and *Janus* daughter lives.  
*Titania*, tempting oft, as oft in vain ;  
 Thou shalt not scape my vengeance, nor again  
 Return to *Canens*. What the wrong'd can do,  
 A wronged Lover, and a Woman too,  
 Thou shalt, said she, by sad experience prove :  
 385 For I a woman, wrong'd, and wrong'd in love.  
 Twice turns she to the East, twice to the West :  
 Thrice toucht him with her wand, three charms ex-  
 He flies ; at his unwonted speed admir'd ; (prest,  
 Then saw the feathers, which his skin attir'd :  
 390 Who forth-with seeks the woods ; and angry still,  
 Hard Oaks assails, and wounds them with his bill.  
 His wings the purple of his cloak assume ;  
 The gold that clasp'd his garment turns to plume,  
 395 And now his neck with golden circle chains :  
 Of *Picus* nothing but his name remains.  
 The Courtiers *Picus* call, and seek him round  
 About the fields, that was not to be found.  
 Yet *Circe* find (for now the day grew fair,  
 400 The Sun and Winds set free to cleanse the air)  
 And charge her with true crimes ; their King demand  
 With threatenng looks, and weapons in their hand.  
 She sprinkles them with juice of wicked night.  
 From *Erebus* and *Chaos* conjures *Night*,  
 405 With all her Gods ; and *Hecate* intreats  
 With tedious mumblings. Woods forsake their seats,  
 Their leav's looks pale ; Herbs blush with drops of gore,  
 Earth groans, dogs howl, rocks horrily seem to roar :  
 Upon

- 410 Upon the tainted ground black Serpents slide;  
 And through the air unbodied spirits glide.  
 Frighted with terrors, as they trembling stand,  
 She strokes their wondering faces with her wand:  
 Forth-with the shapes of salvage beasts invest
- 415 Their former forms; not one his own posselt.  
*Phabus* now entering the *Tartessian* Main,  
 Sad *Canens* with her eyes and soul, in vain  
 Expects her Spouse. Her servants she excites  
 To run about the woods with blazing lights.
- 420 Who not content to weep, to tear her hair,  
 And beat her breasts (though these express her care)  
 In haste forsakes her roof; and frantick, strays  
 Through broad-spread fields. Six nights, as many days,  
 Without or sleep, or sustenance, she fled
- 425 O're hills and dales, the way which fortune led.  
 Now tir'd with grief and travel, *Tyber* last  
 Beheld the Nymph: on his cool banks she cast  
 Her feeble limbs: there weeps, and weeping sung  
 Her sorrows with a softly warbling tongue.
- 430 Even so the dying Swan with low-rai'd breath,  
 Sings her own exequies before her death.  
 At length her marrow melts with griefs despair:  
 And by degrees she vanisheth to air.  
 Yet still the place doth memorize her fame:  
 Which of the Nymph the *Rurals Canens* name.
- 435 In that long year, much, and such deeds as these  
 I saw and heard. Un-ner'd with slothful ease,  
 Again we put to Sea: by *Circe* told  
 Of our hard passage, and the manifold  
 Disasters to ensue, I grew afraid
- 440 (I must confess) and here arriving, stay'd.  
*Macareus* ends. *Cajeta* Urn inclos'd,  
 This verse had on her marble tomb impos'd.  
 Here, with due fires, my pious Nurse-child me  
*Cajeta* burnt; from *Grecian* fires set free.
- 445 They loose their cables from the grassie strand;  
 Avoiding *Circes* guileful palace, stand  
 For those tall groves, where *Tyber*, dark with shades,  
 In *Tyrrhen* Seas his sandy streams unlades,  
 The throne of *Fannus* son, the *Latian* star  
*Lavinia* gains; but not without a war.
- 450 War with a furious Nation is commenc'd;  
 Stern *Turnus* for his promis'd wife incens'd: : While

- While all *Hetruria* to *Latium* swarms :  
 Hard victory long sought with pensive arms,  
 To get Recruits from foreign States they try :  
 455 Nor *Trojans*, nor *Rutulians* want supply.  
 Nor to *Evander* town *Aeneas* went  
 In vain : though vainly *Venulus* was sent  
 To banisht *Diomedes* City, late immur'd :  
 Those fields *Fapygian Daunus* had assur'd  
 To him in dowre. When *Venulus* had done  
 460 His embassie to *Tydeus* warlike son :  
 The Prince excus'd his aid ; as loth to draw  
 The subjects of his aged father-in-law  
 T' unnecessary war : that none remain  
 Of his to arm. Lest you should think I feign ;  
 465 Though repetition Sorrow renovates ;  
 Yet, while I suffer, hear the worst of fates.  
 After that *Pergamus* our prey became,  
 And lofty *Ilium* fed the *Grecian* flame :  
 A Virgin, for a Virgins rape, let fall  
 Her vengeance, to *Oleius* due, on all.  
 470 Scattered on faithless Seas with furious storms,  
 We, wretched *Grecians*, suffer'd all the forms  
 Of horror : lightning, night, show'rs, wrath of skies,  
 Of Seas, and dire *Capharean* cruelties.  
 T' abridg the story of so sad a fate ;  
 Now *Priam* would have pitied our estate.  
 475 Yet *Pallas* snatcht me from the swallowing Main ;  
 Then from my ungrateful Country chas'd again,  
 For *Venus*, mindful of her ancient wound,  
 New woes inflicts. Much on the vast Profound,  
 Much suffering in terrestrial conflicts, I  
 480 Oft call'd them happy, whom the injury  
 Of publick tempests, and the harborless  
*Caphareus* drown'd : envy'd in our distress  
 The worst endur'd ; with Seas and battels tir'd,  
 My men an end of their long toil desir'd.  
 485 But *Acmon*, full of fire, and fiercer made  
 By usual slaughters : What remains (he said)  
 O mates, which now our patience would eschew ?  
 Though willing, what can *Cytherea* do (fright,  
 More then sh' hath done ? when worse mis-haps af-  
 Then prayers avail : but when mis-fortunes spight  
 Her worst inflicts, then fear is of no use :  
 490 And height of ills security produce.

Let

Let *Venus* hear : although she hate us all  
 (As all she hates that serve our General)  
 Yet let us all despise her empty hate ;  
 Whose Power hath made us so unfortunate.

*Pleuronion Acmon* angry *Venus* stung :

- 495 Revenge reviving with his lavish tongue.  
 Few like his words : the most severely chid  
 His tongues excess. About to have reply'd,  
 His speech, and path of speech, at once grew small,  
 His hair converts to plume ; plumes cover all
- 500 His neck, back, bosom : larger feathers spring  
 From his rough arm, his arm was now a wing.  
 His feet divide to toes, hard horn extends  
 From his chang'd face, and in a bill descends.  
*Rhetenor, Nycteus, Lycus, Abas, Ide,*
- 505 Admire ! and in their admiration try'd  
 Like destiny. Most of my Soldiers grew  
 Forth-with new Fowl ; and round about us flew.  
 If you inquire, what shape their own un-mans ;  
 They are not, yet are like to silver Swans.
- 510 These barren fields, with this poor remnant, I,  
 As son-in-law to *Dannus*, scarce enjoy :  
 Thus far *Oenides*. *Venulus* forakes  
*Tydides* Kingdom : by *Puteolitakes*  
 His way, and through *Mesapia* : there survey'd  
 A Cave, environ'd with a sylvan shade,
- 515 Distilling streams, by half-goat *Pan* posselt :  
 Which erst the Wood-nymphs with their beauties  
 They terrify'd at first with sudden dread, (blest.  
 From home-bred *Apulus*, the shepherd, fled :  
 Straight, taking heart, despised his pursuit :
- 520 And danced with a measure-keeping foot.  
 He scoffs : their motion clown-like imitates :  
 Nor onely railleth, but obscenely prates ;  
 Nor ceaseth, till a tree invests his throat.  
 A tree whose berries his behavior note.
- 525 An olive wild, which bitter fruit affords,  
 Becomes ; dis-leafn'd with his bitter words.  
 Th' Embassador returns without the sought  
*Aeolian* succors : the *Rutulians* fought  
 'Gainst foes and fortune ; of that hope depriv'd :  
 Whole streams of blood from mutual wounds deriv'd.
- 530 Lo, fire-brands to the Navy *Turnus* bears :  
 And what escap'd drowning, burning fears,

Pitch,

- Pitch, Rozen, and like ready food for fire,  
 Now *Vulcan* feed : the hungry flames aspire  
 Up to the Sails along the lofty mast ;  
 And catch the yards, with curling smoke imbract.  
 But when the Mother of the Gods beheld  
 535 Those blazing Pines, from top of *Ida* fell'd :  
 Loud Shalms and Cymbals usher'd her repair :  
 Who, drawn by bridled Lions through the air,  
 Thus said : Thy wicked hands to small effect,  
 540 O *Turnus*, violate what we protect.  
 Nor shall the greedy fire a part of those  
 Tall Woods devour, which sheltered our repose.  
 With that she thunders, pouring down amain  
 Thick storms of skipping hail, and clouds of rain.  
 545 Th' *Astreaan* Sons in swift concursions join ;  
 Tossing the troubled air, and *Neptunes* brine.  
 One she employs, whose speed the rest out-strips ;  
 That brake the Cables of the *Phrygian* Ships,  
 And drave them under the high-swelling Flood.  
 The timber softens, flesh proceeds from wood,  
 550 The crooked Stern to heads and faces grows,  
 The Oars to swimming legs, fine feet, and toes ;  
 What were their holds, to slender sides are grown,  
 The lengthful keel presenting the back-bone ;  
 The yards to arms, to hair the tackling grew :  
 555 As formerly, so now, their color blue.  
 And they, but lately of their floods afraid ;  
 Now in the floods, with virgin pastime, play'd.  
 These Sea-Nymphs, born on mountains, celebrate  
 The Seas, forgetful of their former state.  
 Yet weighing, what themselves so oft endur'd  
 560 On high-wrought waves, oft sinking ships secur'd ;  
 Excepting such, as *Grecians* carry : those  
 They hate, yet mindful of the *Trojan* woes.  
 Who saw *Ulysses* ships in surges quell'd  
 With pleas'd eyes ; with pleas'd eyes beheld  
*Alcinous* ship, in swiftness next to none,  
 565 Unmovable ; the wood transform'd to stone.  
 'Twas thought this wondrous prodigy would fright  
 The *Rutuli*, and make them cease from fight.  
 Both parts persist, both have their Gods to friend ;  
 And Valor no less potent : nor contend  
 570 Now for *Lavinia*, for *Latinus* crown,  
 Nor dotal Kingdom ; but for fair renown :

Asham'd

uries  
blest.:  
riv'd.

Pitch,

- Asham'd to lay their bruised arms aside,  
 Till death to conquest had the quarrel try'd,  
*Venus* her son victorious sees at length,  
 Great *Turnus* fell; strong *Ardea* falls, of strength  
 While *Turnus* stood, devour'd by barbarous flame,  
 575 In dying cinders buried. From the same  
 A Fowl, unknown to former ages, springs;  
 And fans the ashes with her hovering wings.  
 Pale color, leanness, shrieking sounds of woe,  
 The image of a captive City show.  
 Who also still the Cities name retains:  
 580 And with self-beating wings of Fate complains.  
 And now *Aeneas* virtues terminate  
 The wrath of Gods, and *Juno's* ancient hate.  
 An opulent foundation having laid  
 For young *Iulus*, by his merit made  
 585 Now fit for Heaven: the Pow'r, who rules in Love,  
 The Gods solicits; then, imbracing *Jove*:  
 O Father, never yet to me unkind;  
 Now O enlarge the bounty of thy mind.  
 A Deity, mean, so it a Deity be,  
*Aeneas* give; that art to him by me  
 590 A Grand-father: th'unamiable realms  
 Suffice it once t' have seen, and *Stygian* streams.  
 The Gods agree; nor *Juno's* looks dissent,  
 Who with a chearful freeness forward bent.  
 Then *Jove*; He well deserves a Deity:  
 595 Thy sute, fair Daughter, to thy wish enjoy.  
 She, joyful, thanks returns: and through the air,  
 Drawn by her yoked Doves, lights on the bare  
*Laurentian* shoars; where smooth *Numicius* creeps  
 Through whisp'ring reeds into the neighbor Deep.  
 600 Who bids him from *Aeneas* wash away  
 All unto death obnoxious, and convey  
 It silently to Seas. The horned Flood  
 Obeys; and what subsists by mortal food,  
 With water purg'd, and onely left behind  
 His better parts. His mother the refin'd  
 605 Anoints with sacred odors, and his lips  
 In *Nectar*, mingled with *Ambrosia*, dips;  
 So deify'd: whom *Indiges* *Rome* calls;  
 Honor'd with altars, shrines, and festivals.  
 Two-nam'd *Ascanius* *Latinum* then obey'd,  
 610 And *Alba*: next, the Scepter *Sylvius* sway'd.

- His son *Latinus* held that ancient name,  
 And crown, Him *Epitus*, renown'd by Fame,  
 Succeeds, Then *Capis*, *Capetus*, his Son  
 Succeeded him, Next *Tiberine* begun  
 615 His reign; who, drown'd in *Thuscan* waters, gave  
 Those streams his name: who *Remulus* got, and brave-  
 Soul'd *Acrota*. But *Remulus* was slain  
 With thunder; who the Thunderer durst feign.  
 More moderate *Acrota* resign'd his throne  
 620 To *Aventine*, upon the Mount whereon  
 He reign'd, intomb'd; which yet his name retains.  
 Over the *Palatines* next *Procas* reigns.  
*Pomona* flourish'd in those times of ease:  
 Of all the *Latian Hamadryades*,  
 None fruitful Hort-yards held in more repute;  
 625 Or took more care to propagate their fruit.  
 Whereof so nam'd. Nor streams, nor shady groves,  
 But trees producing generous burdens loves.  
 Her hand an hook, and not a javelin bare:  
 Now prunes luxurious twigs, and boughs that dare  
 630 Transcend their bounds: now splits the bark, the bud  
 Inserts; inforc'd to nurse another's brood.  
 Nor suffers them to suffer thirst, but brings  
 To moisture-sucking roots, soft-sliding Springs.  
 Such her delight, her care. No thoughts extend  
 To loves unknown desires: yet to defend  
 635 Her self from rapeful *Rurals*, round about  
 Her Hort-yard walls; t'avoid, and keep them out.  
 What lest the skipping *Satyres* un-assay'd;  
 Rude *Pan*, whose horns Pine-bristled garlands shade;  
*Silenus*, still more youthful than his years;  
 640 Or he who theeves with hook and member fears,  
 To taste her sweetness; but far more than all  
*Vertumnus* loves; yet were his hopes as small.  
 How often, like a painful Reaper, came  
 Laden with weighty sheaves; and seem'd the same:  
 645 Oft wreaths of new-mow'd grass his brows aray,  
 As though then exercis'd in making hay.  
 A goad now in his hardned hands he bears,  
 And newly seems to have un-yok'd his Steers.  
 Oft Vines and fruit-trees with a pruning hook  
 650 Corrects, and dresses; oft a ladder took  
 To gather fruit: now with his sword the God  
 A Soldier seems; an Angler with his rod:



- And various figures daily multiplies  
 To win access, and please his longing eyes.  
 Now, with a staff, an old-wife counterfeits ;  
 655 On hoary hair a painted miter sets  
 The Hort-yard entering, admires the fair  
 And pleasant fruits : So much, said he, more rare  
 Then all the Nymphs whom *Albula* enjoy,  
 Hail spotless flower of Maiden chastity :  
 660 And kist the prais'd. Nor did the Virgin know,  
 (So innocent) that old-wives kist not so.  
 Then, sitting on a bank, observeth how  
 The pregnant boughs with Autumns burthen bow.  
 Hard by, an Elm with purple clusters shin'd :  
 This praising, with the vine so closely joyn'd :  
 665 Yet, saith he, if this Elm should grow alone,  
 Except for shade, it would be priz'd by none :  
 And so this Vine, in amorous foldings wound,  
 If thou art joyn'd, would creep upon the ground.  
 Yet art not thou by such examples led :  
 670 But shunst the pleasures of a happy bed.  
 I would thou wer't not *Helen* was so sought,  
 Nor she, for whom the lustful *Centaures* sought,  
 As thou shouldst be ; no nor the wife of bold  
 Or cautelous *Ulysses*. Yet, behold  
 Though thou averse to all, and all eschue ;  
 675 A thousand men, Gods, Demi-gods, pursue  
 The constant Scorn, and every deathless Power  
 Which *Alba's* high and shady hills imbower.  
 If thou art wise, and would'st well married be ;  
 Or an old woman trust, who credit me,  
 Affects thee more then all the rest, refuse  
 680 These common wooers, and *Vertumnus* choose.  
 Accept me for his gage ; since so well none  
 Can know him ; by himself not better known,  
 He is no wanderer ; this his delight :  
 Nor loves, like common lovers, at first sight.  
 Thou art the first, so thou the last shalt be :  
 685 His life he only dedicates to thee.  
 Besides, his youth perpetual ; excellent  
 His beauty ; and all shapes can represent.  
 Wish what you will, what ever hath a name :  
 Such shall you see him. Your delights, the same :  
 The first-fruits of your Hort-yard are his due ;  
 690 Which joyfully he still accepts from you.

- But neither what these pregnant trees produce  
 He now desires, nor herbs of pleasant juice :  
 Nor ought, but onely You. O pity take :  
 And what I speak, suppose *Vertumnus* spake.  
 695 Revengeful Gods, *Idalia*, still severe  
 To such as slight her, and *Rhamnusia* fear,  
 The more to fright you from so foul a crime,  
 Receive (since much I know from aged Time)  
 A story, generally through *Cyprus* known ;  
 To mollifie an heart more hard then stone.  
 700 *Iphis*, of humble birth, by chance did view  
 The high-born *Anaxarete*, who drew  
 Her blood from *Tenace*. Seeing her, his eyes  
 Extracts a fire, wherein his bosom fries,  
 Long struggling, when no reason could reclaim  
 His fury, to her house the Suppliant came.  
 705 Now to her Nurse his wretched love display'd ;  
 And by her foster'd hopes implor'd her aid ;  
 Now humbly sues to some of most repute  
 In her affection, to prefer his sure.  
 The pleading Wax his sad lines, often bears,  
 710 Oft Mirtle-garlands, sprinkled with his tears,  
 Hangs on the posts : on the hard threshold laid  
 His tender sides, his sighs the doors up-braid.  
 But she more cruel then the Seas, imbroil'd  
 With rising storms ; more hard then Iron, boil'd  
 715 In fire-red furnaces ; or rooted rocks ;  
 Disdains the lover, and his passion mocks.  
 Who to her froward deeds adds bitter words  
 Of no less scorn ; nor hope to love affords.  
 Impatient of his torment, and her hate ;  
 These words, his last, he utters at her gate :  
 720 O *Anaxarete*, thou hast o're-come !  
 Nor shall my life be longer wearisome  
 To thy disdain, Triumph, O too unkind !  
 Sing *Paeans*, and thy brows with Laurel bind !  
 Thou hast o're-come ; lo, willingly I die :  
 Proceed, and celebrate thy cruel joy.  
 Yet is there something in me, ne're-the-less,  
 725 That thou wilt praise ; and my deserts confess.  
 Think how my love and life together left  
 My breast : at once of two clear lights bereft.  
 Nor rumor, but even I will death present  
 730 In such a form, as shall thy pride content ;

But O you Gods, if you our actions see,  
 (This onely I implore) remember me!  
 Let after-ages celebrate my name:

And what you take from life, afford to fame.

- Then heaves his meager arms and watry eyes  
 735 To those known posts oft crown'd with wreaths, & ties  
 An halter to the top. Such wreaths, he said,  
 Best please; hard-hearted, and inhumane Maid!  
 Then, turning toward her, he forward sprung:  
 740 When by the neck th' unhappy lover hung:  
 Struck by his sprawling feet, wide open fly  
 The sounding doors; and that sad deed descry.  
 The servants shriek; the Vainly-raised bore  
 T' his mothers house; his father dead before.  
 745 His breathless corps she in her bosom plac'd;  
 And in her arms his heatless limbs imbrac'd.  
 Lamenting long, as woful parents use;  
 And having paid a woful mothers dues;  
 The mournful Funeral through the City led:  
 And to prepared fires conveys the dead.  
 This sorrowful Procession passing by  
 750 Her house, which bordred on the way, their cry  
 To th' ears of *Anaxarete* arrives:  
 Whom now stern *Nemesis* to ruine drives.  
 We'l see, said she, these sad solemnities:  
 And forth-with to the lofty window hies.  
 755 Whence, seeing *Iphis* on his fatal bed,  
 Her eyes grew stiff; blood from her visage fled,  
 Usurpt by paleness. Striving to retire,  
 Her feet stuck fast; nor could to her desire  
 Divert her looks: the hardness of her heart  
 760 It self dilated into every part.  
 This *Salamis* yet keeps, to clear your doubt,  
 In *Venus* temple; call'd, the *Looker-out*.  
 Inform'd by this, O lovely Nymph, decline  
 Thy former pride, and to thy lover join.  
 765 So may thy growing fruits survive the frost:  
 Nor ripening by the raseful winds be lost.  
 When this the God, who can all shapes indue,  
 Had said in vain; again himself he grew:  
 Th' abiliments of heatless age depos'd.  
 And such himself unto the Nymph disclos'd.  
 770 As when the Sun, subduing with his rays  
 The muffling clouds, his golden brow displays,

Who

Who force prepares : of force there was no need ;  
Struck with his beauty, mutually, they bleed.

- Unjust *Amulius*, next th' *Ausonian* State  
By strength usurpt. The nephews to the late  
775 Deposed *Numitor*, him re-inthroned :  
Who *Rome*, in *Pales* Feasts, immur'd with stone.  
Now *Tatius* leads the *Sabine* Sires to war.  
*Tarpeia*'s hands her fathers gates unbar.  
To death with armlets prest ; her treasons meed,  
780 The *Sabine* Sires like silent Wolves proceed  
To invade their sleeping sons, and seek to seize  
Upon their gates ; barr'd by *Iliadas*.  
One *Funo* opens : though no noise at all  
The hinges made ; yet by the bars loud fall  
785 To *Venus* known : who this had shut ; but knew  
That Gods may not, what Gods have done, undo.  
*Ausonian* Nymphs the places bordering  
To *Fanus* held, inclosed with a Spring  
Their aid sh' implores. The Nymphs could not deny  
790 A sute so just, but all their floods untie.  
As yet th' Fane of *Fanus* open stood :  
Nor was their way impeached by the flood.  
Beneath the fruit ul Spring the Sulphur turn ;  
Whose hollow veins with black Bitumen burn.  
795 With these the vapors penetrate below ;  
And waters, late as cold as *Alpin* snow,  
The fire it self in fervor dare provoke :  
Now both the posts with flagrant moisture smoke.  
These new-rai'd streams the *Sabine* Power exclude,  
800 Till *Mars* his Soldiers had their arms indu'd.  
By *Romulus* then in battalia led :  
The *Roman* fields the slaughtered *Sabines* spred ;  
Their own the *Romans* : Fathers, Sons-in-law,  
With wicked steel, blood from each other draw.  
805 At length conclude a peace ; nor would contend  
Unto the last. Two Kings one throne ascend  
With equal rule. But noble *Tatius* slain,  
Both Nations under *Romulus* remain.  
When *Mars* laid by his shining cask ; and then  
Thus spake unto the Sire of Gods, and men :  
810 Now, Father, is the time (since *Rome* is grown  
To such a greatness, and depends on One)  
To put in act thy never-failing word ;  
And *Romulus* an heavenly throne afford :

- You, in a Synod of the Gods, profeſt  
 815 (Which ſtill I carry in my thankful breaſt)  
 That one of mine (this O now ratifie !)  
 Should be advanc'd unto the ſtarry ſky.  
*Jove* condeſcends : with clouds the day benights ;  
 And with flame-winged thunder earth affrights.
- 820 *Mars*, at the ſign of his aſſumption,  
 Leans on his lance, and ſtrongly vaults upon  
 His bloody chariot ; laſhes his hot horſes  
 With ſounding whips, and their full ſpeed inforces :  
 Who, ſcouring down the airy region, ſtay'd  
 On fair mount *Palatine*, obſcur'd with ſhade :
- 825 There *Romulus* aſſumeth from his throne,  
 Rendring not King-like juſtice to his own.  
 Rapt through the air, his mortal members waſt,  
 Like melting bullets, by a Slinger caſt :  
 More heavenly fair, more fit for lofty ſhrines ;
- 830 Our great and ſcarlet-rob'd *Quirinus* ſhines :  
 Then *Juno* to the ſad *Herſilia*  
 (Loſt in her ſorrow) by a crooked way  
 Sent *Iris* to deliver this Command :  
 Star of the *Latian*, of the *Sabine* land ;
- 835 Thy ſexes glory : worthy, then, the vow  
 Of ſuch an huſband, of *Quirinus* now ;  
 Suppreſs thy tears, If thy deſire to ſee  
 Thy huſband ſo exceed, then follow me  
 Unto thoſe woods which on mount *Quirin* ſpring ;  
 And ſhade the Temple of the *Roman* King.
- 840 *Iris* obeys : and by her painted Bow  
 To earth deſcending, told *Herſilia* ſo.  
 When ſhe, ſcarce liſting up her modeſt eyes :  
 O Goddeſs (which of all the Deities  
 I know not ; ſure a Goddeſs) thou clear light,  
 Conduſt me, O conduſt me to the ſight
- 845 Of my dear Lord : which when the Fates ſhall ſhew ;  
 They heaven on me, with all their gifts, beſtow.  
 Then, with *Thaumanſias*, entring the high  
*Romulian* Hills, a ſtar ſhot from the ſky,  
 Whoſe golden beams inflam'd *Herſilia*'s hair :
- 850 When both together mount th' enlightned Air.  
 The builder of the *Roman* City took  
 Her in his arms, and forth-with chang'd her look :  
 To whom the name of *Ora* he aſſign'd.  
 This Goddeſs now is to *Quirinus* join'd.



# OVIDS

## METAMORPHOSIS.

### The Fifteenth Book.

#### THE ARGUMENT.

**B**lack Stones convert to white. Pythagoras  
*In Ilium's lingering war Euphorbus war.*  
*Of transmigrations, of the change of things,*  
*And strange effects, the learned Samian sings.*  
*Recur'd Hippolytus is deify'd;*  
*Whom safer Age, and name of Virbius hide.*  
*Ægeria thaws into a Spring. From Earth*  
*Prophetick Tages takes his wondrous birth.*  
*A Spear a Tree. Grave Cippus vertues shun*  
*The Crown, his Horns present. Apollo's Son*  
*Assumes a Serpents shape. The Soul of war,*  
*Great Cæsar, slain, becomes a Blazing Star.*

- M**ean-while a man is sought that might sustain  
 So great a burden, and succeed the reign  
 Of such a King : when true-foreshewing Fame  
 To God-like Numa destines the same.  
 He, with his Sabine rites unsatisfy'd,  
 5 To greater things his able mind apply'd  
 In Natures search. Incited with these cares,  
 He leaves his Countries Cures, and repairs  
 To Croto's City : asks, what Grecian hand  
 Those walls erected on Italian land ?  
 10 A Native then, in time and knowledge old,  
 Who much had heard and seen, this story told;

- Jove's* son, enrich'd with his *Iberian* prey,  
 Came from the Ocean to *Lacinia*  
 With happy steps: who, while his cattle fed  
 Upon the tender clover, entred  
 15 Heroick *Croto's* roof; a welcom Guest:  
 And his long travel recreates with rest.  
 Who said, departing; In the following age  
 A City here shall stand. A true presage.  
 There was one *Mycilus*, *Argolian*  
*Alemons* issue: in those times, no man  
 20 More by the Gods affected. He, who bears  
 The dreadful Club, to him in sleep appears;  
 And said: Be gone, thy Countries bounds forsake;  
 To stony *Esarnus* thy journey take.  
 And threatens vengeance if he dis-obey.  
 25 The God and sleep together flew away.  
 He, rising, on the Vision meditates:  
 Which in his doubtful Soul he long debates.  
 The God commands; the Law forbids to go;  
 Death due to such as left their Country so.  
 30 Clear *Sol* in Seas his radiant fore-head vail'd,  
 Swart Night her brows exalts, with stars impal'd;  
 The self-same God the same command repeats:  
 And greater plagues to disobedience threats.  
 Afraid, he now prepares to change his own  
 35 For foreign seats. This through the City blown;  
 Accus'd for breach of Laws, arraign'd, and try'd;  
 They prove the fact, not by himself deny'd.  
 His hands and eyes then lifting to the sky:  
 O thou, whom twice Six Labors deifie;  
 40 Assist, that art the author of my crime!  
 White stones and black they us'd in former time;  
 The white acquit; the black the pris'ner cast:  
 And in such sort this heavy sentence past.  
 Black stones all threw into the fatal Urn:  
 45 But all to white, turn'd out to number, turn.  
 Thus by *Alcides* power the sad Decree  
 Was strangely chang'd, and *Mycilus* set free.  
 Who, thanking *Amphitryoniades*,  
 With a full fore-wind crost th' *Ionian* Seas.  
 50 *Lacedemonian Tarentum* past,  
 Fair *Sybaris*, *Neæthus* running fast  
 By *Salentinum*, *Thurin's* crooked Bay,  
 High *Temesis*, and strong *Fapygia*:



- Scarce searching all that shoars Sea-beaten bound,  
 The fatal mouth of *Æsar* out-found.
- 55 A Tomb, hard by, the sacred bones inclos'd,  
 Of famous *Croto*: here, as erst impos'd,  
*Alemons* son erects his City-walls:  
 Which of th' intomb'd he *Crotona* calls.  
 Of this Original, this City boasts:  
 Built by a *Grecian* on *Italian* coasts:
- 60 Here dwelt a *Samian*, who at once did fly  
 From *Samos*, Lords, and hated Tyranny:  
 Preferring voluntary banishment:  
 Though far from heaven, his mind's divine ascent  
 Drew near the Gods: what Natures self denies  
 To humane Sight, he saw with his Souls eyes.
- 65 All apprehended in his ample brest,  
 And studious cares; his knowledg he profess  
 To silent and admiring men: and taught  
 The Worlds original, past humane thought:  
 What Nature was, what God: the cause of things;  
 From whence the Snow, from whence the Lightning
- 70 Whether *four* thunder, or the winds, that rake (springs;  
 The breaking Clouds: what caus'd the Earth to quake;  
 What course the Stars observ'd; what-e're lay hid  
 From vulgar sense: and first of all forbid  
 With slaughter'd creatures to defile our boards:  
 In such, though unbeliev'd; yet learned Words.
- 75 Forbear your selves, O Mortals, to pollute  
 With wicked food: fields smile with corn, ripe fruit  
 Weighs down their boughs; plump grapes their vines.  
 There are sweet herbs, & savory roots, w<sup>th</sup> fire (attires;  
 May mollifie; milk, honey redolent
- 80 With flowers of thyme, Thy pallat to content:  
 The prodigal Earth abounds with gentle food;  
 Affording banquets without death or blood.  
 Bruit beasts with flesh their rav'nous hunger cloy:  
 And yet not all; in pastures horses joy:  
 So flocks, and herds. But those whom Nature hath
- 85 Indu'd with cruelty, and salvage wrath  
 (Wolves, Bears, *Armenian* Tigres, Lions) in  
 Hot blood delight. How horrible a Sin,  
 That intrails bleeding intrails should intomb!  
 That greedy flesh, by flesh should fat become!
- 90 While by one creatures death another lives!  
 Of all, which Earth, our wealthy mother, gives;

- Can nothing please, unless thy reeth thou imbrue  
 In wounds, and dire *Cyclopean* fate renew?  
 Nor satiate the greedy luxury
- 95 Of thy rude panch, except another die:  
 But that old Age, that innocent estate,  
 Which we the Golden call; was fortunate  
 In herbs, and fruits, her lips with blood undy'd,  
 Then Fowl through air their wings in safety ply'd:
- 100 The Hare, then fearless, wandred o're the plain;  
 Nor Fish by their credulity were ta'en.  
 Not treacherous, nor fearing treachery,  
 All liv'd secure. When he, who did envy  
 (What God so-e're it was) those harmless cates,
- 105 And cramb'd his guts with flesh; set ope the gates  
 To cruel Crimes. First, Slaughter without harm  
 (I must confess) to Piery, did warm  
 (Which might suffice) the reeking steel in blood  
 Of salvage beasts, which made our lives their food:
- 110 Though kill'd; not to be eaten. Sin now more  
 Audacious; the first sacrifice, the Boar  
 Was thought to merit death; who bladed corn  
 Up-rooting, left the husbandman forlorn,  
 Vine-brouzing Goats at *Bacchus* altar slain,
- 115 Fed his revenge: in both, their guilt their bane.  
 You Sheep, what ill did you? a gentle beast,  
 Whose udders swell with *Nectar*, born t' invest  
 Exposed man with your soft wool; and are  
 Alive, then dead, more profitable far.
- 120 Or what the Ox? a creature without guile,  
 So innocent, so simple; born for toil.  
 He most ungrateful is, deserving ill  
 The gift of corn; that can un-yoke, then kill  
 His painful Hind: that neck with ax to wound
- 125 In service gall'd, that had the stubborn ground  
 So often till'd; so many crops brought in.  
 Yet not content therewith, t' ascribe the sin  
 To guiltless Gods: as if the Powers on high  
 In death of labor-bearing Oxen joy.
- 130 A spotless sacrifice, fair to behold,  
 ('Tis death to please) with ribbands trickt, and gold,  
 Stands at the altar, hearing prayers unknown!  
 And sees the meal upon his fore-head thrown,  
 Got by his toil: the knife smear'd in his gore,
- 135 By fortune in the Laver seen before,

- The intrals, from the panting body rent,  
 Forth-with they search, to know the Gods intent.  
 Whence springs so dire an appetite in man  
 To interdicted food ? O Mortals, can,  
 Or dare you feed on flesh ? henceforth forbear
- 140 I you intreat, and to my words give ear :  
 When limbs of slaughtered Beeves become your meat;  
 Then think, and know, that you your servants eat,  
*Phæbus* inspires ; his Spirit we obey :  
 My *Delphos*, heaven it self, I will display ;
- 145 The Oracle of that great Power unfold :  
 And sing what long lay hid ; what none of old  
 Could apprehend. I long to walk among  
 The lofty stars : dull earth despis'd, I long  
 To back the clouds ; to sit on *Atlas* crown :
- 150 And from that height on erring men look down  
 That reason want : those thus to animate  
 That fear to die ; t' unfold the book of Fate.  
 O You, whom horrors of cold death affright ;  
 Why fear you *Styx*, vain names, and endless Night ;
- 155 The dreams of Poets, and feign'd miseries  
 Of forged Hell ? Whether last-flames surprize,  
 Or Age devour your bodies ; they nor grieve,  
 Nor suffer pains. Our Souls for ever live :  
 Yet evermore their ancient houses leave  
 To live in new ; which them, as Guests, receive.
- 160 In *Trojan* wars, I (I remember well)  
*Euphorbus* was *Panibous* son ; and fell  
 By *Menelaus* lance : my shield again  
 At *Argos* late I saw, in *Funo's* Fane
- 165 All alter, nothing finally decays :  
 Hither and thither still the Spirit strays ;  
 Guest to all Bodies : out of beasts it flies  
 To men, from men to beasts ; and never dies.  
 As pliant wax each new impression takes ;
- 170 Fixt to no form, but still the old forsakes ;  
 Yet it the same : so souls the same abide,  
 Though various figures their reception hide.  
 Then lest thy greedy belly should destroy  
 (I prophesie) depressed Piety,  
 Forbear t' expulse thy kindreds Ghosts with food :
- 175 By death procur'd, nor nourish blood with blood.  
 Since on so vast a Sea, my Sails unsarld,  
 And stretcht to rising winds ; in all the World

There's

- There's nothing permanent; all ebb and flow :  
 Each image form'd to wander to and fro.  
 Even time, with restless motion slides away
- 180 Like living streams : nor can swift Rivers stay,  
 Nor light-heel'd Hours. As billow billow drives,  
 Driven by the following ; as the next arrives  
 To chase the former : times so fly, pursue  
 At once each other ; and are ever new :  
 What was before, is not ; what was not, is :
- 185 All in a moment change from that to this.  
 See, how the Night on Light extends her shades :  
 See, how the Light the gloomy Night invades,  
 Nor such Heav'n's hue, when Midnight crowns repose,  
 As when bright *Lucifer* his taper shows :
- 190 Yet changing, when the Harbinger of Day  
 Th' enlighten'd World resigns to *Phæbus* sway.  
 His rais'd Shield, earth's shadows scarcely fled,  
 Looks ruddy ; and low-sinking, looks as red,  
 Yet bright at Noon ; because that purer sky
- 195 Doth far from Earth, and her contagion fly.  
 Nor can Night-wandering *Dian*'s wavering light  
 Be ever equal, or the same : this night  
 Less than the following, if her horns she fill ;  
 If she contract her Circle, greater still.
- 200 Doth not the image of our age appear  
 In the successive quarters of the year ?  
 The Spring-tide, tender-sucking infancy  
 Resenbling : then the juiceful blade sprouts high ;  
 Though tender, weak ; yet hope to plow-men yields :  
 All things then flourish : flowers the gaudy fields
- 205 With colors paint : no virtue yet in leaves.  
 Then following Summer greater strength receives :  
 A lusty Youth : no age more strength acquires,  
 More fruitful, or more burning in desires.  
 Maturer Autumn, heat of Youth alay'd,
- 210 The sober mean 'twixt youth and age, more stay'd  
 And temperate, in Summers wane repairs :  
 His reverent temples sprinkled with gray hairs.  
 Then comes old Winter, void of all delight,  
 With trembling steps ; his head or bald or white :  
 So change our bodies without rest or stay.
- 215 What we were yester-day, nor what to day,  
 Shall be to morrow. Once alone of men  
 The seeds and hope ; the womb our mansion when :

Kind

- Kind Nature shew'd her cunning ; not content  
 That our vext bodies should be longer pent  
 In mothers stretched intrails, forth-with bare  
 220 Them from that prison, to the open air.  
 We strengthless lie, when first of light possess ;  
 Straight creep upon all four, much like a beast :  
 Then, staggering with weak nerves, stand by degrees,  
 And by some stay support our feeble knees ;  
 225 Now, lusty, swiftly run. Our Youth then past,  
 And those our milder times, we post in haste  
 To inevitable Age : this last devours  
 The former, and demolisheth their powers,  
 Old *Milo* wept, when he his arms beheld,  
 230 Which late the strongest beast in strength excel'd,  
 Big, as *Alcides* brawns, in flaggy hide  
 Now hanging by slack sinews : *Helen* cry'd  
 When she beheld her wrinkles in her Glass ;  
 And asks her self, why she twice ravish'd was.  
 Still-eating Time, and thou O envious Age,  
 235 All ruinate : diminish'd by the rage  
 O your devouring teeth, All that have breath  
 Consume, and languish by a lingering death.  
 Nor can these Elements stand at a stay :  
 But by exchanging alter every day.  
 Th' eternal world four bodies comprehends,  
 240 Ingendring all. The heavy Earth descends  
 To Water, clog'd with weight : two light, aspire,  
 Deprest by none ; pure Air, and purer Fire.  
 And though they have their several seats ; yet all  
 Of these are made, to these again they fall,  
 245 Resolved Earth to Water rarifies ;  
 To Air extenuated Waters rise ;  
 The Air, when it it self again refines  
 To elemental Fire extract'd, shines.  
 They in like order back again repair :  
 250 The grosser Fire condenseth into Air ;  
 Air, into Water : Water thickning, then  
 Grows solid, and converts to Earth agen.  
 None holds his own : for Nature ever joys  
 In changes, and with new forms the old supplies ;  
 In all the world not any perish quite :  
 255 But onely are in various habits dight.  
 For, to begin to be, what we before  
 Were not, is to be born ; to die, no more

Then

- Then ceasing to be such : although the frame  
 Be changeable, the substance is the same,  
 For nothing long continues in one mold.
- 260 You Ages, you to Silver grew from Gold ;  
 To Brass from Silver ; and to Ir'n from Brass.  
 Even places oft such change of fortunes pass :  
 Where once was solid land, Seas have I seen ;  
 And solid land, where once deep Seas have been,  
 Shells, far from Seas, like quarries in the ground ;
- 265 And anchors have on mountain tops been found.  
 Torrents have made a valley of a plain ;  
 High hills by deluges born to the Main,  
 Deep standing lakes suckt dry by thirsty sand ;  
 And on late-thirsty earth now lakes do stand.  
 Here Nature, in her changes manifold,
- 270 Sends forth new fountains ; there shuts up the old.  
 Streams, with impetuous earth-quakes, heretofore  
 Have broken forth ; or sunk, and run no more.  
 So *Lycus*, swallowed by the yawning Earth,  
 Takes in another world his second birth.
- 275 So *Erastus*, now is hid, now yields  
 His rising waters to *Argolian* fields.  
 And *Mysus*, his first head and banks disclaim'd,  
 Elsewhere ascends, and is *Caicus* nam'd.  
 Cool *Amasenus* watering *Sicily*,
- 280 Now fills his banks, now leaves his chanel dry.  
 Men formerly drunk of *Anigrus* streams :  
 Not to be drunk (if any thing by dreams  
 The Poets tell) since *Centaurus* therein washt  
 Their wounds, by great *Alcides* arrow gasht.
- 285 So *Hypanis* deriv'd from *Scythian* hills,  
 Long sweet, with bitter streams his chanel fills.  
*Aniassa*, *Tyrus*, and *Egyptian Phare*,  
 The floods imbrac'd : yet now no Islands are :  
 Th' old Planter knew *Lucadia* Continent :
- 290 Which now the Sea hath from *Epirus* rent.  
 So *Zancle* once in *Italy* confin'd ;  
 Till interposing waves their bounds dis-join'd.  
 If *Bura* and *Helice* (*Grecian* towns)  
 You seek ; behold, the Sea their glory drowns :  
 Whose buildings, and declined walls, below
- 295 Th' ambitious flood as yet the Sailers show.  
 An Hill by *Pirthean Traezen* mounts, uncrown'd  
 With sylvan shades, which once was level ground.

- For furious winds (a story to admire)  
 Pent in blind caverns, struggling to expire;  
 300 And vainly seeking to enjoy th' extent  
 Of freer air, the prison wanting vent;  
 Puffs-up the hollow earth extended so,  
 As when with swelling breath we bladders blow.  
 305 The tumor of the place remained still,  
 In time grown solid, like a lofty hill.  
 To speak a little more of many things,  
 Both heard and known: New habits sundry Springs  
 Now give, now take. Horn'd *Hammon*s at high Noon  
 310 Is cold; hot at Sun-rise, and setting Sun.  
 Wood, put in bubling *Athamas* is fir'd,  
 The Moon then farthest from the Sun retir'd:  
*Ciconian* streams congeal his guts to stone  
 That thereof drinks: and what therein is thrown.  
 315 *Crathis*, and *Sybaris* (from your mountains told)  
 Color the hair like Amber, or pure Gold,  
 Some Fountains, of a more prodigious kind,  
 Not onely change the body, but the mind.  
 Who hath not heard of obscene *Salmacis*?  
 320 Of th' *Ethiopian* lake? for who of this,  
 But onely tast, their wits no longer keep,  
 Or forthwith fall into a deadly sleep.  
 Who at *Citorius* Fountain thirst remove;  
 Loath wine, and abstinent, meer water love.  
 Whether it by antipathy expel  
 325 Desire of wine; or (as the Natives tell)  
*Melampus* having with his herbs and charms,  
 Shatcht *Praxus* frantick daughters from the harms  
 Of entred Furies, their wits physick cast  
 Into this Spring; infusing such distast.  
 With streams to these oppos'd, *Lyncestus* flows:  
 330 They reel, as drunk, who drink too much of those.  
 A Lake in fair *Arcadia* stands of old,  
 Call'd *Pheneus*; suspected, as two-fold:  
 Fear, and forbear, to drink thereof by night:  
 By night unwholesom, wholesom by day-light.  
 335 So other lakes and streams have other power,  
*Orygia* floated once, fix'd at this hour:  
 Once *Argo* fear'd the jussling *Cyane*s;  
 Which rooted now, resist both winds and Seas.  
 340 Nor *Aetha*, burning with imbowel'd fire,  
 Shall ever, or did always, flames expire.



- For whether *Tellus* be an Animal,  
 Have lungs, and mouths that smoking fumes exhale;  
 Her organs altar, when her motions close  
 345 These yawning passages, and open those.  
 Or whether winds, in caves impris'ned, rave;  
 Justling the stones, and minerals which have  
 The seed of fire, inkindled with their rage:  
 Their furious flames the falling winds assuage.  
 350 Or if Bitumen do the fire provoke;  
 Or Sulphur burning with more subtil smoke:  
 When Earth that food and oily nourishment  
 With-draws, the matter by long feeding spent;  
 The hungry fire of sustenance bereft;  
 355 Ill-brooking famine, leaves by being left,  
 In, *Hyperborean Pallene* live  
 A People, if to fame we credit give,  
 Who, diving three times thrice in *Tritons* lake,  
 Of Fowl the feathers and the figure take:  
 360 The like they say the *Scythian* Witches do  
 With Magick Oils: incredible, though true,  
 If we may trust to trial: see you not  
 Small creatures of corrupted flesh begot?  
 Bury your slaughtered Steer (a thing in use)  
 365 And his corrupted bowels will produce  
 Flow'r-sucking Bees; who, like their parent slain,  
 Love labor, fields, and toil in hope of gain.  
 Hornets from buried horses take their birth,  
 Break off the Crabs bent claws, and in the earth  
 370 Bury the rest; a Scorpion without fail  
 From thence will creep, and menace with his tail:  
 The Caterpillers, who their cob-webs weave  
 On tender leaves (as Hinds from proof receive)  
 Convert to pois'nous Butterflies in time.  
 375 Green Frogs, ingendred by the seed of slime,  
 First without feet, then legs assume; now strong  
 And apt to swim, their hinder-parts more long  
 Then are their former, fram'd to skip and jump.  
 The Bears deformed birth is but a lump  
 380 Of living flesh: when licked by the Old,  
 It takes a form agreeing with the mold:  
 Who sees the Young of honey-bearing Bees  
 In their sexangular inclosure, sees  
 Their bodies limb-less: these unformed things  
 In time put forth their feet, and after, wings.

The

- 385 The star-imbellisht Fowl, which *Juno* loves  
*Joves* Armor-bearer, *Cytherea's* Doves,  
 And birds of every kind; did we not know  
 Them hatcht of eggs, who would conjeaure so?
- 390 Some think the pith of dead-men, Snakes becomes;  
 When their back-bones corrupt in hollow tombs.  
 Yet these from others do derive their birth.  
 One onely Fowl there is in all the Earth,  
 Call'd by th' *Assyrians* *Phœnix*, who the wane  
 Of age repairs, and sows her self again.  
 Nor feeds on grain nor herbs, but on the gum  
 Of *Frankincense*, and juicy *Amomum*.
- 395 Now, when her life five ages had fulfil'd;  
 A nest her horned beak and talons build  
 Upon the crownet of a trembling Palm:  
 This strew'd with *Cassia*, *Spiknard*, precious Balm;  
*Bruis'd* *Cinamon*, and *Myrrh*; thereon she bends
- 400 Her body, and her age in odors ends.  
 This breeding Corps a little *Phœnix* bears:  
 Which is it self to live as many years,  
 Grown strong; that load now able to transfer,
- 405 Her cradle, and her parents sepulcher,  
 Devoutly carries to *Hyperions* town:  
 And on his flamy Altar lays it down.  
 If these be wonderful, admire like strange
- 410 *Hyana's*, who their sex so often change:  
 Those foodless creatures, fed by air alone;  
 Who every color, which they touch, put on.  
 The *Lynx*, first brought from conquered *India*  
 By vine-bound *Bacchus*, his hot piss, they say,
- 415 Congeals to stone. So *Coral*, which below  
 The water is a limber weed, doth grow  
 Stone-hard, when toucht by air. But Day will end,  
 And *Phœbus* panting Steeds to Seas descend,  
 Before my scant Oration could pursue
- 420 All sorts of shapes, that change their old for new.  
 For this we see in all is general,  
 Some Nations gather strength, and others fall.  
*Troy*, rich and powerful, which so proudly stood;  
 That could for ten years spend such streams of blood;  
 For buildings, onely her old ruines shows;
- 425 For riches, tombs; which slaughtred Sires inclose.  
*Sparta*, *Mycenæ*, were of *Greece* the flowers;  
 So *Cecrop's* City, and *Amphion's* towers:

Now

- Now glorious *Sparta* lies upon the ground;  
Lofty *Mycenæ* hardly to be found;  
Of *Oedipus* his *Thebes* what now remains,  
430 Or of *Pandion's Athens*, but their names?  
Now fame reports that *Rome* by *Dardans* sons  
Begins to rise, where yellow *Tyber* runs  
From fountful *Apennines*; and there the great  
Foundation of so huge a fabrick seat.  
This therefore shall by changing propagate,  
435 And give the World an Head. Of such a fate  
The Prophets have divin'd. And this of old,  
As I remember, *Priams Helen* told  
To sad *Aeneas*, of all hope forlorn,  
In sinking *Troy's* eclipse. O Goddess-born,  
If our *Apollo* can presage at all;  
440 *Troy* thou in safety, shalt not wholly fall.  
Both fire and sword shall give thy virtue way:  
Flying, with thee, thou *Ilium* shalt convey;  
Until thou find a Land, as yet unknown,  
To *Troy* and thee, more friendly then thy own.  
A City built by *Phrygians* I fore-see?  
445 So great none ever was, is, or shall be.  
Others shall make it great: but He, whose birth  
Springs from *Iulus*, Sovereign of the Earth,  
He, having rul'd the World, shall then ascend  
Æthereal thrones, and heaven shall be his end.  
This, I remember, with prophetick tongue,  
450 Sage *Helen* to divine *Aeneas* sung.  
We joy to see our kindreds City grow:  
The *Phrygians* happy in their over-throw.  
But lest our heedless Steeds too far should range  
From their proposed course; All suffer change:  
The heavens themselves, what under them is found;  
455 Earth, what thereon, or what is under ground.  
We, of the World a part, since we as well  
Have Souls as Bodies, which in beasts may dwell:  
To those, which may our parents Souls invest,  
460 Our brothers, dearest friends, or men at least:  
Let us both safety, and respect afford:  
Nor heap their bowels on *Thyestes* board.  
How ill inur'd! to shed the blood of man,  
How wickedly is he prepar'd, who can  
Aunder cut the throat of Calves, and hears  
465 The bellowing breeder with relentless ears.

- Or silly Kids, which like poor infants cry,  
 Strick with his knife ! or his voracity  
 Feed with the fowl he fed ! O to what ill  
 Are they not prone, who are so bent to kill !
- 470 Let Oxen till the ground and die with age :  
 Let Sheep defend thee from the winters rage :  
 Goats bring their udders to thy pail. Away  
 With nets, grins, snares, and arts that do betray :
- 475 Deceive not birds with lime, nor Deer-inclose  
 With terrors, nor thy baits to fish expose.  
 The hurtful kill : yet onely kill : nor eat  
 Defiling flesh, but feed on fitter meat.  
 With other, and the like Philosophy
- 480 Instructed, *Numa*, now return'd, was by  
 Th' intreating *Latins* crown'd. Taught by his Bride  
 The Nymph *Egeria*, by the *Muses* guide,  
 Religion institutes, a People rude  
 And prone to war, with laws and peace indu'd,
- 485 His reign and age resign'd to funeral,  
 Plebeians, *Roman* Dames, Patricians, all  
 For *Numa* mourn. His wife the City fled :  
 Hid in *Aricia's* Vale, the ground her bed,  
 The woods her shroud, disturbs with groans and cries  
*Orestean* *Diana's* sacrifice.
- 490 How oft the Nymphs who haunt that Grove and Lake  
 Reprov'd her tears, and words of comfort spake !  
 How oft the *Thesean* Hero, moderate  
 Thy sorrow, said ! nor onely is thy fate  
 To be deplor'd : on worse mis-fortunes look,
- 495 And you will yours with greater patience brook.  
 Would mine were no example to appease  
 So sad a grief : yet mine your grief may ease.  
 Perhaps y' have heard of one *Hippolytus*,  
 By Step-dames fraud, and fathers credulous  
 Belief bequeath'd to death. Admire you may  
 That I am he, if credit, what I say :
- 500 Whom *Phædra* formerly solicited,  
 But vainly, to defile my fathers bed.  
 Fearing detection, or in that refus'd,  
 She turns the crime, and me of hers accus'd.  
 My father, banishing the innocent,
- 505 Along with me his winged curses sent.  
 Toward *Pirthean* *Træzen* me my chariot bore :  
 And driving now by the *Corinthian* shoar,

- The smooth Seas swell; a monstrous billow rose,  
 Which, rolling like a mountain, greater grows,  
 510 Then, bellowing, at the top afunder rends :  
 When from the breach, breast-high, a Bull ascends :  
 Who at his dreadful mouth and nostrils spouts  
 Part of the Sea: Fear all my followers routs :  
 But my afflicted mind was all this while  
 515 Unterrify'd; intending my exile.  
 When the hot horses start, erect their ears:  
 With horror rapt, and chased by their fears,  
 O're ragged rocks the totter'd chariot drew :  
 In vain I strive their fury to subdue,  
 The bits all froth'd with foam, with all my strength  
 520 Pull the stretcht reins, I lying at full length :  
 Nor had their heady fright my strength o're-gone,  
 Had not the fervent wheel, which rolls upon  
 The bearing Axletree, rush'd on a stump :  
 Which brake, and fell afunder with that jump :  
 Thrown from my chariot, in the reins fast-bound,  
 525 My guts drag'd out alive, my sinews woond  
 About the stump, my limbs in pieces hal'd ;  
 Some stuck behind, some at the chariot trail'd ;  
 My bones then breaking crack'd, not any whole,  
 While I exhal'd my faint and weary Soul.  
 No part of all my part you could have found,  
 That might be known : for all was but one wound.  
 530 Now say, self-torred Nymph, or can, or dare  
 You your calamities with ours compare ?  
 I also saw those realms, to Day unknown :  
 And bath'd my wounds in smoking *Phlegeton*.  
 Had not *Apollo's* Son imploy'd the aid  
 Of his great Art ; I with the dead had stay'd.  
 But when by potent herbs, and *Pæon's* skill,  
 535 I was restor'd, against stern *Pluto's* Will :  
 Left I, if seen, might envy have procur'd :  
 Me, friendly *Cynthia* with a cloud immur'd :  
 And that, though seen, I might be hurt by none ;  
 She added age, and left my face unknown.  
 540 Whether in *Delos*, doubting, or in *Creet* ;  
 Rejecting *Creet* and *Delos* as unmeet,  
 She plac'd me here. Nor would I should retain  
 The memory of One by horses slain :  
 But said ; hence-forward *Virbius* be thy name  
 That wer't *Hippolytus* ; though thou the same.

- 545 One of the Lesser Gods, here, in this Grove.  
 I *Cynthia* serve; preserved by her love.  
 But others miseries could not abate  
*Egeria's* sorrows, nor prevent her fate.  
 Who, couched at the bases of an hill,  
 Thaws into tears, that stream-like ran; until  
 550 *Apollo's* Sister, plying her woes,  
 Turn'd her t' a Spring; whose current ever flows.  
 The Nymphs and *Amazonian* this amaz'd,  
 No less then when the *Tyrrhen* Plough-man gaz'd.  
 555 Upon the fatal clod, that mov'd alone:  
 And for an humane shape, exchang'd its own.  
 With infant lips, what was but earth of late,  
 Reveal'd the mysteries of future fate:  
 Whom Natives *Tages* call'd. He first of all  
 Th' *Hetrutians* taught to tell what would befall,  
 Or when astonisht *Romulus* of old  
 560 Did, on Mount *Palatine*, his lance behold  
 To flourish with green leaves: the fixed foot  
 Stood not on Steel, but on a living root.  
 Which, now no weapon, spreading arms display'd,  
 And gave admirers unexpected shade.  
 565 Or when as *Cippus* in the liquid glass  
 Beheld his horns, which his belief surpass.  
 Who lifting oft his fingers to his Brow,  
 Felt what before he saw: nor longer now  
 Condemns his sight. Return'd with victory,  
 570 His eyes and horns erecting to the sky:  
 You Gods, what-e're these prodigies portend,  
 If prosperous, he said, let them descend  
 On *Romans* and on *Rome*: but if they be  
 Unfortunate, O let them fall on me.  
 An Altar then of living turf erects,  
 575 The fire feeds with perfumes, pure wine injects,  
 And with the panting intrails of a beast  
 New slain, consults, to know the Gods behest.  
 This, when the *Tyrrhen* Augur had beheld,  
 And saw therein endeavors that excell'd,  
 Although obscure, he from the sacrifice  
 580 To *Cippus* horns converts his steady eyes:  
 Hail King, to thee, and to those horns of thine,  
 This place, and *Lutian* towers, their rule resign.  
 Delay not, enter thou the yielding gate.  
 Hast, *Cippus*, hast: such is the Will of Fate.

Thou

- Thou shalt be crown'd a King upon that day :  
 585 And safely an eternal Scepter sway.  
 He, starting back, from *Rome* diverts his face :  
 And said, you Gods, far hence this Omen chase.  
 Better that I in banishment grow old,  
 Then me, a King, the Capitol behold.  
 Hiding his horns with leavy ornaments,  
 590 The people and grave Senate he convents.  
 Then mounts a Mound, late by the Soldier made,  
 And praying first (as was the custom) said :  
 Unless expel'd your City, here is one  
 595 Will be your King ; though not by name, yet known  
 By his strange horns. I heard the Augur say,  
 If once in *Rome*, you all should him obey.  
 He might, unstopt, have entred without fear :  
 But I with-stood ; though none to me more near.  
 600 Be he, *Quirites*, into exile sent :  
 Or, if he merit such a punishment,  
 Bind him in heavy chains, and keep him sure :  
 Or with the Tyrants death your fears secure,  
 The troubled people such a murmuring make ;  
 605 As when far off the roaring surges rake  
 On ratling shoars ; or when loud *Eurus* breaks  
 Through tufted Pines : then one distinctly speaks  
 In this confusion, asking, Which is he ?  
 All seeking for the horns they could not see,  
*Cippus* reply'd ; 'Tis I for whom you look.  
 610 Then from his head (with-held) his garland took ;  
 And shew'd the horns, which on his fore-head grew.  
 Not one but sigh'd, and down his count'nance threw :  
 And those clear brows (a thing beyond belief)  
 Adorn'd with merit, they behold with grief.  
 Nor suffer him his honor to debase :  
 615 But on his head a Laurel Garland place.  
 And since he his own entrance did with-stand :  
 The Nobles, in due favor, so much land  
 To *Cippus* gave, as well two Oxen might  
 Round with a Plough from morning until night.  
 620 The monumental figure of his horns,  
 So much admir'd, the golden Posts adorns,  
 Now Muses, Goddesses of Verse, relate  
 (You know, nor years your memory abate)  
 How *Æsculapius* in our City found  
 625 A Temple, by circumfluent *Tyber* bound,



- A deadly plague the *Latian* air defil'd :  
 Souls from their seats the pale disease exil'd.  
 Wearied with funerals, when physick fail'd ;  
 Nor any humane industry prevail'd ;  
 630 They seek celestial aid. To *Delpbos* sent,  
 Built in the round Earths navel, and present  
 Their prayers to *Phæbus* ; that he would descend  
 To their relief, and give their woes an end.  
 His Temple, Laurel, and his Quiver, shake :  
 635 Who thus, they trembling, from his Tripod spake :  
 What here you seek, you nearer should have sought :  
 And seek it nearer yet. *Apollo* ought  
 Not now to cure you, but *Apollo's* Seed.  
 640 Go with success ; and fetch my Son with speed.  
 The Senate having heard this Oracle,  
 The City search, where *Phæbus* Son should dwell :  
 The shoar of *Epidaure* the Legat seeks :  
 645 There anchoring, h' intreats th' assembled *Greeks*  
 To send their God : who might th' *Ausonian* State  
 To health restore ; and urg'd the charge of Fate.  
 They vary in opinion, some assent  
 To send this succor ; many, not content  
 To lose their own in giving others aid,  
 650 Strive to retain him, and the rest dissuade.  
 While thus they doubt, the Day declin'd his Light :  
 And Earth-born shadows cloth'd the world in Night.  
 Th' Health-giving God, in sleep, appears to stand  
 655 As in his Fane ; a staff in his left-hand :  
 And stroking with his right his reverend beard ;  
 From his hope-rendring brest these words were heard :  
 Fear not, I come ; my shape I will forsake :  
 660 View, and mark well this staff-infolding Snake :  
 Such will I seem, yet shew of greater size ;  
 So great as may a Deity comprize.  
 He with the voice, with him and Voice away  
 Sleep flew : fled Sleep pursu'd by chearful Day.  
 665 The stars now vanquisht by the mornings flame ;  
 The doubtful Nobles to the temple came,  
 Intreat him by celestial signs to shew  
 Whether he were content to stay or go.  
 This hardly said, the God in Serpents shroud,  
 670 His high crest gold-like glistring, hift aloud.  
 His statue, altar, gates, the marble floor,  
 And golden roof, shook at th' approaching Pow'r.

He,

- He, in his Fane, breast-high his body rais'd :  
 Rolling about his eyes that flame-like blaz'd.
- 675 All tremble. The chaste Priest, his tresses ty'd  
 With sacred fillet, knew the God, and cry'd,  
 'Tis he ! 'tis he ! all you who present are  
 Pray with your hearts and tongues : O heav'nly-Fair,  
 Propitious prove to these who thee implore !
- 680 All that were there the present Power adore !  
 Reiterating what the Priest had said :  
 With heart and tongue the *Romans* also pray'd.  
 He, by the motion of his lofty crest,  
 And doubled husses, signs to their request.
- 685 Then sliding down th polish'd stairs, his look  
 Reverts on his old altars ; now forsook :  
 Salutes his shrine, and Temple decks with towers ;  
 Then creeping on the ground, strew'd with fresh flowers,  
 Indenteth through the City ; stopping where
- 690 The Harbor is defended by a Peer.  
 The following troops, and those whose zeals assist  
 In honoring him, with gentle looks dismiss ;  
 He climbs th' *Ausonian* ship : which felt the weight,  
 And shrunk with bearing of so great a freight.
- 695 The joyful *Romans* offering on the strand  
 A Bull to *Neptune* ; anchor weigh, and land  
 Forsake with easie gales. Rais'd on his train,  
 He, leaning, looks upon the blue-wav'd-Main.
- 700 Through *Ionian* Seas by friendly *Zephyrus* born,  
 They fell with *Italy* on the sixth morn.  
*Lacinian Juno's* Fane, *Scyllæan* shoars,  
*Fapygia* past, they shun with nimble oars  
*Amphrysiæ* rocks ; *Ceraunian*, whether cleft ;
- 705 *Romechium*, *Caulon*, and *Narveia* left :  
*Sicilian* Straits o're come, and wrackful Seas ;  
 Sail by the mansion of *Hyppotades* :  
 By *Temesa*, in metals fruitful ; by  
*Leucosia*, and the *Pæstan* Rosary.  
 Near *Capree*, and *Minerva's* Fore-land row,
- 710 *Surrentine* hills, where wines so generous grow ;  
*Heraclea*, *Stabie*, *Naples* born to ease,  
*Cumean* *Sybil's* Temple : next to these,  
 Hot Baths ; *Linternum*, sweet with *Mastick* flow'rs ;  
*Vulturmus*, who his sandy chanel scours,
- 715 *Sinuessa*, swarming with white Snakes, ill-air'd  
*Minturnæ*, and where piety prepar'd

His Nurse a tomb : forth-with the mansion make  
Of fell *Antiphrates* ; and the Lake,  
Besieged *Trachas* : thence directly bore  
To *Circe's* Ile, and *Antium's* solid shore.

- 720 The sea now swelling high, this harbor holds  
The Sail-wing'd ship. The God his wreathes unfolds :  
And, with huge doublings, o'r the yellow sand  
Slides to his fathers temple on that strand  
Rough waves asswag'd the *Epidaurian* Guest  
His fathers altar leaves ; to Seaward prest,  
725 Slicing the sandy shore with rustling scales :  
And, by her stern the ship ascending, sails :  
Till he to *Castrum*, to *Lavina's* name.

Retaining Seat, and mouth of *Tyber* came.

- All hither throng ; sons, daughters, mothers, fires.  
730 The Nuns who keep the *Phrygian Vesta's* fires.  
With lowd salures of joy. On either side  
The River, as the Vessel stems the tide,  
Altars, with incense fed, the air perfume :

- 735 And knives from Sacrifices heat assume,  
*Rome* entring, the Worlds Head, He winds about  
The lofty Mast ; and from on high thrusts out  
His glittering head, to chuse a fitting place.

- 740 The arms of *Tyber* do an Ile embrace,  
Which equal stream from either bank divides ;  
Thither *Apollo's* sacred Serpent slides  
Who now cœlestial shape assuming, ends  
Their miseries, and health to all extends.

- 745 He here, a forreign Power, makes his aboard.  
In his own City *Cæsar* is a God.

Glorious in Peace and War : whom war's surcease  
With triumphs crown'd, his government in peace,  
Nor race of wonder with such quickness run ;

- 750 More make a blazing Star, then his great Son.  
For of all *Cæsars* acts, none may compare  
With his adopting so divine an Heir.  
For, was it more t'o'r-come the *British* Ile ;  
Fill the seaven mouthes of paper-baring Nile  
With conquering sails ? *Numidian* rebelling,

- 755 *Cinyphian* *Juba*, *Pontus* proudly swelling  
In *Mithridates* is subject to *Rome* ?  
Meriting many, to triumph for some ?  
Then him beget, in whose dominion  
The Gods so abundantly have favour'd man ?  
To the other they a Deity decreed ?

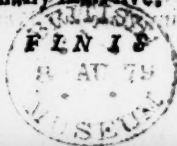
- 760 That this might not from mortal birth proceed.  
Which when fair *Venus* saw ; and saw withal,  
Conspiring weapons threat the High-Priests fall;  
Her color fled : to every God she met,
- 765 She said, behold, what snares for me are set !  
To murder me in him how Treason strives ;  
Who onely of *Iulus* race survives !  
Still must I undeserv'd afflictions bear !  
How lately wounded by *Tydid*es spear !
- 770 Now ill-defended *Troy* again is lost :  
My Son *Aeneas*, with long terrors tost  
On wrathful Seas, I saw descend to Hell !  
Then war with *Turnus* ; or, the truth to tell,  
With *Juno* rather. How remember I
- 775 Old harms sustain'd in my posterity !  
I, through this fear, all former fears forget.  
Lo, they their wicked swords against me whet :  
O help ! restrain their furies ! nor, for shame,  
With th' High-Priests blood extinguish *Vesta's* flame.  
Thus, through all heav'n, her Sorrows vainly speak ;
- 780 And melt the Gods : who since they could not break  
The ancient Sister adamantine doom,  
By sure Ostents demonstrate Woes to come.  
Arms, clashing in the air with clouds o're-cast :  
Terrible Trumpets, and the Cornet's blast,
- 785 Proclaim the murder : *Sat* afflicted look,  
And pale eclipse, the World with terror strook.  
Oft, Meteors through the air their flames extend :  
Oft, drops of blood from purple clouds descend,  
Black rust obscures dim *Lucifers* aspect :
- 790 And *Cynthia's* chariot bloody stains infect.  
The *Strygian* Owl each where disturbs their sleep  
With ominous screeches : Ivory Statues weep.  
The sacred Groves resound with yelling cries,  
And fearful menaces. No sacrifice  
The Gods appease : the headless inwards show
- 795 Signs of succeeding Tumults, Death, and Wo.  
Dogs nightly, in the Court, about the Gods,  
And holy Temples howl. From sad abodes  
The Dead arise, and wander here and there :  
*Rome* trembling, both with Earthquakes, & with fear.
- 800 These Warnings of the Gods no changes wrought  
In Fate, or Treason. Murd'rous swords were brought  
Into the Temple : for no place might sort  
With such a slaughter, but the sacred Court,

Then

- Then *Venus* smote her breast : who sought to shroud,  
And snatch him thence in that *Æthereal* cloud,  
805 Which *Raris* from *Atrides* rage convey'd :  
And freed *Aeneas* from *Tydid's* blade.  
Daughter, said *Jove*, canst thou resist the doom  
Of conquering Fates ? Into their mansion come.  
There shalt thou see Decrees that needs must pass,  
810 Writ in huge folds of solid steel and brass,  
Which safe, eternal, ever fixed there ;  
My thunder, lightnings rage, nor ruine fear.  
In lasting Adamant there mayst thou read,  
What shall to thy great Progeny succeed.  
I read, remember well, and will relate  
815 What may inform thee in succeeding fate.  
He, whom thou striv'st to save, his race hath run  
Of Time and Glory : whom thou, and his Son  
Shall make in heav'n a God ; on Earth, with pray'r  
And Temples dignify'd. His names great Heir  
820 Alone his Load shall bear : and strongly shall  
By our conduct revenge his fathers fall.  
By his good fortune *Murina* shall ow  
To him her peace : *Pharsalian* fields shall flow  
With blood ; blood twice *Philippi* shall imbrue :  
825 On red *Sicilian* Seas he shall subdue  
A mighty name. Th' *Egyptian* Spouse shall fall.  
Ill trusting to her *Roman* General :  
To make our stately *Capitol* obey  
Her proud *Canopus*, shall in vain assay.  
What need I of those barbarous people tell,  
And Nations, which by either Ocean dwell ?  
830 He shall the habitable Earth command ;  
And stretch his Empire over Sea and Land.  
Peace giv'n to Earth ; he shall convert his care  
To civil Rule, just Laws ; and by his fair  
Example virtue guide. Then looking to  
835 The future times, and Nephews to enue :  
A Son shall bless him from an holy womb,  
To him he shall resign his name, and room.  
Nor shall, till full of age, ascend th' abodes  
Of heav'nly Dwellers, and his kindred Gods.  
840 Mean-while from this slain corps his Soul convey  
Up to the stars, and give it a clear Ray :  
That *Julius* may with friendly influence  
Shine on our Capitol and Court from thence,  
This said : invisible fair *Venus* stood

- Amid the Senate; from his cops, with blood  
 845 Defil'd, her *Cæsars* new-fled spirit bare  
 To heaven, nor suffer'd to resolve to air,  
 And, as in her soft bosom born, she might  
 Perceive it take a Power, and gather light,  
 When once let loose, It forth-with up-ward flew?  
 And after it long blazing tresses drew.  
 850 The radiant Star his Sons great acts beheld;  
 Out-shining his: and joy'd to be exceld.  
 Though he would have his Fathers deeds preferd  
 Before his own: yet free-tongu'd Fame deter'd  
 By no commandment, yields th'avoided Bayes  
 To his clear brows; and but in this gain sayes.  
 855 So *Atreus* yields to *Agamemnon's* fame;  
*Agens* so to *Theſeus*: *Pelex* name  
 Stoops to *Achilles*: That I may confer  
 Th'illustrious to their equals; *Jupiter*  
 So *Saturn* tops, *Jove* rules the arch'd sky,  
 And triple world; the Earth's vast Monarchy  
 860 T' *Augustus* bowes: both Fathers, and both sway.  
 You Gods, *Aeneas* guids, who made your way  
 Through fire and sword; you Gods of men become;  
*Quirinus*, Father of triumphant *Rome*;  
 Thou *Mars*, invincible; *Quirinus* Sire,  
 Chast *Vesta*, with thy ever burning fire,  
 Among Great *Cæsars* Household-Gods inshrin'd;  
 865 Domestick *Phæbus*, with his *Vesta* joyn'd;  
 Thou *Jove* whom in *Tarpeian* towers we adore;  
 And You, all You, whom Poets may emlore:  
 Slow be that day, and after I am dead,  
 Wherein *Augustus*, of the world the Head,  
 Leaving the the Earth, shall unto heaven repair;  
 870 And favor those that seek to him by prayer,

And now the work is ended, which, *Jove's* rage,  
 Nor fire, nor Sword shall raze, nor eating Age.  
 Come when it will my deaths uncertain hower;  
 Which of this body only hath a power:  
 875 Yet shall my better part transcend the skie;  
 And my immortal name shall never dye  
 For where-so ere the *Roman* Eagles spread  
 Their conquering wings, I shall of all be read:  
 And, if we Poets true presages give,  
 I, in my Fame eternally shall live.





**T**His Book, together with the Commentary, and Pictures, and Notes in the Margin, with the first Book of *Virgils Æneis*, is printed in a large Volume, and to be sold by *Abel Roper* at the Sun in *Fleetstreet*.

O 3

THE





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## T H E T A B L E.

The first number signifieth the Book, the second the Verse,  
the figures whereof are printed in the margin, which  
refer to every fifth line in the *Metamorphosis* in Latin.

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